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Heroes of the old Camden District, South Carolina, 1776-1861.

*An Address to the Survivors of Fairfield County, delivered at
Winnsboro, S. C., September 1, 1888.*

BY COL. EDWARD MCCRADY, JR.

It is no disparagement of the rest of the troops of the State, in the late war, to say that the Sixth, Twelfth and Seventeenth Regiments, which were raised mostly from the districts of York, Chester, Lancaster, Fairfield and Kershaw, that constituted the old Camden district at the time of the Revolution, were pre-eminent for their gallantry and soldierly qualities and *esprit de corps*; nor is this to be wondered at when we recollect that the people of this section, from which these regiments were formed, are perhaps the most homogeneous of the State—a people possessing in a marked degree all those qualities which go to make brave men and good soldiers.

This old town of Winnsboro has been twice the headquarters of an invading army, once burned, and twice ravaged by an enemy. In each instance the excuse was that its inhabitants were in rebellion; but as they ultimately succeeded in the first, history has been so kind as to substitute the term "Revolution" for that of "Rebellion"; as they failed in the second, it has left them to that

" — foul dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blights so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained."

But whether "Rebellion" or "Revolution," so it has happened that twice this section of the State from Camden to the North Carolina line has been trodden by a devastating foe, whose march has been marked by burned homesteads and blackened chimney-stacks left standing alone amidst the ruins around them. In both instances these invasions followed the fall of Charleston and disaster to our arms elsewhere. The first, however, ultimately ended with the sur-

render of the British under Cornwallis at Yorktown and the independence of the United States. The latter culminated at Appomattox and ended in the loss of our cause and the failure of the Confederate States. In the first, the invaders found the men of the country present to resist if not repel, and were repaid in some degree at least for their vandalism. In the latter, the men—the descendants of those who rose upon the British—were far away fighting in Virginia; while their families were burned out of their houses by the enemy who had penetrated their rear—having failed to overcome them in front.

Colonel Chesney, the able English military critic, comparing these two invasions of this section, is inclined to attribute Sherman's success in the late war to the Federal navy rather than to any greater skill or better conduct on Sherman's part than that of Lord Cornwallis. He thinks that it was the French fleet under Count de Grasse which compelled Cornwallis' surrender, and that had it not been for the command of the ocean by the Federal navy, which gave Sherman communication at Wilmington, the result to him might have been different. He says*: "Such a free communication as the Federal fleets had along the coast of the revolted States during the Civil war was equally needed in Cornwallis' case—without it, Sherman's overland march from Savannah made eighty years afterwards might have had little better issue than that of Cornwallis through the same district. With such aid the modern commander 'established his fame, as the elder for lack of it came nigh to ruin his.' "

But, however interesting the consideration of this subject would be, it is not that to which I would invite your attention this morning. I would talk to you to-day rather of the character and conduct of the people of this section in these two wars, than linger to think what might have been had we been able to get those vessels afloat for which we spent so much money in England and France. I will not stop now to discuss professional theories of the grand tactics by which Sherman's march ended in victory and Cornwallis' in defeat. My theme to-day is a homelier one.

The Rev. Dr. Foote in his sketches of North Carolina—claiming that to that State belongs the imperishable honor of being the first in declaring that independence which is the pride and glory of every American, and giving an account of the declaration for independence by the people of Mecklenburg county, the first public declara-

* *Military Biography of Cornwallis*.—Chesney, p. 296.

tion, it is claimed, by the constituted authorities of a State, May 27th, 1776—asks who were the people of Mecklenburg, and whence did they come? What were their habits and the manners by which they were characterized? What were their religious principles? These questions are quite as interesting to us to-day as they were when Dr. Foote discussed them forty years ago; for you, my comrades, the survivors of this county, belong to the same people who rose upon Cornwallis when he thought that by his victory at Camden he had put an end to the cause of liberty in South Carolina—to the same people, who at Hanging Rock, Cowpens and King's Mountain, avenged Tarleton's slaughter of Bufort's men at the Waxhaws and the destruction of Sumter's force at Fishing Creek—to the same people who lit again the lamp of liberty, the light of which had been put out at Charleston, and kept its feeble rays alive during the disastrous time from Gates' defeat at Camden to the surrender at Yorktown of Cornwallis. You belong to the same people, and the names which your forefathers had made honorable in the successful war of the Revolution you have rendered still more honorable in the unsuccessful war of Secession.

The State of South Carolina was peopled by two distinct tides of immigration. The Englishmen and the Huguenots had come into the province by the sea, and had pushed their way into the interior, following the courses of the rivers, but their settlements did not extend beyond the points we now know as Camden, Columbia and Hamburg. The upper country, which lay beyond the Sandy Ridge, once described as the desert and which we now call the Piedmont section, was settled later by a different class of people.

It was eighty years after the first settlement on the coast that parties of Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania and Virginia began to come down to this province—a movement which was greatly accelerated by the defeat of Braddock in 1755, which left the frontiers of those States exposed to the incursions of the Indians.

These new immigrants were a peculiar and remarkable people. They were brave, energetic, industrious and religious. They were frontiersmen who carried the rifle, the axe and the Bible together. They were a people who, while clearing the forests and defending themselves from massacre, found time to teach their children. The meeting-house and the school-house, rough structures it is true, were built together. The extent of their instruction was, no doubt, limited, but the children were taught to speak the truth and to defend it, to keep a conscience and to fear God—the foundation of good

citizens and great men. They did not dispute that the liberties of the subject might consist with royal authority, but the religious creed of these immigrants was made part of their politics, and they held that no law of human government ought to be tolerated in opposition to the expressed will of God. They claimed the right to choose those who should frame their laws, contending that rulers as well as the meanest subjects were bound by law. These principles, brought with them to America and modified by experience, were the republican principles of the Scotch-Irish who settled this section of the State.*

I have dwelt upon the eminently religious character of these people because it was this trait which perhaps led them to take the part they did in the Revolution. It is true that some of them, notably those in Mecklenburg led by the Alexanders, Brevards, McKnits and others, who joined in the famous declaration of independence, were foremost in resistance to British rule. But these people generally were rather disposed to side with the Loyalists. The very isolation of their position and condition had kept them out of the contentions which had been growing up between the colonists on the coast and the mother country.

Granville's trade laws, the enforcement of the restrictions placed upon colonial commerce for the protection of English manufactures, and the attempt to enforce the regulations against smuggling in violation of these laws, which so roused the patriotism of New England, had not perceptibly affected them. The Stamp Act and the tax on tea had not pressed upon them. In fact, they probably knew of and cared little for these things. Living upon their own resources, unaccustomed to ask or receive protection or assistance from the government on the coast, whose authority theoretically extended over them, they felt little attachment to it, while their loyalty induced them to stand rather to the government abroad, whose exactions and oppressions they had not felt. Except, therefore, where the American or Irish influence predominated, the sentiments of these people favored the cause of the Loyalists.†

"But," as Judge Johnson, in his *Life of Greene*, says, "fortunately the enemy were too confident in themselves or had too much contempt for their opponents to act with moderation or policy." As the dissenters of New England had the reputation of having excited the war, dissenters generally became objects of odium to the enemy.

*See Foote's *Sketches of North Carolina*.

†Parton's *Life of Jackson* p. 76.

Hence their meeting-houses were often burnt or destroyed. One of them in Charleston was converted into a horse stable, and in the Waxhaws their minister was insulted and his house and books burnt, and war was declared against all Bibles which contained the Scotch version of the Psalms. "Great," says this writer, "were the obligations of the American cause to the licentiousness and folly of the British commander."

It was amongst these people that on the 29th May, 1780, Tarleton burst like a summer's storm into the Waxhaws settlement and massacred there Bufort's force, which was on its way from Virginia to assist Governor Rutledge in raising the siege of Charleston. Too late to help Charleston they came but to their own destruction. One hundred and thirteen were killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. The wounded were abandoned to the care of the people in the neighborhood, and the old Waxhaws meeting-house was converted into a hospital. There Esther Gaston, then only eighteen years of age, and her sister Martha day and night tenderly nursed the wounded,* and there too Mrs. Jackson, the mother of Andrew Jackson, ministered to their comforts and necessities, and there for many days Andrew Jackson and his brother, Robert, first saw what war was.†

Then came Lord Rawdon from Camden and encamped with a large body on the north side of the Waxhaws creek, demanding of every one a formal promise to take no further part in the war. Mrs. Jackson and the boys, and the Crawfords, and a majority of their neighbors abandoned their homes rather than enter into a covenant so abhorrent to their feelings.

The war of the Revolution was now transferred to this section of the State. Let us recall some of its stirring scenes in this neighborhood.

General Richard Winn, in whose honor this town is named, was then a major. He had served in General Richardson's expedition against the Tories the year before, and had distinguished himself under Thompson on Sullivan's Island on the famous 28th June, 1776, when Moultrie repulsed the British fleet off Charleston harbor. Colonel William Bratton, of York, was his associate, friend and adviser in all his measures opposed to the British forces. Both John McLure, of Chester, and Bratton and Winn concerted and conducted an attack in June, 1780, upon a large body of Loyalists at

* Howe's *History of the Presbyterian Church*, p. 537, note.

† Parton's *Life of Jackson*, p. 70.

Mobley's meeting-house in Fairfield district, and defeated and dispersed them.

A strong detachment of British troops under Colonel Turnbull was then stationed at Rocky Mount in Chester district, just over the Fairfield line, for the purpose of overawing this portion of the colony. The news of the success of Bratton, Winn and McLure drew down upon them the vengeance of the British officers, and Captain Houk was detached at the head of four hundred British cavalry and a considerable body of Tories, all well mounted, "to push the rebels." On the 11th July, Houk came with his whole command to the house of Bratton, against whom the British ire seems most to have been excited, and ordered Mrs. Bratton to provide a repast for himself and his troopers. He asked her where her husband was, to which she fearlessly replied "in Sumter's army." He then proposed to her if she would get her husband to come in and join the Royalists he should have a commission in the royal service. She answered with heroic firmness she would rather he should die in the service of her State. For this patriotic and heroic reply one of Houk's soldiers attempted to take her life. The troops were removed and quartered for the night at James Williamson's house adjoining Bratton's, sentinels were placed in a lane before the house, the rest of the party slept—the soldiers in their tents and the officers in the house.

Colonel Bratton, who was then with Sumter at Mecklenburg, having heard of this movement, concluded that it was aimed at him and his associates in the attack at Mobley's. He gathered his neighbors, who were with him at Mecklenburg, and they hastened with all dispatch to prevent the impending mischief. He arrived in the neighborhood after dark with but seventy-five men. Concealing themselves in an adjoining swamp they waited for dawn to commence the attack. In the meantime Colonel Bratton himself reconnoitered the position and actually passed through the line of sentinels, satisfying himself of their positions and negligence. He then selected his men, placing one against each sentinel of the enemy. With his personal knowledge of the place and of the British station, he advanced at the head of half of his men down one end of the lane and penetrated between the sentinels of the British into their very camp before the alarm was given. Captain McLure with the other half advanced from the other end of the lane with equal silence and success. They cut off the troopers from their picketed horses and opened so brisk a fire as to prevent the British forming a line for action. Houk and Ferguson, who was with him, succeeded in mounting their horses,

but they were shot and fell in sight of both parties, whereupon the British dropped their arms and fled. The battle continued about an hour and many of the British were killed and wounded, with but little damage to the Whigs, only one of whom was killed—his name was Campbell. Houk was shot by John Carrol, who, with his brother Thomas, was among the foremost in action. There were also two brothers named Ross, two named Hanna, and two named Adair—one of these subsequently was greatly distinguished and became General Adair. There were also four sons of John Moore and five sons of James Williamson, at whose residence the battle was fought. There were three brothers Bratton present. This little victory was the first check given to the British after the fall of Charleston—the first time that regulars had been opposed in an engagement by undisciplined militia. It had a most salutary effect on the destinies of the State. The accounts of this affair I have taken from Dr. Johnson's *Traditions*. Colonel Lee—Light Horse Harry, whose memoirs were edited and re-published by his nephew, our beloved leader, Robert E. Lee—tells us that Houk, who was killed, was notorious for his cruelties and violence. Colonel Lee adds, "these breezes of fortune fanned the dying embers of opposition."

Virginia and North Carolina were now called upon by Congress to hasten reinforcements to South Carolina. Baron DeKalb was ordered here also, and Gates, to whom Burgoyne had surrendered, was appointed to the command of the Southern department.

The advance of Gates into South Carolina roused into action all the latent energies of the State. Marion, and Sumter, and Andrew Pickens—himself from the Waxhaws—took the field. Gates advanced upon Rawdon at Camden, with Marion on his left and Sumter on his right.

Sumter commenced his inroads upon the British by attacking their posts at Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock in succession. Rocky Mount, as you know, is in the southeast corner of Chester county, just above the Fairfield line, about seventeen miles from this town, and Hanging Rock is across the Catawba, in Lancaster, about nineteen miles from Rocky Mount. Sumter sent Davie with his corps of Waxhaw men to watch the enemy at Hanging Rock, while he advanced with the main body upon Rocky Mount. Near Hanging Rock Davie fell in with three companies of British Loyalists, just returning from an excursion, and completely routed them. All but a few were killed and wounded, and the spoils of victory safely brought off, consisting of sixty horses and one hundred muskets and rifles.

Sumter attacked Rocky Mount with his characteristic impetuosity, but the British officer was found on his guard, and his position was one of great strength. Three times did Sumter attempt to carry this stronghold, but without success. He drew off, however, undisturbed, having lost few of his followers.

Undaunted, Sumter was soon again in the saddle. Quitting his retreat on the Catawba, with Davie, J. Erwin Hill, and Lacy he darted on the British line of communication, and on the 6th of August fell on the post at Hanging Rock. Then ensued a bloody battle—the contest grew fierce and the issue doubtful. The infantry of Tarleton's Legion and Bryan's North Carolina Loyalists were forced back, but Brown's regiment held their ground until nearly all the officers and a great proportion of its soldiers had fallen. The British, then falling back, formed a hollow square in the centre of their position. Sumter advanced to strike their last point of resistance, but the ranks of the militia had become disordered and the men scattered from success and the plunder of the British camp, so that only two hundred infantry and a few dragoons could be brought into array. Sumter could not, by all his exertions, bring his troops to close action. The spoils of the camp and the free use of spirits lost Sumter the fruits of his brilliant victory.

Most of our wounded were taken immediately home from the field of battle. To those who remained on the field, Esther Gaston was again the ministering angel.* Captain McLure was killed; Colonel Hill, Major Winn, and Lieutenant Crawford, and young Joseph Gaston, but sixteen years of age, were wounded.

Parton, in his *Life of Jackson*, tells us that the Jackson boys—Andrew, then thirteen years of age, and his brother Robert, a little older—rode with Davie on this expedition. The future hero of New Orleans had seen the effects of war when assisting his mother to attend the wounded at Waxhaw church in May. Here, at Hanging Rock, in August, he first saw battle itself.

Then followed the disastrous battle of Camden, but it is not within my purpose this morning to follow the details of that unfortunate affair. These belong rather to general history. None of the people of whom I am speaking were there; nor, indeed, can I find that in the battle proper there were any South Carolinians. General Isaac Huger was present, but commanded, I believe, a Virginia brigade, and Major Thomas Pinckney, an aid-de-camp to General Gates, was

* Howe's *History of the Presbyterian Church*, p. 537.

wounded and taken prisoner; but our heroes were away again with Sumter on one of his bold, and this time, for a while at least, successful expeditions.

Sumter, with Colonel Thomas Taylor and a detachment of the Maryland Line, under Colonel Woodford, had succeeded in capturing the British convoy near Camden Ferry, against which he had been sent on the very day upon which Gates, with the army sent for the relief of South Carolina, was defeated.

Flushed with victory, but encumbered with the spoils he had secured and the prisoners he had captured, Sumter was himself approaching danger as he was hastening to get his valuable capture beyond the reach of recovery. As soon as Lord Cornwallis, after his victory over Gates, received the intelligence of the capture of his convoy and the route by which Sumter was retreating with it, he detached Colonel Tarleton with his Legion and a corps of mounted infantry to pursue him, and to take the road over Rocky Mount Ford, and dispatched orders also to Colonel Turnbull, then stationed at Little river, to interrupt him if he could and bring him to action. But Major Davie, who had been engaged in escorting the wounded at Hanging Rock to Charlotte, hastening to return to the general rendezvous at Rudgley's, met the first part of our flying troops about four miles from the battlefield. Pressing on with the hope of being useful in saving soldiers and baggage, he continued to advance when meeting General Huger driving his tired horse before him, he learned the probability of Sumter's ignorance of Gates' defeat and the consequent danger to which he and his party were exposed. Captain Martin and two dragoons was at once dispatched by Davie to inform Sumter and to urge him to take care of his corps. Captain Martin reached Sumter at Rocky Mount the following night. Sumter immediately decamped with his prisoners and booty. Turnbull's attempt to intercept him failed by the celerity with which Sumter had moved, but Tarleton came in sight of his camp fires the night before Sumter left Rocky Mount.

Alas! Sumter seemed to have indulged a belief that he was safe, and having passed Fishing Creek, in Chester, some eight miles, he halted for rest. His arms were stacked; his men were lying around, some bathing, some reposing—he himself with his arms laid aside and coat off—when down came Tarleton upon him as he had upon Bufort three months before. Of Sumter's force, which was estimated at eight hundred, some were killed, others wounded, and the rest dispersed. Sumter himself escaped in his shirt sleeves with about three hundred

and fifty of his men, leaving all his spoils again in the hands of the enemy from whom he had taken them. A second time the fruits of a brilliant achievement were lost by accident or recklessness. Tarleton, it is true, is inclined to acquit Sumter of blame in this affair, and to attribute his own success somewhat to fortunate circumstances.*

Cornwallis reached Charlotte, but just as he was prepared to advance into North Carolina he received the unwelcome news of our great victory at King's Mountain. Would that we had the time to recall here again to-day the deeds and glories of the heroes of that great victory, Campbell, Cleveland, Williams, Sevier and Shelby. But did time allow, it would be but to repeat the story so recently and so eloquently told by the great Virginia orator, Daniel.

The security of his conquest in South Carolina thus threatened by the sudden incursions of the mountain warriors, and endangered by the activity of Sumter, Marion and Pickens, Cornwallis was compelled to fall back and retreated to this place, Winnsboro, from which he might watch the threatened points of Camden, Granby and Ninety-Six. His headquarters were in this town until Greene, with Gates' army reorganized, advanced into South Carolina for its recovery.

But while Cornwallis was here, an opportunity was allowed Sumter to repay Tarleton at Blackstocks for his surprise at Fishing Creek, and to avenge the slaughter there.

Then followed our great victory at Cowpens under Morgan, which transferred the seat of war from this part of our State, and left it rest until peace and independence were secured.

I have said that the people who settled this part of the country carried with them the axe, the rifle, and the Bible, and that the meeting-house and the school-house were put up together. We have seen that they knew well how to use the rifle, and it is not inappropriate here to observe in passing that not even in all these disturbances of revolution and war was the education of youth neglected.

The Mount Zion school, which is still open and, I trust, in a prosperous condition, is as old as the town itself. The Mount Zion Society was incorporated in the midst of the Revolution, in 1777, the year after the battle of Fort Moultrie. Its object was to provide the means of education for "the orphan left forlorn and the children of

* *Tarleton's Memoirs*, p. 115.

indigent parents in the remote parts of the State." In the list of its members will be found, for the first time in the history of the State, commingled the names of the upper and lower country—Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, Huguenots, and Churchmen combining in the midst of war in the cause of education.

Its first president was Colonel John Winn, and its directors were General William Strother and Captain Robert Ellison. Colonel Thomas Taylor and Captain Thomas Woodward were among the first signers of the Constitution. Among the names of its members were Andrew Pickens, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and four sons of Anthony Hampton—Henry, Edward, Richard, and Wade—and the brother of Anthony, John Hampton. The teacher at this time was, it is believed, Mr. William Humphreys. Dr. Howe, in his *History of the Presbyterian Church*, says: "At what time this school was discontinued is not known, but it was probably about the time when Lord Cornwallis moved his headquarters to Winnsboro, in 1780." Two years after the end of the war, *i. e.*, in 1783, a committee of the Society reported "*that the temporary school had been broken up by the enemy*, but the buildings were safe and in the custody of Colonel Richard Winn." Lands were given by Colonel Winn and Colonel John Vanderhorst in the year 1784, and the school placed under the charge of the Rev. Thomas Harris McCaule, and enlarged into a college. The Mount Zion College, the Charleston College, and the College at Cambridge, Ninety-Six, were incorporated by the same act in 1785. Jackson went to school to Dr. Humphreys in the Waxhaws during the Revolution, and Dr. Joseph Alexander kept one open there, and there was another at Bullock's Creek, York county, during this period; and there was also a school at Fishing Creek, kept open by Mrs. Gaston, the wife of Justice John Gaston. *Inter arma leges silent*, but letters were not allowed to sleep even though war was waging around the school-houses. Is it any wonder that the old Waxhaws have produced Andrew Jackson; Stephen D. Miller, the great jurist and statesman; James H. Thornwell, the great theologian; and J. Marion Sims, the greatest surgeon of this country? Judge William Smith, who succeeded Judge Gaillard in the United States Senate, was educated with Andrew Jackson at this time by Dr. Alexander at the Bullock's Creek school.

Surely, my comrades, you who were born and bred amidst the scenes of the historic events to which we have alluded, and who must have heard of them at your mother's knees and imbibed their les-

sons from your earliest youth, must have received from them some inspiration of heroism.

Who could live in a land abounding in scenes of such ennobling reminiscences and not be touched by the fire of patriotism. The great old English philosopher, Dr. Johnson, in his *Journey to the Western Islands*, has observed that "that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Was it to be expected, then, that the patriotism of those, who grew up around Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock and Blackstocks and King's Mountain and Cowpens, could be cold? Could the sons of the men who were led by Sumter, and the Brattons and the McLures fail to answer the call of their country?

Mr. Parton, in his *Life of Jackson*—describing that strange and lonely place, the old graveyard at Waxhaws, with its rude old stones that were placed over graves, when, as yet, a stone-cutter was not in the province; with its stones upon which coats of arms were once engraved, still partly decipherable; with stones which are modern compared with these, but yet record the exploits of Revolutionary soldiers; with its stones so old that every trace of inscription is lost—says that when the stranger stands in that churchyard among the old graves, he has the feeling of one who comes upon the ancient burial place of a race extinct. This was written by Mr. Parton in 1860. Would he go to that burial-place to-day he would see that the race of heroes was not extinct when he was last there. For he would find there, my comrades, new tombs, perchance of some of the Sixth, or Twelfth, or Seventeenth regiments. Under those solemn old trees he would find fresh stones, which tell of heroes as great as any of their forefathers of a century before. Let him, who thinks the race of the heroes of the Revolution extinct, but refer to the records of the Confederate soldiers from Fairfield, and Kershaw, and York, and Chester, and Lancaster.

The moment the State seceded, the people of this section rose at once to her defence, and furnished many of the very best troops which marched under the leaves of the Palmetto.

FAIRFIELD VOLUNTEERS—GREGG'S FIRST REGIMENT.

In response to the very first call, nay, indeed, before any call, upon the passage of the Ordinance of Secession in January, the Fairfield volunteers under Captain J. B. Davis at once offered their services,

and were accepted by Colonel Maxcy Gregg as one of his original regiment, organized under the ordinance of that Convention. With Gregg's regiment the company served on Morris' Island during the winter and spring of 1861, and was present at the battle of Fort Sumter. From Fort Sumter it went with Gregg to Virginia as a part of the "Veterans from Sumter," and was engaged under him at the small affair in Virginia on the Alexandria line.

Upon the reorganization of that regiment, Captain J. B. Davis' company was transferred to the Fifteenth regiment, in which it served throughout the war. Captain Davis became colonel upon Colonel DeSaussure's death at Gettysburg, and the regiment, under his command, served in Kershaw's brigade throughout the Tennessee campaign, and from the Wilderness to the surrender.

THE SIXTH REGIMENT.

The General Assembly, on the 17th December, 1860, passed an act providing for an armed military force of ten regiments, to be organized into a division of two or more brigades. One of these regiments, the Sixth, was raised from the counties of Chester and Fairfield. The officers were Colonel James H. Rion, Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Secrest and Major Thomas W. Woodward.

The companies from Fairfield were: Fairfield Fencibles, Captain John Bratton; Boyd Guards, Captain J. N. Shedd; Little Run Guards, Captain J. M. Brice; Buck Head Guards, Captain E. J. Means; Cedar Creek Rifles, Captain J. R. Harrison.

The companies from Chester were: Chester Blues, Captain E. C. McLure; Captain G. L. Strait's company, Captain J. A. Walker's company, Captain O. Harden's company, and Captain J. Mike Brown's company.

Colonel Rion resigned in June, 1861, and the regiment went to Virginia under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Secrest. Upon the application of the regiment, Colonel Charles S. Winder (who afterwards became brigadier-general and was killed at Cedar Run on the 9th August, 1862, while commanding the Stonewall Brigade under Jackson,) was assigned to the command and did much to perfect its organization. But it was under Lieutenant-Colonel Secrest, who had been a distinguished officer of the Palmetto regiment in Mexico, that the regiment was to make its first fight and win its first laurels. Though the Sixth was not in time to take part in the First Manassas, it was to be the next regiment from this State to be able to style

itself veteran. It was engaged in the battle of Dranesville on the 20th December, 1861, under General J. E. B. Stuart, afterwards our great cavalry leader, and this is his report of its conduct :

"The Sixth South Carolina and the First Kentucky were, I regret to say, too much screened from my view to afford me the privilege of bearing witness by personal observation of individual prowess ; *but that the Sixth South Carolina under the fearless Secrest did its whole duty, let the list of killed and wounded and her battle-flag bathed in blood, with the staff shivered in the hands of the bearer, be silent but eloquent witness. Their Major (Woodward) was painfully wounded, but bore himself heroically notwithstanding.*"*

The regiment lost in this, its first, battle eighteen killed and forty-five wounded—sixty-three.

Upon the reorganization of the regiment in the spring of 1862, John Bratton was elected Colonel ; James M. Steadman, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Edward C. McLure, Major.

Colonel Bratton had come, as we have seen, from an heroic family, and well did he maintain the reputation his ancestors had established for natural military talent and personal gallantry. It has been the custom to point to General Bratton as a conspicuous instance of the singular adaptability, if not genius, of Southern men for military command. A quiet country gentleman and planter, without the slightest military education or experience, who in all probability had never seen a regiment manœuvred or a thousand men in ranks, goes into the war as a captain, soon becomes colonel and then general, and fills each position with ease and honor to himself, and satisfaction to those above him and with the affection of those under him. But as we have seen, my comrades, this military talent did not exhibit itself for the first time in the Bratton family when the colonel of the Sixth distinguished himself, not only in the command of a regiment, but as well in command of a brigade, and added the brigadier's wreath to the colonel's stars. He had inherited military ability as well as courage. He was but exhibiting the same talent with which his ancestor, Colonel Bratton of the Revolution, planned and successfully carried out the attack upon the British Captain Houk at the Williamson residence in 1780. Worthy son of heroic sire, it was indeed your fortune, survivors of the Sixth, to have been led by so gallant and able an officer and so pure and true a citizen.

The Sixth was next engaged at the battle of Williamsburg, May

* *Rebellion Records*, Series 1, Vol. V, p. 490.

5, 1862. General Bratton, in an account published in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, which he wrote in 1868, after all his great experience on so many battlefields during the rest of the war, writes of his old regiment on that occasion: "I have never on any field during the war seen more splendid gallantry exhibited than on that field of Williamsburg." He adds, "This was the first and last time I ever asked for a place in a charge—a pardonable folly I hope at that stage of the war."*

Then came the battle of Seven Pines, in which the Sixth was again conspicuously engaged and in which it suffered so terribly. Colonel Bratton himself was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy.

The blood of other Revolutionary stock was poured out in this battle in the ranks of the Sixth. Upon the reorganization of the regiment, Joseph Lucien Gaston had been elected captain of the Chester Blues. A younger brother and himself were killed in a few feet of each other at Seven Pines. We have seen how Esther Gaston and her sister had nursed the wounded at Buford's massacre and at Hanging Rock. These gallant sons of her family died on the field before such tender ministrations could be made to them.

Captain Gaston was a man of the highest order and the most scrupulous integrity. His mind was strong and well balanced. He was highly cultivated. How could he be otherwise, coming from a family which even in the midst of the Revolution had not failed to teach the youth around them. He was a young lawyer of great promise, and had the fairest prospects of attaining the highest honor of his profession. His aged relative and partner has often been heard to say that Mr. Gaston was the best man he ever knew, and came as near perfection as poor human nature can attain to. He was a hero indeed. For he was one of those who was not carried into the war by the rushing tide of enthusiasm; he was one of those true martyrs to our cause, who conscientiously and decidedly opposed to secession, yet, when the State in her sovereignty had acted, did not hesitate to obey her, but was amongst the very first to step to the front in her defence. To such men, what meed of praise can we award adequate to their self-sacrifice?

There fell, too, in this battle Captains Phinney, W. B. Lyles and J. W. Walker; and Sergeant-Major Beverly W. Means, Librarian of the South Carolina College, was mortally wounded.

* Vol. XIII, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, p. 119.

Then followed the battles around Richmond, the Second Manassas and the Pennsylvania campaign, in all which this regiment bore its part with its accustomed gallantry. Then your winter of 1862-'63 at the Blackwater, thereby missing Chancellorsville; then your return to the Army of Northern Virginia, the Pennsylvania campaign and the battle of Gettysburg, and your transfer with Longstreet's corps to the Army of Tennessee.

On the 28th October, 1863, you were in the battle of Lookout Mountain, where Bratton commanded Jenkins' brigade, before it became his own; then the Knoxville campaign and siege, and your return to Virginia; then you took part in that wonderful campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, in which, from the 5th of May to 30th June, the armies of the Potomac and of the James under Grant lost a greater number than there were men in the Army of Northern Virginia under Lee; and then the long siege of Petersburg, ending with Appomattox.

General Bratton made a report on the 1st of January, 1864, of the operations of his brigade from the Wilderness to that date, which comprises the history of its active operations while under his command. He concludes with a statement, that out of 2,016 present at the beginning of the campaign, your losses during it were 1,688, including many of the noblest and best in your ranks.*

THE TWELFTH REGIMENT.

In the summer of 1861, the Confederate Government called upon the State of South Carolina for six regiments of volunteers for the war; that is, for the whole war. The regiments which were accepted under this call were Gregg's old First Regiment (reorganized), Orr's First Rifles, the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth regiments. Gregg's brigade was constituted of the first five of these. The Fifteenth regiment was added to Kershaw's brigade.

Of these, the Twelfth regiment was composed, with the exception, I believe, of two companies from Oconee, of companies raised from York, Lancaster, Kershaw, and Fairfield. From Fairfield there were two companies, Company C, Captain H. C. Davis, and Company F, Captain Hayne McMeekin.

The regiment was organized by the election of Colonel R. G. M. Dunnovan, of Chester, as Colonel; Dixon Barnes, of Lancaster, as

* *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. VIII, p. 547.

Lieutenant-Colonel; and Cadwalader Jones, of York, as Major. Colonel Dunnovant had been Lieutenant-Colonel of the Palmetto regiment in Mexico.

The Twelfth, with the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, commenced its service on the coast, and was present at the bombardment of Hilton Head, but was not actively engaged. In April, 1862, it was ordered to Virginia with the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, then constituting Gregg's brigade, and proceeded to Milford Station, where it formed a part of what was known as the Army of the Rappahannock under General Joseph R. Anderson. This was an army of observation of McDowell's force at Fredericksburg, which was intended to co-operate with McClellan by an advance upon Richmond from the north. This plan Jackson frustrated by his victories in the Valley, and in the last of May the Army of the Rappahannock fell back to Richmond. On reaching Richmond, Major-General A. P. Hill was assigned to its command, and the Army of the Rappahannock became, what I trust it is not immodest for those of us whose fortune it was to serve in its ranks to say, "the famous Light Division." The division was moved out to take part in the great battle of Seven Pines on the 31st May, 1862, but was not actually engaged. The first actual engagement of the Twelfth was in the Seven Days' battles around Richmond. It was the fortune of the First, which had (with Orr's rifles) joined Gregg's brigade just before those battles, and the Twelfth to commence together the battle of Cold Harbor on the 27th June, 1862; and from that time to the close of the war there was a feeling of mutual confidence and regard between these two regiments, which was increased as the exigencies of the service again and again threw them together in the most desperate conflicts. The loss of the brigade in this battle was 854 out of about 2,500 men carried into action. In the Twelfth, Lieutenant J. W. DeLancy was killed and Captains Bookter, Miller, McMeekin and Vorlandigham were wounded. The loss of the regiment was 138—17 killed and 121 wounded. At Frazier's Farm on the 30th the regiment lost seven wounded. The brigade was not engaged at Malvern Hill. Its losses in these battles was altogether 971 out of the 2,500 with which it commenced them.

Then followed the great battle of the war of Gregg's brigade, the second day of the Second Manassas, in which the most of the fighting on the Confederate side was done by this brigade, and of which a Northern military writer describing this battle has said: "*In Southern histories and by Southern firesides the brave deeds that Southern*

soldiers had on this day achieved were to mark it as the bloody and glorious day of the 29th August." In this battle Colonel Dixon Barnes greatly distinguished himself. It was the Twelfth which drove out the New England brigade, which, under Grover, had penetrated our lines by a charge second only to that of Pickett's division at Gettysburg. In this battle the brigade had nine out of eleven field-officers killed and wounded, and 619 out of 1,500 men carried into action. Colonel Barnes and Major McCorkle were among the wounded. The Twelfth regiment lost 145—killed, 24, and wounded, 121. A few evenings after, at Ox Hill, its adjutant, W. C. Buchanan, was killed and eleven men wounded.*

Then followed the capture of Harper's Ferry and the battle of Sharpsburg, in which the Twelfth sustained the irreparable loss of Colonel Barnes, and in which Captains J. L. Miller and H. C. Davis and Lieutenant R. M. Kerr were wounded. The Twelfth lost 102 of the 163 killed and wounded in the whole brigade. It was more fortunate at Shepherdstown, in which it had but one wounded, and scarcely less so at Fredericksburg, where it lost but eight out of the 336 killed and wounded in the brigade. A most gallant young officer from Fairfield was, however, killed in the First, Captain T. H. Lyles, who commanded Co. B, from Newberry. The regiment had been commanded by Colonel Cadwalader Jones in these battles. He resigned after Fredericksburg and was succeeded by Colonel John L. Miller. Colonel Miller's first battle was Chancellorsville, which was followed by an incident worthy of note. The Twelfth, with but 340 guns, was put in charge of over 2,000 Federal prisoners and marched them safely through to Richmond without the loss of one of them. Then followed Gettysburg, in which the Twelfth lost 20 killed, 105 wounded, and 5 missing—among the killed was Lieutenant A. W. Prag, and in the wounded Captains J. A. Hinnant, J. M. Moody, Lieutenants J. R. Boyles, J. A. Watson, M. R. Sharp, A. W. Black, W. J. Stover and J. M. Jenkins. At Hagerstown and Falling Waters the regiment lost eighteen killed, wounded and missing.

* In an address delivered by me before the survivors of the Twelfth regiment at Walhalla, S. C., on Gregg's brigade at Manassas (see *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XIII, p. 1), it is stated that the First South Carolina volunteers was guided into the action by Lieutenant Fellows, of the Thirteenth. I am assured by Captain J. A. Hinnant, of the Twelfth that the statement is a mistake, that it was he who did so, and I make this correction at his request.—E. McC., Jr.

Then came the great campaign of 1864, and in its first battle, the Wilderness, the Twelfth had another gallant colonel killed, Colonel John L. Miller, and with him fell Lieutenants J. L. McKnight and J. A. Gavin. Lieutenant Colonel E. F. Bookter and Lieutenants J. A. Watson and J. A. Beard were wounded. There were sixteen killed, sixty-four wounded and five missing in this regiment. Then again the regiment suffered most heavily at Spotsylvania. It entered the Bloody Angle at the point of greatest danger—just at the break. They lost fearfully but fought nobly, 28 were killed, 38 wounded and 52 missing—118. Lieutenants J. B. Blackman and J. R. Faulkenburg were killed, and Captain W. J. Stover, Lieutenants Wade Reeves and W. B. White wounded. In the affairs from the 12th of May to 1st of July, 1864, the Twelfth lost 2 killed, 21 wounded and 11 missing—34. Major T. F. Clyburne and Lieutenant W. H. Rives were wounded. Lieutenant N. R. Bookter was killed before Petersburg. At Fussell's Mills the regiment lost 1 killed, 12 wounded and 5 missing—18.

At the battle of Jones' Farm, 30th September, 1864, the regiment lost its third colonel killed in battle—Colonel Edwin F. Bookter, of Richland. Mr. Caldwell, in his *History of Gregg's Brigade*, pays a glowing, but justly deserved, tribute to this noble officer. He had been severely wounded at Cold Harbor, 27th June, 1862, again seriously at Manassas, 29th August, 1862, and for a third time, and as it was supposed mortally, at the Wilderness, 5th May, 1864. He survived all these to die at the head of the regiment he loved so well and which loved him so well, in that brilliant, if small, affair. The regiment lost two killed, eighteen wounded and three missing. Among the wounded was Lieutenant Cadwalader Jones, of York.

Then followed the winter of 1864-'65 in the trenches around Petersburg. The engagements on the 25th and 26th March, in which the Twelfth lost one killed and five missing. The fight at Gravelly Run on the 31st March, when General McGowan, with Gracie's Alabama brigade and ours, achieved so brilliant a success, and in which the regiment lost one killed and seventeen wounded; then Sunderland Station, in which a large part of the brigade was captured, including Captain R. M. Kerr, who commanded the Twelfth. Captain W. S. Dunlop, who had commanded the sharpshooters of the brigade after Captain W. T. Haskell's death at Gettysburg, and Lieutenant W. H. Rives were wounded and fell also into the hands of the enemy. And then the end at Appomattox!

In this regiment during the war there were 230 deaths from

wounds, and wounds not mortal 652—making 862 wounds received. There were 414 deaths from disease, which added to the 230 deaths from wounds makes 644 deaths in the regiment. So that probably more than half of all who entered the regiment died during the war.*

THE SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT.

The Seventeenth regiment, which was organized in the early part of 1862 (with the exception of but two companies from Barnwell), was composed entirely of men from York, Chester, Lancaster and Fairfield. These were: Three companies from York, Captains Meacham, Wilson and Whitingan; two companies from Chester, Captains Culp and Caskey, and two companies from Fairfield, Co. B, Captain W. P. Coleman and Co. —, Captain James Beatty. It was organized by the election of Governor John H. Means as Colonel, F. W. McMaster as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Julius Mills as Major, with Robert Stark Means as Adjutant.

This regiment's first service was on the coast of South Carolina, but it was to be its fortune, with the rest of its brigade, first under Evans, then under Elliot and then under Wallace, to serve in almost every State in the Confederacy. It belonged to what might be called, not disrespectfully, "the tramp brigade." It saw service in South Carolina. It fought in Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina and Mississippi. It traversed Alabama and Georgia, and served for some time on the Island of Hope, in the latter State, including in its service a term of bombardment in Fort Sumter. It might be said to have been ubiquitous.

Its first battle was the Second Manassas, and in this battle it lost in proportion to its numbers more than any other regiment from this State during the whole war did in any single engagement. There were but three other regiments in the Confederacy which had a greater percentage of loss in any single battle. Its loss was 189 killed and wounded out of 284 carried into action. But this loss, great and terrible in its numbers as it was, did not cover its calamity to the State. At the head of this regiment fell one of South Carolina's noblest citizens.

I have spoken of Captain Gaston, of the Sixth, who fell at Seven Pines, as a hero indeed, because he went into the service without

*For these statistics see *Caldwell's History of Gregg's and McGowan's Brigades.*

hesitation upon the secession of the State, though he had been opposed to such action. Governor Means, on the contrary, had been earnest in its advocacy. He had been elected governor in 1850 on that issue, and he had constantly advocated secession. But when it came he was an elderly man, beyond the age even of reserve duty. With his age, too, his physique had become such as to unfit him for the field. The dignity of his position as an ex-governor of the State would seem to have excused him had his age and physical condition fitted him for active service. His family, too, were fully represented in the army. All these considerations might well have persuaded him that the proper sphere of action was at home where, by his countenance, he might have encouraged his people in their adversities and by his wisdom have aided them in their necessities. So he might have reasoned, if indeed he had felt himself called upon to reason at all, why he, a man advanced in life, should not go into the field. But so he did not reason. He reasoned, on the contrary, thus: I have been advocating secession all my life; by my conduct I have done much to bring it about; now it has come, age or not, I will myself go with them and share the dangers to which the boys have been brought by my advice. And go he did, noble man as he was.

In the very commencement of hostilities he hastened to Charleston and tendered his services as an aid to General Beauregard.

In the Seventeenth regiment he went into the field. A correspondent, writing to the *Mercury* of a visit to the regiment while it was on the coast, in April, 1862, thus speaks of his regiment: "I have seen nowhere else an intermingling of discipline with a courtesy and kindness of manner to the men that approaches paternal tenderness. No doubt, the antecedents of the commander, Colonel John H. Means, contributes much to his success. But few men are so gifted in manner, not the spurious coin, but the genuine emanation from kindness and generosity of temper."

Is it any wonder that his men were not only proud of their colonel but loved him as a man? Nor was this feeling confined to his own regiment. It extended to the whole brigade. This is the account of his death written to the *Mercury* by an officer of another regiment:

"Colonel Means, of the Seventeenth South Carolina volunteers, died this morning (September 1st) of a wound received in the battle of Manassas on the 30th August.

"He fell in the thickest of the fight leading his regiment in a charge. The wound was severe, and as his gallant men pressed around him he said, 'Push on! my boys, push on!'

"Governor Means was beloved by all of Evans' brigade, and his regiment feels as if they had lost a father. He had particularly endeared himself to his brother officers. An abler pen than mine will do justice to his memory. He died quietly and perfectly resigned to his fate. No nobler or better man ever lived or died."

General Evans, in his report of the battle, says:

"Among the killed were the gallant Colonel J. H. Means, of the Seventeenth regiment South Carolina volunteers, and Colonel J. M. Gadberry, of the Eighteenth. These brave men were shot down while nobly leading their regiments into action. Colonel Gadberry was killed instantly. Colonel Means (mortally wounded) survived two days. It is but justice to the memory of these noble and gallant officers to mention my appreciation of their valuable services. Colonel Means, though much advanced in years, ever exhibited the energy of youth in battling against our ruthless foe and devoting his whole ability to our sacred cause. His death fully exemplifies his devotion to his country."

Colonel McMaster, in his report, thus tells of his death:

"Then the regiment was again marched forward in line of battle up a hill in the direction of the Chinn House in face of a terrific fire of the enemy, which was concentrated from two batteries, one on each side, and a regiment of infantry a short distance in front. Near this place our noble chief, Colonel Means, was mortally wounded and died two days after, lamented not only by every man in his command but by every good citizen of South Carolina."

The next engagement of the Seventeenth regiment was in Maryland, at Boonesboro, on the 14th September, in which out of 141 present the regiment lost sixty-one killed, wounded and missing. In this battle Lieutenant-Colonel R. Stark Means was shot through the thigh, and Colonel McMaster reports that he had detailed four men to bear him off, but that Colonel Means refused to allow them to make the effort as the enemy was in a short distance of him and still advancing. Colonel Means died from the effects of the wound. Thus the son soon followed his father. At Sharpsburg, on the 17th, this regiment had been reduced by casualties and marching to but fifty-nine present, including officers, rank and file and ambulance corps. Of this small number nineteen were killed and wounded.

After the Maryland campaign Evans' brigade was ordered to North Carolina, where, on the 14th of December—the day after the battle of Fredericksburg, in which the Sixth and Twelfth were engaged—

the Seventeenth regiment fought in the battle of Kinston.* I can find no report of its losses.

From North Carolina the brigade was sent to reinforce Vicksburg, and reported to General Joseph E. Johnston at Jackson on the 3d June,† but did not reach Vicksburg. It was engaged in some skirmishing at Jackson, but nothing more. From Mississippi the brigade was ordered to the Isle of Hope, near Savannah, where it was encamped during the winter of 1863-'64. From Savannah this regiment was sent to Charleston, where it furnished its details for the garrison at Fort Sumter, and thence it rejoined the Army of Northern Virginia in the spring of 1864 under the command of General W. S. Walker.

Stephen Elliot, who had so nobly defended Fort Sumter and fought it to the water's edge, was appointed brigadier-general, and assigned to the command of this brigade. It was while under his command that the fearful battle of the Crater took place on the 3d July, 1864, in which, as Colonel McMaster justly observed in his address at Chester on the 13th August, 1879, it seldom falls to the lot of a regiment to act such a conspicuous part in saving an army as did the Seventeenth on that occasion.‡

Colonel McMaster is fully justified by General Humphreys, the distinguished Federal officer in that fair and admirable history of the Virginia campaign of 1864-'65, published in the Scribner Series, in the estimate of the important services rendered by the Seventeenth regiment under his command on that terrible occasion.||

One half of the regiment was lost at Fort Steadman on the 25th March, 1865. Colonel McMaster and twenty officers were captured. The remainder fought at Five Forks, where Lieutenant-Colonel Culp was captured. The three remaining officers of the regiment—Major Avery, Adjutant Fant and Captain Steele, of Lancaster—were each wounded on the day of the surrender.

RION'S BATTALION.

Colonel Rion, as we have seen, went into the service first as colonel of the Sixth. He resigned this command in June, 1861, but he could

* *Rebellion Records*, Series 1, Vol. XVIII, p. 112.

† *Johnston's Narrative*, p. 190.

‡ *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. X, p. 119.

|| *The Virginia Campaign 1864-'65*.—Humphreys, p. 256.

not keep out of the service, and in 1862 he raised a company in Fairfield, and with Colonel P. H. Nelson, of Kershaw, formed a battalion, with Colonel Nelson as lieutenant-colonel and himself as major. With this battalion he served during the rest of the war. On the 14th July, 1863, he was complimented in general orders by General Beauregard for leading successfully an attack on Morris Island in which he was wounded by a bayonet. Going to Virginia with Hagood's brigade in the spring of 1864, on the 14th May, preceding the battle at Drury's Bluff, he drove back a line of battle with his skirmishers. He was wounded in the battle on the 16th May, but continued on the field during the whole day. At Petersburg, on 14th June, he again led, at night, a line of skirmishers of Hagood's brigade and drove back the advance of General Baldy Smith; again, on the 18th June, he led another attack.

He was twice offered and refused the command of the Twenty-second regiment, and after the battle of Bentonville was offered by General Johnston a commission as temporary brigadier-general.

Colonel Rion and his battalion served on the coast of South Carolina in Fort Sumter and battery Wagner, and in Virginia and North Carolina, and were engaged in twenty-two battles.

There were, besides these, two troops of cavalry from Fairfield. One troop in the First cavalry under Colonel J. L. Blacks, and another in the Sixth cavalry under Colonel Hugh K. Aiken, and another company in James' battalion. There were also soldiers from Fairfield in the Second, Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth regiments.

Colonel Aiken's life was another sacrifice for Fairfield in the cause of the South. He had been wounded at Trevillian's Station and was killed at Lynch Creek, in Chesterfield county, just before the surrender. Colonel Aiken was a gallant soldier and an estimable citizen. His distinguished brother, Colonel D. Wyat Aiken, colonel of the Seventh regiment, also was a native of this county and should be counted among her sons who served the State so well.

Bratton, the Meanses, the Aikens, the Davises, Rion, McMaster, Woodward and Black were heroes enough for Fairfield. But the heroism of our troops was not confined to their leaders. The descendants of those, who had fought under the Brattons and McLures in the Revolution, were as brave as their leaders and as conscientious in the discharge of their duty.

In that old Waxhaw churchyard I have seen this quaint inscription upon a stone:

"Here lies the body of William Blair, who departed this life in the sixty-fourth year of his age on the 2d July, A. D, 1821, at 9 P. M. He was born in the county of Antrim, Ireland, on the 24th March, 1759. When about thirteen years old he came with his father to this country, where he resided till his death.

* * * * *

"He was a Revolutionary patriot, and in the humble station of private soldier and wagon master, he contributed more to the establishment of American independence than many whose names are proudly emblazoned on the page of history.

"In the language of Pope,
"The noblest work of God is an honest man."

There was more truth in this old homely epitaph probably than in many more elegant and heroic inscriptions upon towering monuments to the great. But, however that may be, this we know that in the humble sphere of private soldiers, thousands and thousands of glorious spirits were sacrificed in our war. To this, my comrades, you can testify with me. Who of us cannot recall some man from the ranks who he hopes to see in another world glorified above generals and presidents and kings and potentates?

Let me recall an instance in our own experience to show that the race of heroic teamsters was not extinct. Upon the retreat after the battle of Gettysburg the enemy's cavalry made a rush upon our wagon trains at Williamsport. The Confederate cavalry there were insufficient for the defence of the place, and the quartermasters were called upon for men to assist. About fifty were furnished by McGowan's brigade, and, no doubt, some of the Twelfth among them, and were placed under the command of Captain R. E. B. Hewitson, quartermaster of the First. A sharp fight ensued, but the detail of teamsters from our brigade charged the line opposed them, drove them back and held the ground until relieved at night. Two of our men were killed and five or six wounded. General Imboden called it "the battle of the teamsters."

The humble private in our war did indeed do more to the establishment of our independence—if that had been so ordained of God—

"than many whose names are proudly emblazoned on the page of history." Justice has never been done him. But he has not wanted those who appreciated him. He was thus eulogized in a paper during the war : *

"Among these private soldiers are to be found men of culture, men of gentle training, men of intellect, men of social position, men of character at home, men endeared to a domestic circle of refinement and elegance, men of wealth, men who gave tone and character to the society in which they moved, and men who for conscience sake have made a sacrifice of property, home, comfort, and are ready to add crimson life to the cause.

"Without rank, without title, without anticipated distinction, animated only by the highest and noblest sentiments which can influence our common nature, the private labors, toils and marches and fights, endures hunger, thirst and fatigue; through watchings and weariness, sleepless nights and cheerless days, he holds up before him the one glorious prize, 'Freedom of my country; Independence of my home.' "

OUR LOSSES IN BATTLE.

In a recent article published in the *Century* magazine entitled, "*The Chances of being Hit in Battle*," are two tables, one of the losses in Federal regiments during the war, in which the proportion of killed and wounded in a single engagement were over fifty per cent. of those present, and the other a like list of losses in the Confederate regiments. It is singular that in all there were twenty-five Federal regiments that lost in a single battle fifty per cent. and over, and almost exactly the same number in our service, we having one more, that is twenty-six regiments which lost more than fifty per cent. in a single battle. The author says that these are instances of excessive loss, and that these lists represent the maximum loss and may be of interest to such historians as persist in telling of regiments that were all cut to pieces or commands which were annihilated. This table is of great interest to us of this State, for it shows that of the twenty-six regiments that sustained the heaviest losses on our side, six were South Carolina regiments, four were Georgia, four Tennessee, three Texas, three Alabama, three North Carolina, two Virginia and one Mississippi regiment. And it is of still greater interest to us here to-day, for, of these six South Carolina regiments,

* Jackson, Mississippi, *Crisis*, Marginalia, p. 174.

two of them are represented by the survivors of Fairfield district. The list is as follows :

REGIMENT.	BATTLE.	Present in Action.	Killed and Wounded.	Per Cent.
First Texas.....	Antietam.....	226	186	82
Twenty-first Georgia.....	Manassas.....	242	184	76
Eighth Tennessee.....	Stone River.....	444	306	69
<i>Seventeenth South Carolina.....</i>	<i>Manassas.....</i>	<i>284</i>	<i>189</i>	<i>67</i>
<i>Twenty-third South Carolina.....</i>	<i>Manassas.....</i>	<i>225</i>	<i>149</i>	<i>66</i>
Fourteenth Georgia.....	Mechanicsville.....	514	335	65
Sixteenth Mississippi.....	Antietam.....	228	144	63
Fifteenth Virginia.....	Antietam.....	128	75	58
Eighteenth Georgia.....	Antietam.....	176	101	57
Tenth Georgia.....	Antietam.....	147	83	56
Twelfth Tennessee.....	Stone River.....	292	164	56
Sixteenth Tennessee.....	Stone River.....	377	207	56
Third Alabama.....	Malvern Hill.....	354	200	56
Seventh North Carolina.....	Seven Days.....	450	253	56
Eighteenth North Carolina.....	Seven Days.....	396	224	56
<i>First South Carolina Rifles.....</i>	<i>Gaines' Mill.....</i>	<i>537</i>	<i>306</i>	<i>56</i>
Fourth North Carolina.....	Fair Oaks.....	678	369	54
<i>Twelfth South Carolina.....</i>	<i>Manassas.....</i>	<i>270</i>	<i>146</i>	<i>54</i>
Fourth Texas.....	Antietam.....	200	107	53
Twenty-seventh Tennessee.....	Chaplin Hills.....	210	112	53
<i>First South Carolina.....</i>	<i>Manassas.....</i>	<i>283</i>	<i>151</i>	<i>53</i>
Forty-ninth Virginia.....	Fair Oaks.....	424	224	52
Twelfth Alabama.....	Fair Oaks.....	408	215	52
<i>Seventh South Carolina.....</i>	<i>Antietam.....</i>	<i>268</i>	<i>140</i>	<i>52</i>
Seventh Texas.....	Raymond.....	306	158	52
Eleventh Alabama.....	Glendale.....	357	181	51

If this table is correct, and, no doubt, it is, it shows that Antietam, or Sharpsburg, was, on our side at least, the hardest fought field of the war, for of the twenty-six instances of greatest losses, seven of them occurred in that battle; but it shows, also, that for South Carolina troops the Second Manassas was the severest battle. Of the six instances of greatest losses among troops from this State, four of them were at Second Manassas, to-wit: The Seventeenth South Carolina, which lost 67 per cent. of those carried into action; the Twenty-third, which lost 66 per cent.; the Twelfth, which lost 54 per cent.; and the First, which lost 53 per cent. The general average of these four regiments being 60 per cent. lost of those engaged. Upon another occasion I have shown that in this battle South Carolina lost

more than 25 per cent. of all her troops engaged, to-wit: eighteen regiments, including seven colonels killed.*

Dignity and magnanimity alike demand, my comrades, that we, the survivors of the Confederate armies, who faithfully did our duty while we had arms in our hands, should refrain from all expression of vindictiveness and hardness of feeling to those who, with equal sincerity as ourselves, espoused the cause of the Union, and at the call of *their States* fought on the side in which their States had enrolled them. For myself, I can truly say that I have no feeling of hatred or animosity for the true Federal soldier. I can heartily join my Northern friends in their admiration and respect for McClellan and Meade, and Hancock and Humphreys, and many others. There are few men I would go further, personally, to serve than General Henry J. Hunt, the Federal chief of artillery in the Army of the Potomac. For the noble and generous promptings of Grant's heart in the first moments of his great triumph, and his magnanimous treatment of Lee, I feel the greatest gratitude, a gratitude which I will not allow to be diminished even by his after conduct as a politician, under the influence of party spirit at Washington; but for the malignity and brutality of Sherman, I can have nothing but indignation and resentment.

When our friends at the North, and, my comrades, we have warm and earnest friends there, beg us to forget and forgive the injuries necessarily incident to the war we ourselves dared, I heartily respond. But when I come across such a history of the war as *Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion*, and see there the pictures of the burning of Columbia and Winnsboro, and read the un pitying and exultant comments upon the misery they depict, I can feel it no part of Christian or patriotic duty to suppress the just indignation which fills my heart alike against the perpetrators and boastful recorders of such inhumanity.

There is there a picture of Winnsboro in flames, and on the next page there is one of Hanging Rock, Sumter's battle ground, and between them are pictures of Sherman's foragers and bummers coming in with their spoils and dividing their booty. With these pictures is the story that when Kilpatrick reached Hanging Rock he reported to Sherman that several dead bodies of Federal soldiers had been found in the road with a label by Hampton's cavalry, that such would be the fate of all "*Foragers*." Whereupon Sherman, it is said,

* See *Southern Historical Papers*, Volume XIII, p. 1.

directed immediate retaliation, and is reported as having delivered himself of these heroic sentiments:*

"We have a perfect right to the products of the country we overrun, and may collect them by forage or otherwise. *Let the people know that the war is now against them, because their army flees before us and do not defend the country as they should. It is monstrous for Wheeler and Beauregard and such vain heroes to talk of war-ring against women and children. If they claim to be men they should defend their women and children and prevent us reaching their homes.*"

Was there ever anything more false, more atrocious, and meaner than this pitiful excuse by Sherman of his barbarity? Taunting our men because they were not there to defend their women and children, when Grant himself had just declared that we were "robbing the cradle and the grave" to fill our ranks against him, but which ranks, my comrades, of old men and children though they were, he had not yet been able to break!

As we have seen, Fairfield district sent into the service five companies of the Sixth, two companies of the Twelfth, two companies of the Seventeenth, one company of the First, and one company of Rion's battalion, one of James' battalion, and two of cavalry. The late General Manigault, who, as adjutant-general, did so much for the preservation of the history of the troops of this State by his faithful and zealous work under the act to provide for the preparation of the rolls of troops furnished by the State to the army of the Confederate States, estimated that each company from this State averaged one hundred and twenty-five men during the war. This would make 1,750 men furnished by Fairfield to the line, add to these the quota of staff officers and men in other commands, and we have no doubt Fairfield alone furnished 2,000 men. By the census of 1860 there were but 3,241 white males of all ages in this district, and but 1,578 between the ages of fifteen and fifty; so that the whole arms-bearing population of the county was in the army. And yet Sherman attempts to cover his brutality by the falsehood and sneer, that these men would not fight.

Need those who had chased this same redoubtable hero from the first battlefield of the war desire his encomiums upon their courage? Need they boast that they were men who had fought and defeated McClellan and Pope, and Burnside and Hooker and Rosencranz;

* *Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion*, Vol. II, p. 119.

who had driven McClellan to his gunboats and chased Pope to Washington; who had slaughtered Burnside at Fredericksburg and routed Hooker at Chancellorsville; who had held Fort Sumter against all comers; who had left their dead from Charleston to Gettysburg, from Gettysburg to Chickamauga, and from Chickamauga to Knoxville, and from Knoxville to the Wilderness; who had defeated a much greater man than Sherman—Grant himself—in every engagement from the Wilderness to Petersburg; had killed and wounded in a month more men in Grant's army than they had in their own; who had yielded at last, not to Grant, nor to Sherman—not to arms, but to starvation? As General Preston has so well expressed it : *

"We surrendered no army of 200,000 equipped soldiers as at Sedan, but, at Appomattox, a starving skeleton, with scarce blood enough left to stain the swords of our conquerors; our surrender was not to New England, but to death!"

It was on the wives and children of these men that Sherman warred.

In American histories "*Tarleton's Quarter*" was, for near a century, the proverb for cruelty and barbarity. But when Tarleton crossed at Rocky Mount in pursuit of Sumter, and mercilessly slew his men at Fishing Creek, he did so when battling against men whom the rules of war justified his slaying when its fortunes placed them in his power. It remained for Sherman, at Hanging Rock, the scene of Sumter's great battle, to proclaim there war against women and children—women and children, the descendants of the heroes who had died on that very spot eighty years before for American freedom.

But, my comrades, I must not dwell on these things. Let us turn aside from them. Let us still strive to think of Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock as the glorious battlefields of our forefathers, rather than as the scenes of pillage of those who called themselves our countrymen. Let us think rather of Tarleton's massacre of Buford's men at the Waxhaw and of the destruction of Sumter's at Fishing Creek; for however dreadful those deeds, and distressing to the recollection, they bring no tinge of shame or cry for vengeance, but only of pity for the slaughter of brave men who fell by the accidents of war. Dwell upon those horrors of the Revolution, rather than upon these deeds in our war of men calling themselves Americans—deeds committed under Sherman's sanction.

Yes, my friends, let us forget, if we can, these atrocities, though

* Address before Survivors' Association, Columbia, 1870.

we pass the scenes of them day by day. Let us forget them, if we can, for it is not only the part of wisdom but of patriotism to bury the remembrance of these great wrongs.

Lord Macaulay in his essay upon Hampden observes :

“ How it chanced that a country conquered and enslaved by invaders; a country of which the soil had been portioned out among adventurers, and of which the laws were written in a foreign tongue; a country given over to that worst tyranny, the tyranny of caste over caste, should have become the seat of civil liberty, the object of the admiration and envy of surrounding States, is one of the most obscure problems in the philosophy of history. But the fact is certain.”

Will some future historian ponder how it chanced that the people of the South, conquered by the numbers and resources of the North; a people whose very soil had been in a great measure confiscated by alien adventurers, thieves and outcasts left in the wake of Sherman's plundering march; a people who had been given over to a tyranny of caste infinitely greater and more galling than that of which Macaulay wrote, because it was the tyranny of the inferior caste over the superior; became the restorers and guardians of civil liberty, the admiration of other people?

We may not yet say that however difficult it is of explanation, the fact is certain. But we can truly say that the Southern people are wisely and patiently and courageously dealing with problems as great, if not greater, than those solved by the English Commons under Hampden. Your victorious ancestors, my comrades, proved themselves equal to the task of building up a government designed to preserve the liberties they had won. That government was perverted from the purposes for which it was formed, and in your attempt to exercise the right your forefathers had reserved for you, to withdraw from the Union should it become oppressive, you were defeated. It remains to be proven whether the people of the South can turn their defeat into victory. In God's providence it has happened that no nation has ever risen to greatness except through adversity. True national greatness survives conquest. Mr. Leckie, the historian, in his work upon “*England in the Eighteenth Century*,” wisely observes that it was probably a misfortune to Ireland that she never passed, like the rest of Europe, under the subjection of the Romans, and a calamity to her that the Norman conquest was not finally effected as in England by a single battle. Conquered England absorbed and changed and moulded her conquerors. Will this be our case?

Wonderful progress has the South already made in sharing the intellectual government of the country; within twenty years after a crushing defeat—a defeat followed by ten years of alien misrule, she has already had the government of the country practically in her keeping for the last four years, and so wisely has she exercised it that not even in this year of a presidential election has it been said that she has abused her opportunities to the securing of spoils or the gratification of revenge.

Hampden led the English Commons in resistance to unjust taxation, and to-day the great commoner of this country, Mr. Mills, who is a South Carolinian and a native of Fairfield, has carried successfully through the House of Representatives the great measure of revenue reform.

It is admitted throughout the world that in the late war the South proved itself a people of wonderful military capacity, resource and enterprise, as well as courage. But it remains especially to the rising generation to show that in its hands the pen is equal to, if not mightier than the sword.

Three or four years ago I saw in a northern journal a warning to the young men of the North that a review of the collegiate terms just then ended showed a wonderful advance in Southern scholarship; that all over the North Southern boys were contending for the highest places in the educational institutions. The writer reminded the young men of the North that it was by the devotion to the education of her young men that the South had controlled the government for nearly eighty years from its commencement, and attributed its loss of control to the neglect of this means by which she had gained it, and warned the young men of the North that the renewed devotion of the South to education might again give to the South the government if the youths of the North should yield to the inertia of luxury. Since that article has appeared, South Carolina has had in the great national educational institution at West Point a contestant for the first place in three out of four graduating classes. In one of them the youthful representative of this State outstripped all his competitors, graduating with next to the highest record ever reached in that institution.* Fairfield furnished the two others of the young men who have already done honor to the State.†

As Dr. Foote has written of the women of this section in earlier

* Henry Jervey, of Charleston.

† Henry C. Davis and David St. P. Gaillard.

days: an education, knowledge of things human and divine, they prized beyond all price in their leaders and teachers, and craved its passion for their husbands and brothers and sons. The Spartan mother gloried in the bravery of their husbands and fathers, and demanded it in their sons. "Bring me this or be brought back upon it," said one as she gave him his shield to go out to battle. But your mothers, my comrades, as Dr. Foote says, gloried in the enterprise and religion and knowledge and purity of their husbands and children and would forego comforts and endure toil that their sons might be well instructed enterprising men. Their daughters, the women of our day, with devotion not less than Spartan, buckled on the swords of their husbands and sons, who needed no injunction to return with them only with honor, and when they came not back, these same women devoted themselves to the education of the sons left dependent upon them.

Like Esther Gaston of old, they nursed the wounded fathers, and like the wife of Justice Gaston they educated the sons.

Of how many of their sons may it be said:

* * * * * Happy he
With such a mother, faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

Statement of Captain Milton Rouse in Regard to the Charge that he Violated his Parole.

In Volume XIX, Series I, Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, there is a report of a United States Military Commission appointed to enquire into the surrender of Harpers Ferry. In that report I am charged by several witnesses as having violated my parole. As this book is a government official publication, I desire the courtesy of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS to place on record my denial and refutation of the charge.

About the 5th September, 1862, I was wounded in a skirmish with some cavalry at Cooke's woods, near Charlestown, and was captured next day while in a buggy on my way to the residence of Mr. Paul Smith, near Summit Point. The capturing party were under command of a Colonel B. F. Davis, who claimed to be a Mississippian, and a relative of Hon. Jefferson Davis. Colonel Davis rode up to

me while sitting in my buggy, and learning that I was wounded, volunteered to send me to the hospital in Bolivar, and have my wounds dressed. He directed me to follow the surgeon, who rode up the hill ahead of me, the guard in the meantime having been dismissed. I determined at once to attempt my escape. I requested Mr. Robert Chew to flank the pickets and get home. The horse and buggy which I had was the property of his father. I left the horse fastened to a fence in Bolivar, flanked the pickets near the Potomac, and was recaptured about midnight near Halltown. On my return to Harpers Ferry Colonel Davis was furious, and after using very insulting language ordered me to be confined in the guard-house. He claimed that he had paroled me to go to the hospital. This was absolutely untrue; not a word had been said to me about a parole.

I was sent next day to the headquarters of Colonel Miles, the commanding officer, who, on a full understanding of the case, paroled me, and sent me through his pickets to Charlestown, returning me the horse and buggy. The night before the surrender of Harpers Ferry, my brother William and I were at Mr. Gardner's, and on the next morning we went together across the fields to see the battle which was generally expected.

As soon as we saw the white flag raised we proceeded to Bolivar Heights, then in possession of the Confederates, where we met several members of my company. One of these, Mr. John S. Easterday, offered me his horse, which I accepted, and rode down to Harpers Ferry alone and unarmed. I did not pass through Bolivar, but by way of the Shenandoah, and remained unarmed during the day. I applied to General T. J. Jackson for exchange, and he referred me to General Hill. My exchange came some time after from Richmond.

The whole story is false, as this plain statement will show.

MILTON ROUSE,

"Avon Wood," Jefferson Co., W. Va., December, 1888.

Stonewall Jackson's Scabbard Speech.

By WM. A. OBENCHAIN, A. M., President of Ogden College, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

"Quæque ipse — vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."

While the Virginia Convention of 1861 was in session in Richmond, wrestling with the weighty problems of the day, and the grand old

"Mother of States" was doing all in her power to prevent the terrible strife which her breast was so soon to bear, there occurred at Lexington, Va., a little episode in the history of those momentous times, which, though nearly resulting in a horrible disaster, would hardly deserve narration now, but for its connection with one of the greatest heroes of the Civil War.

Up to the time of Lincoln's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men, the prevailing sentiment throughout Virginia was decidedly for the preservation of the Union. Notably was this the case in Rockbridge county, in which, at Lexington, the State Military School rears its imposing towers and embattled walls. In the election of members of the Convention, this county had given an overwhelming majority against Secession. Nor was this to be wondered at, when one considers the conservatism of the sturdy Scotch-Irish population of that lovely portion of the Valley of Virginia.

In the town of Lexington there were many "conditional" Union men and some unconditional Secessionists. But Secession had then its strongest and rashest advocates amongst the students of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) and the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. Whenever the seeds of revolution are floating in the political atmosphere, they generally find in the colleges and universities their most congenial soil. Lexington proved no exception to the rule.

At that time the president of Washington College was a Northern man by education and birth. He was an excellent scholar and an eminent divine. In politics he was a Unionist of the most pronounced and uncompromising type. He had boldly proclaimed from the pulpit that he would rather have a negro in the Presidential chair than see the Union dissolved. For the cadets of the Institute he had no love. Whenever any deviltry was committed at night, particularly when some of his favorite fruit disappeared from his garden between two suns, the doer of the deed was, in his opinion, some "little bob-tailed cadet." The bitter Union spirit of the president of the College seemed to intensify and make more demonstrative the Secession spirit of the students. If the Secession flag, found in the morning floating from the cupola of the college, was removed by orders of the president during the day, it was sure to be replaced by determined students during the night. Finally the students prevailed, and the president of the College resigned and returned to his native State.

At the Institute the sentiment of the cadets was generally for Seces-

sion. While many, particularly from the cotton States, were pronounced in their views, there was no violence of expression and no clash of opinion with the officers and professors of the Institute. The latter, whatever their political opinions, were prudent in language and conservative in bearing. As good soldiers of the State, they were ready and willing to follow her fortunes, however she might command. But while there was no turbulence of spirit or relaxation of discipline, there was with the cadets an increasing interest in public affairs, an eager watching of the moves then being made on the political chessboards at Richmond and Washington, Charleston and Montgomery, and a decreasing interest in all academic studies, save those which pertained to military science. Several cadets, whose States had seceded, resigned their cadetships and hurried home to offer their services to the new confederacy. All were restless, and the most of them anxious for the opportunities of war.

In the town, the Secession sentiment was slowly gaining ground, not so much from desire for the dissolution of the Union as from a feeling that Secession was becoming a dire necessity. The ignominious failure of the Peace Conference at Washington; the fruitless efforts of Virginia to effect a compromise and avert the storm—efforts generously persevered in until she was taunted by her enemies and distrusted by her friends—the persistent preparation of the government at Washington for the reinforcement of Fort Sumter, which many believed was intended to provoke resistance and force the South into an overt act; all this had not only caused many conservative men to despair of a peaceable solution of the questions of the day, but was forcing upon them the belief that, by longer delay to secede from the Union, the old Commonwealth was compromising her honor and allowing time for the forging of shackles to bind her hands. Still the Union party remained largely in the majority in the county if not in the town.

At a Secession meeting, in the early spring, a tall pole had been erected on Main street in front of the courthouse and a Secession flag unfurled from its top and left to fringe its edges in the crisp mountain breeze. Not to be outdone, and to show their greater strength, the Unionists set a day in April for a mammoth Union demonstration. They decided to erect on that occasion a pole near by which should tower above the Secession pole, and to fly from its peak a Union banner which should make the Secession flag below look insignificant by comparison. As none of the neighboring forests could furnish a single tree that would answer this purpose, a pole was

to be made of segments from several trees. Accordingly, suitable parts were procured and hauled into position, the scarfs cut and the rings made, and everything was in readiness for putting the pole together on the following day.

But during the night some hot-blooded young Secessionists attempted to destroy the butt piece of the pole by boring holes in it and charging them with powder. This plan proving a failure, the top segment was then carried away. It would be difficult to depict the looks of the Unionists when this discovery was made the next morning, or to describe their feelings of vexation and rage. Denunciation was bitter, and threats of vengeance became more violent as the nature of the act was realized and the crowd increased. It was rumored that cadets in citizens' dress had been seen in town long after taps, and that college students had been met on the streets under suspicious circumstances at suspicious hours of the night. Fortunate was it that no cadet or student was in reach at that exciting hour.

This act caused more bitterness than delay. With great pluck and determination the Unionists soon either recovered or replaced the missing piece, the pole was erected, and the grand rally for the Union took place at the appointed time. There was a great gathering of clans. People poured in from every part of the county—from highland and glen, from lowland and bog.

Before the war there were no academic duties at the Institute on Saturdays. Between inspection, from 8 to 9 o'clock A. M., and dress-parade, a little before sunset, all cadets, except those on guard duty, were allowed to go beyond the limits; but they were required to be at dinner roll-call at 1 P. M., unless specially excused. Naturally, many cadets went up town immediately after inspection to witness the Union parade. Political feeling was bitter, and on the part of the Unionists some mutterings were heard; but up to 1 o'clock there had been no serious outbreak, if any conflict at all.

After dinner a few cadets returned to town, and some strolled off in other directions, but the majority repaired to quarters, either to discuss the issues of the day or to enjoy an afternoon nap; for it was Saturday, and if there was any thing a cadet considered a luxury it was sleep. Abundance of exercise and a minimum of rest—retiring at taps at ten o'clock, and rising at reveille at five—his sleep was generally so monotonously sound that it was often a pleasure to be aroused during the night to enjoy the delightful sensation of falling asleep again. For this reason, cadets not unfre-

quently requested the corporal of the guard to wake them on visiting their rooms at night. To the exclamation of Sancho Panza, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" the whole corps would have responded with a hearty "Amen!"

Soon all steps had ceased on stairs and stoops, and many a cadet lay stretched out on his narrow couch, his thoughts of the present or visions of the future quickly fading away in sleep, or taking the forms of reality in dreams. Suddenly he springs to his feet, listens for a moment, to assure himself that it is not a dream, seizes his arms and accoutrements and hurries from his room. It is the call to arms! In an instant the whole building is astir. From every room, on every stoop, down every stairs, and through the lofty archway, cadets, accoutred and armed, are rushing to the front of barracks (as the main building is commonly called).

Although but little attention had been paid to the threats of the Unionists against the would-be destroyers of their pole, a few cadets had been apprehensive of trouble as the day wore on. These, therefore, suspected the cause of the alarm from the first tap of the drum, and some of them loaded their muskets immediately on leaving their rooms. Other cadets blindly followed their example.

About thirty yards in rear of the archway, and flanked by the wings of barracks, stood the State arsenal, in which were stored many thousand stand of arms, mostly flintlock muskets of the Revolutionary model. (This building, together with the Institute buildings, was destroyed by General Hunter, in his unsuccessful expedition against Lynchburg in 1864, and was never rebuilt. On the contrary, the blackened walls and rubbish were removed and the ground leveled, so that of the old arsenal scarcely a vestige remains to-day).

The guarding of this depository of arms was one of the duties of the corps of cadets. (In fact, this arsenal was the germ of the Virginia Military Institute). About the time of Lincoln's first inauguration, it had been rumored that an attempt would be made to capture the arsenal and remove the arms. Who the attacking parties were to be, rumor did not state. The report probably grew out of the apprehension of some excitable Secessionist, or the boast of some over-zealous Unionist. Of course many gave credence to the rumor, and throughout the whole corps there was a feeling of anxiety. At one time the long roll had been beaten in the small hours of the night. In a few minutes the battalion, accoutred and armed, was in line in front of barracks. It was a false alarm, the

object of which was to test the rapidity with which the corps could be assembled in an emergency. The next day at dress-parade ball cartridges were distributed, ten rounds to each musket—a small supply, it is true, but sufficient to inspire confidence. These cartridges, intact, were in possession of the cadets on that memorable Saturday afternoon.

On this occasion it was no false alarm. Information had just been brought in breathless haste from the town, that several cadets had been assaulted and beaten by Unionists, and then carried off under arrest. The report spread immediately throughout the corps, those in front repeating it to those behind, so that it was known by every cadet before he had reached the front of barracks. Therefore no explanation was needed; and certain it is that no persuasion was required. Right or wrong, every cadet was actuated by the same impulse—eagerness and impatience for the rescue.

The cadet battalion was composed of four companies. But on that afternoon, owing to the absence of some of the ranking cadet officers, and the failure of any of those present to assume the responsibility, no orders were given, and no attention was paid to company organization. On the contrary, the cadets, as fast as they came up, took their places in ranks without command, and moved off toward the town without a leader. The fact is (and the admission is made with some feeling of mortification even to-day), the movement of the cadets, when they first started off, was very unlike that of a column of disciplined soldiers. It might have been expected otherwise of a body of intelligent young men, educated and trained at such a military school. But if there was wanting the coolness of veterans, there was an abundance of determination and dash. If there was an absence of order and plan, it must be remembered that there was no time for deliberation, but that hot-headed, impetuous youth were unexpectedly called on to rescue their comrades from the violence of an infuriated political mob.

To the courthouse, near the centre of the town, it was about eight hundred yards. It could be reached by two lines of march—the upper, or principal route, passing the College and Grace Church; the lower route leading by a broad pathway diagonally across the front slope of the Institute hill, down into the Valley turnpike below, and thence up Main street by Governor Letcher's house and Craft's Hotel. The former route was the one taken on anniversary parades, the latter was the more direct.

Main street slopes gradually downward nearly from its western

extremity to where, with a reversed curve, it joins the turnpike not far from the Institute. Such is the commanding elevation of the Institute grounds, that, looking southwest, nearly the whole of this street is in view from a point a little east of the courthouse almost to its western limit. It will now be understood that, to the many persons gathered in front of the courthouse, the cadets were not only visible when assembling in front of barracks, but, having taken the lower route, they were in full view the greater part of the way when moving down the front slope. Whether or not an attack had been expected, the movement seems to have been understood at once by many persons in the town. The alarm was instantly given and rapidly spread. The scene that followed was one of the wildest tumult. Anxious mothers ran about the streets seeking their frightened children. Excited men rushed from house to house and store to store to provide themselves with such arms and ammunition as they could obtain. In a few minutes the supply of buckshot was exhausted in every store within reach.

It happened that the two local military organizations were taking part in the proceedings of the day—one a company of infantry known as the Rockbridge Rifles, neatly uniformed, well armed and fairly drilled; the other a squadron of cavalry, newly organized, but neither drilled nor equipped. The Rifles, hastily supplied with ammunition and reinforced by many citizens armed with shot-guns and other weapons, took possession of the courthouse and the corners near by, ready and determined to receive with deadly fire the advancing column of cadets.

After reaching the turnpike the cadets, who from force of habit had assumed the order of march in columns of fours, were out of sight of the central part of the town, the route being here for several hundred yards hidden from view by trees and houses and the curve in the street. By this time the corps had been joined by most of the absentees from barracks. These, hurrying in from different directions and securing their arms, had come up in a run, so that the column was now over two hundred strong. The movement had become formidable and alarming indeed. It was no holiday parade, no Fourth-of-July march to town, when, with martial music, waving banner, neatest uniform, burnished plates and gleamings guns, the battalion moved gayly along the upper route, all hearts aglow at the thought of the bright eyes that would greet them on the way, and jubilant in anticipation of the brilliant ball that would close the year's exercises at night. Now, with determined mien, these impetuous

youth are moving forward, silently, but with quick and resolute step, imagining little and recking less the danger ahead.

At that time the superintendent of the Institute, Colonel Francis H. Smith (now Major-General and venerable with years), was an invalid in his chamber recovering from an attack of pneumonia. His attention being arrested by the beating of the drum, he went to the window and saw the cadets moving down the hill, many loading their guns as they went. He did not know the cause, but was sure trouble was brewing. Hurrying as soon as possible across the parade ground and through private lots, he reached the street in time to bring the column of cadets to a halt between Governor Letcher's house and Craft's Hotel. A few moments more and the head of the column would have rounded the curve in the street and appeared in full view and range of those ready and waiting to meet its attack. Fortunate halt! It doubtless saved the corps from destruction.

Just after the column had halted, the steps of approaching men were heard on the plank-walk around the bend in the street. Instantly every eye was turned in that direction.

"Here they come!" exclaimed the son of the lamented Bishop-General of Tennessee, and, weeping with rage, he stepped a little to the left for a quicker view, cocked his musket, and brought it to the position of aim.

"Don't fire, you fool you!" cried a cadet officer near by, who seized the gun and pushed it up.

The footsteps proved to be those of a committee of citizens from the town, who were hurrying to meet the cadets, and if possible prevent bloodshed. In the meantime other officers of the Institute had arrived on the ground.

The ear of the corps was quickly caught. No authority was asserted, no threats were made, but with the voice of sympathy the superintendent showed his coolness and wisdom by saying to the cadets that although he did not know the cause of the threatened contest between them and the citizens of the town, he claimed the right to lead them in the fight, but he must insist on a prompt obedience to orders. "All right!" cried the cadets, whose confidence was thus won. The spokesman of the committee then stepped forward and made a strong appeal to the cadets to desist from violence, assuring them of the release of their comrades, and of ample redress for all wrongs. The cadets being satisfied by this assurance, the superintendent gave the command, "Right-face! forward, march!" and the corps returned promptly to barracks. The rattle of mus-

ketry when, after entering the Institute grounds, the cadets discharged their loaded guns in the air, must have sent a shudder of horror thorough many an anxious heart.

After returning to barracks the cadets were assembled in Major Preston's section-room, which had the largest seating capacity in the building. The object of this meeting was the pacification of the cadets and the prevention of further trouble. To this end speeches were made by the superintendent and others, and then a long pause ensued.

Amongst the academic officers present was one who was conspicuous by the bolt-upright position in which he sat. His body did not touch the back of his chair, and his large hands rested motionless on his thighs. Usually he kept his eyes to the front, but on this occasion he was closely scanning the faces and reading the thoughts of the young men before him. This person was no other than Major Thomas Jonathan Jackson. In church he always sat in the same posture, never touching the back of the pew nor turning his eyes from the preacher. If during a dull sermon he ever fell asleep (and he had been seen to close his eyes at times) he always retained this position. It is no wonder that he afterwards received—with the baptism of fire—the immortal name of "Stone-wall."

Major Jackson then seemed most eminent for Christian piety, a stern, unwavering sense of duty, a noble straightforwardness, and a beautiful simplicity of character. In short, he exhibited that strong individuality which always accompanies genius, but which the world's stupidity characterizes only as eccentricity. In this age he would have been called a crank. His singularity was often ridiculed, and his peculiar ways were a subject of mimicry. Although possessing such manly virtues, he was regarded by cadets and others as "a failure" as a teacher. He was wanting in tact in the class-room, although he afterwards displayed such brilliant tactics in the field. In his classes he never asked leading questions. If the student was not familiar with the subject, and requested a repetition of the question, with the hope of a change of words embodying a useful hint, he was sure to get it again in the identical words, and even with the same emphasis and peculiar intonation of voice. By some this was considered indicative of lack of thoroughness in the subjects he professed to teach. But the fact is, Jackson had but one way of saying things, and that the best matured and most direct. He was clumsy, and often unsatisfactory in his experiments. All

this, together with his eccentricity, caused him to be looked upon as an unpractical man.

He was also unpopular with some of the professors, and amongst the cadets he was regarded as the butt of the school. At times, on his way to and from barracks, walking as usual with measured step, body erect and eyes to the front, cadets have been known to throw stones just in front of him, not to strike him, but on a wager that he could not be made to look around. On he would go, without ever turning his head or changing his gait, or, as some have alleged, without even blinking his eyes. Up to the time the writer became a second-class man, when, by the voluntary action of his, the leading section, such conduct was broken up, it had been the custom of many of the members of Jackson's classes to create wanton disorder in his section-room, often to the extent of downright disrespect. He was imperturbable throughout it all, never losing his dignity nor seeming in the least annoyed.

But if held by many in low estimate as a teacher of Physics and Astronomy, he was respected by all for the gallantry he had displayed in the Mexican War. His military record was well known, and criticism of his methods in the class-room was frequently off-set by some such remark as, "But old Jack knows how to fight." His conscientious discharge of duty and uniform soldierly bearing could not but be admired. As an instructor in artillery tactics he gave satisfaction. His explanations of the battery movements were clear and concise, and his commands were given with determination and force. He alone of all the officers of the Institute pronounced the word "oblique" in his commands as if spelled *oblike*. Another peculiarity was the manner in which he carried his sabre when walking to or from duty. Although belted around him, he invariably held it in a horizontal position, well up under his left arm, handle to the rear, curved edge up, and left hand seizing the scabbard near the middle.

Now that civil war was daily becoming more probable, and the strain of excitement was too great for much interest in academic studies, Major Jackson began to be estimated less by his qualifications for the class-room than by his fitness for the field.

Men, as well as women, admire the brave. That Jackson possessed courage, no one doubted; that he was well suited for subordinate command, and, if so ordered, would march unflinchingly into the jaws of death, every one believed; but if asked to name the professor at the Institute most likely to rise to the highest rank and win

the greatest fame in the event of war, probably four cadets out of five would have thought of Jackson last.

As mentioned above, after several speeches had been made there ensued a long pause. Perhaps some reply was expected from the cadets. At last the painful silence was broken by a cadet crying out, "Major Jackson!" The cry was taken up by others, until it became general and continuous. Aware of Jackson's awkwardness and shyness, many may have called for him in the spirit of mischief; but doubtless the majority of the cadets, knowing his straightforwardness and sense of justice, desired from him some expression of approval or sympathy. Rising from his seat, he was greeted with loud applause. He waited till the noise subsided; then, with body erect and eyes sparkling, as they did so often afterwards on the field of battle, he said, with a vigor and fluency that were a surprise to all:

"Military men, when they make speeches, should say but few words, and speak them to the point. I admire, young gentlemen, the spirit you have shown in rushing to the defence of your comrades; but I must commend you particularly for the readiness with which you have listened to the counsel and obeyed the orders of your superior officer. The time may be near at hand when your State will need your services, and if that time does come, then draw your swords and throw away the scabbards."*

Pregnant events followed in rapid succession. News was not received until the next day of the bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumter. There was no telegraph line to Lexington in those days. On Monday news came of Lincoln's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men. On the following Wednesday Virginia seceded from the Union. The Rockbridge Rifles had already received marching orders. Excitement was now intense. After the secession of the State public sentiment was completely revolutionized. But one feeling filled every breast—loyalty to the State and resistance to coercion. Before setting out on their march down the Valley, the Rockbridge Rifles came to the arsenal to complete their equipment for active service. Volunteers and cadets mingled freely on the grounds, extending hands in friendship and swearing to die together for the Old Dominion. Some of the Rifles said to a group of cadets, "Boys, you were right." Only a few days before they were ready

* This speech is quoted from memory, after a lapse of twenty-five years. It made so deep an impression at the time that the writer believes he has given the first and last parts in Jackson's own words. The other part may vary somewhat in language, but it is the same in substance.

to shoot each other down in the streets. How quickly a common cause obliterates individual differences.

On the following Sunday, the 21st of April, the corps of cadets, under the command of Major Jackson, was on its way to Richmond. Their first post of duty was at Camp Lee. After rendering at that place and at the Baptist College excellent and much needed service as drill-officers of infantry and light artillery, they scattered in the field, where all served their cause well, not a few with distinction, and many to find a soldier's grave.

Jackson, as is well known, was slow at first to receive from the authorities the recognition which his military abilities deserved; but once given a command, he displayed the rarest military genius, rose rapidly to the highest rank, never lost a battle, immortalized his name as a soldier and fell too early for his cause, in the midst of victory, adored by his people, respected by the enemy, admired by the world.

Incidents of the Skirmish at Totopotomoy Creek, Hanover County, Virginia, May 30, 1864.

By T. C. MORTON, late Captain Company F, Twenty-sixth Virginia Battalion of Infantry.

It was about dark, on the 30th of May, 1864, that the Twenty-sixth Virginia battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Edgar, to which my company (F) belonged, was drawn up in line on a hill in a cultivated cornfield, above a small creek called Totopotomoy, and not far from Atlee's station on the railroad between Hanover Junction and Richmond, Virginia. Our command was attached to Breckenridge's division, and we had a battery in line on our right, commanded by Major (now Judge) William McLaughlin. Soon after getting in position, orders came for us to throw up breastworks in our front. There were few, if any, spades or shovels, but the men realizing the necessity for the order, as a heavy force was immediately in our front, split their canteens, making scoops of them, and, together with their bayonets and their hands, for the soil was light and sandy, soon had a very respectable earthwork thrown up, and, lying down behind it, it was not long before we were all sleeping soundly.

The next day we remained in that position, but the morning after I received orders to take my company to the foot of the hill and

occupy the picket line near the creek. Captain Pratt, from Derrick's battalion, was on my left, and Captain Swann, from ours (Edgar's), was on my right. The men concealed themselves behind trees, stumps and logs, or constructed hasty rifle-pits, and the enemy's picket line being on the opposite side of the creek, only partially concealed among the scrubby pines and broom sedge, the opposing lines soon commenced a desultory fire upon each other, and it was not long before the artillery of the two forces engaged in the fight.

This cannonading soon grew heavy, and other batteries joining in from the opposite side, we found ourselves the centre of the most furious cannonading we had ever before experienced. There was no advance made by the infantry of either force during this heavy artillery duel, but it seemed as if all the gun and mortar batteries in Grant's army had been let loose on Breckenridge's devoted division. His few batteries responded with spirit, and returned the fire until they were badly crippled, while the infantry—not being brought into action and having nothing to do—cowered for protection from the death-dealing shot and shell in the piece of woods on our left, and behind every available defense. Many were killed and maimed, but the troops were not dislodged from their position.

We ascertained afterwards that General Breckenridge, having taken his position after dark, had by some mistake gotten nearly a mile beyond the alignment of Lee's line of battle and was drawn up within long rifle range of the enemy, who at that point consisted of Hancock's corps. So it was, that when daylight disclosed our position to the enemy he concentrated the fire of his heavy guns on Breckenridge, who found himself the centre of a long line of artillery practice, while the other batteries of Lee were not near enough to render their support of much assistance.

I do not know what our loss was in this artillery fight, only recollect that two men in my own company were killed. One of them while lying down was struck on the back by a large piece of descending shell and cut in two, poor fellow. The other had gone to the rear a mile with a detail to cook and was on his way back to the line with a camp-kettle full of corn-bread and beef on his arm when the cannonading commenced. He ran towards the breastworks for protection, while the hungry men in the trenches watched his race through the ploughing shot and shell, almost as solicitous for the safety of their breakfast, perhaps, as for that of their comrade. Just before the poor fellow reached us, however, a shell exploded directly in front of him, and when the smoke cleared away the bloody frag-

ments of the man and the scattered contents of the camp-kettle lay mingled together on the ground before our eyes. It is said that from the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, but on this occasion speech came from the emptiness of one poor soldier's stomach, when looking upon the ghastly wreck before us, he exclaimed: "Lor', boys, just look, Joe Flint is all mixed up with our breakfast, and it aint fit for nothing!" Such want of sentiment, or feeling if you like, sounds strange and heartless to us now, but in those times of courage and every-day suffering, the hungry soldier's remark, finding an echo in the empty stomachs of his fellows, did not seem so much out of place.

Another incident I recollect as very characteristic of those times. There was in Company F a man by the name of Ford, who was so disfigured by a hump that his position in the company line always interfered with its proper dressing, and I generally left him in quarters when I wished the company to appear at its best.

Before this shelling of our position commenced, John Ford had been placed on the advanced picket line and his position happened to be in a sandy bottom near the creek, where he had sheltered himself behind an uprooted tree. He could be plainly seen by many of the men, crouching low in the sand. In the midst of the cannonading a large mortar shell without exploding, fell in the sand a few feet from him, the fuse still smoking and spitting and an explosion momentarily imminent. John took in the situation at a glance, and doubtless arguing that if he jumped up to run, the shell might explode before he got out of reach and tear him to pieces, and that the safest thing for him to do was to get down into the ground, commenced at once to work down into the sand with hands, legs and head. My attention was attracted by the men hollering "scratch John! scratch! she's a going off!" and looking in the direction where I had last seen him, I witnessed an amusing spectacle. Never was a man more dead in earnest. The sand all around him was in commotion, and in the few seconds that the fizzing fuse gave him, he burrowed like a great gopher till nothing but the top of his hump could be seen as the loose sand settled around it. I held my breath expecting the next second to see the poor fellow blown to atoms. Then the explosion came with a tremendous jar that shook the ground and sent a hundred pieces of iron singing through the air. We all kept our eyes fixed upon the spot as the smoke and dust slowly lifted, when the first sight that came to view was the head of Ford, happily, still on his shoulders, and as he realized that he was

all right, he looked back at us and sang out "Who-eeh" as cheerily as if he had treed a coon instead of been face to face with death a second before. An answering cheer and a laugh went up from the boys on the line, and the incident was the next minute forgotten.

Just before the shelling commenced, I was sitting on the ground among some low bushes with pencil and paper, writing upon my knee what I thought might be my last letter to my wife. The pickets had been for some time keeping up a dropping and uninteresting fire as they would catch a glimpse of each other. Presently, one after another, two or three minies dropped in the bushes near, and as each one seemed to cut a little closer, I thought a sharpshooter with a telescopic rifle, which we understood the "Yankees" were using, had perhaps been attracted by my white paper and it would be safest to move. I did so, and getting up leaned against an oak tree, something larger than my body, which stood near, but the next minute I thought the earth had opened and that I and the tree were falling into it. As soon as I could shake myself together and rub some burnt powder out of my eyes, I realised that a shell had burst against the tree right behind me, the pieces striking the ground all around, throwing sand and leaves all over me. The concussion was so great, that I had to pass a hand over each limb and feel myself all over before I could be sure that I was not wounded, during which investigation Lieutenant Cowley ran up and congratulated me on being alive, saying that as he knew where I had been sitting a minute before and hearing the shell explode at the spot, he had come expecting "to pick up what was left of me."

After that fierce artillery duel was over, there was no further passage at arms between the opposing forces on this part of the line, except the continuous but irregular firing between the pickets, which lasted until it got too dark to see.

And now we on the picket line—tired out with the constant activity of the day and the cramped position which most of the time we were forced to keep in the narrow, single rifle-pits—looked anxiously for the appearance of the "relief." Independently of the physical strain that the picket has to endure, the sense of responsibility, as he feels himself to be the eyes and ears of the army, is an intense mental tax, that no one but he who has experienced it can realize.

But there was no rest for us that night. Instead of the "relief" came an orderly with a squad heavily loaded with ammunition, and these were the orders he brought: Said he, "Colonel Edgar says you are to keep your company on the picket line all night,

keep a close watch on the enemy, and in the morning annoy him all you can, and try to keep up the impression that our command is in the breastworks, still on the top of the hill above you, but we will not be there. General Breckinridge has discovered that his division is out of line nearly a mile too far to the front, and he is going to retire it at once, and in order that we may have time to fortify our new position he directs that you carry out your part of the ruse he is going to play on the enemy, by fighting as though the main body were directly in your rear, and that you hold your position until the enemy forces you out of it." "And what then?" said I. "Well, he says when you can't stay here any longer, you must get back to the command the best way you can, and I have brought you sixty rounds of extra ammunition to do your extra fighting with." "Are we to have any reinforcements, sergeant?" "No, sir. I reckon General Lee thinks he can't afford to lose any more men than he has out here on this picket line now." And so we were in for it, and after making things as snug as circumstances would admit of, I sat down in my rifle-pit and began to think of home, and wife and children, whom I never expected to see again. For what chance could two hundred or so of men have in retreating a mile across open fields with Hancock's whole corps right after them and on them? for we had to stay in our rifle-pits until they drove us out. As I sat there thinking, as I had never thought before, for never had death seemed so near, I heard a familiar voice in the dark calling my name in a low tone, for the enemy's line was within ear-shot. Answering in the same tone, Captain John Swann, whose company was on my right, came up and asked me "What orders I had?" I told him. "I have the same d—n orders," said he. "We'll all be in hell or Boston before to-morrow night. What matter is that? We won't be missed down here," he went on to say. "General Lee will report to-morrow night that in the morning he had had a skirmish in his front, his pickets engaging the enemy on Taylor's farm, and only lost about two hundred killed and missing." That's all of us, you know, but we aren't hardly worth counting down here among all these men.

After talking over the situation and trying to arrange for some plan of concerted action with Captain Pratt, of Derrick's battalion, whose company was also in line on my left, we parted, and soon after, squatting in my rifle-pit, I was fast asleep, nor did I awake till the noise of an exploding shell near aroused me to find the sun

shining brightly in my face as my head rested on the edge of the pit where I sat, while a Yankee gunner seemed to be practicing on different points along our line.

Having no artillery with which to reply, we made no answer to that challenge, but after a while some of the enemy's infantry began to show themselves incautiously, and we let them have it with our long-range rifles, and a brisk fire opened from the rifle-pits on both sides, which lasted, with some intermission, for several hours.

Finally, the enemy concluded he would try the tactics of the day before, and commenced shelling with great fury our empty breast-works on the top of the hill behind us. Getting no response from the empty fortifications, after a good deal of waste of ammunition, the fire slackened and there was a lull all along both lines.

Just then occurred one of those episodes in the conflict peculiar, I believe, to that civil war of ours, and showing that the men who fought it were akin, despite all the blood that was shed. Looking far down the line to my right, I saw a Confederate walking boldly down the hill towards the creek carrying a white rag aloft on a stick. Startled, I called to a lieutenant and asked what that meant. Said he, "I don't understand it; he is not one of our company." In another moment, however, it was all plain. A "Yank" was seen advancing to meet the "Johnny," as they called our boys, also carrying a white flag, and they were "on a trade." I understood afterwards, that during the lull in the firing one of the enemy's pickets had called across to his *vis-a-vis*: "Hello, Johnny! Got any good tobacco?" "Yes; good as you ever chawed!" "How'll you swap for some first-class Rio?" "All right." "Well, meet me at the creek, and don't you fellows shoot till I get back, and we won't either." So the swap was made, whether with the consent of any officer, I never knew, but I dreaded the consequences of letting the Federal soldier get that near to our line, lest he should spy out its thinness. The whole thing may have been concocted on that side with that very end in view, for soon after the men had returned to their posts, there was an unusual stir among them over in the pines. Loud commands could be heard, and we could catch glimpses of moving lines of men in blue, which seemed to thicken near the edge of the "piney woods."

At last a lieutenant near me cried, "There they come! get ready for them, boys!" I called out, "And don't fire until you see their eyes!" Soon a long, close battle-line, several ranks deep, moved out of the cover and marched rapidly down the hill toward the creek.

When they got nearly to the brush, which lined the creek's banks, a well-directed fire blazed all along our line of rifle-pits. Every man had taken dead aim, and almost the whole front rank of the enemy went down. The confusion among them was great. They struggled forward a few paces, only to receive another rattling volley, and then broke and ran back to the shelter of the pines, followed by the yells and cheers of our brave fellows. Again there was a lull in the firing, and we could distinctly hear the officers berating their men in the pines for giving away before a picket line. Oaths, and even sabre blows, could be plainly distinguished as the lines were reformed, and we knew we were to have it again very soon, and prepared for the tug of war which it was plain was now upon us.

"Forward! Forward! March!" were the orders we heard repeated from many voices along their concealed line, and then out of the thicket they burst. "Double-quick!" and down the hill they swept in a long trot, many, many times our numbers. When they reached the "dead line" we again poured a well directed fire into their ranks. Scores fell in their tracks, but they answered with another volley, a huzzah that went to our hearts, and plunged into the brush and through the creek; no stop now, and on our side they came, and now it was plain that the time when we "could not stand any longer and must retreat" had come. "Retreat! Retreat!" rang out along our long, thin line. The boys hustled out of their pits and away they scampered up the hill, pursued by the yelling enemy and volleys of ball. Many fell, but the others pressed on to the top of the hill, paused in our old breastworks to turn round and give them a parting volley and then pushed on again across the wide level towards the distant wood where our division lay—by this time well entrenched. But now, as ill-luck would have it, danger appeared from a new direction. The enemy, under the cover of the piece of wood on our left, had sent a force around with a battery and flanked us, and had we been a few minutes later abandoning our position they would have been in our rear and bagged the whole force. As it was, they poured a galling fire into our flank, while the batteries from the hills in our late front, now our rear, opened on us to add to our discomfort. Thus, amidst the whistle of minies, the bursting of shells and the whirl of grape, we made our perilous way over the open fields. Our only chance was to make a show of resistance, by loading as we ran, facing about and firing back at our pursuing foe, while the thinness and irregularity of our line was in our favor, for it took a good shot to bring down one of our men, and we had a comparatively close

line to fire into. Nevertheless, what between the fire of the enemy and the fatigue of the retreat, we lost at every step, and when at last we dragged ourselves up to the welcome breastwork (I thought it was the dearest pile of logs and dirt I had ever beheld), it was a fearfully thinned line that climbed over and flung itself down bleeding and panting behind that grateful shelter. But General Lee's object had been accomplished. Breckenridge's command was aligned with the rest of the army, and his front was strongly fortified and well manned from right to left, and though, as Captain Swann had predicted the night before, many of our men had fought their last fight and others were on their way to Boston, Grant was again checkmated and had to attack us in our fortified position or move his whole army again to the left, which he did. And so it was that there was only some heavy skirmishing in our front that day, from which Companies A and F were excused on account of the hot morning's work, but which resulted in the capture of the enemy's picket line, which, when they ran us in, had advanced too close to our line and taken position in some rifle-pits. We sat upon the breastwork to the right of the point where the scrimmage took place, and with indescribable satisfaction and restfulness watched our boys charge our late antagonists in their pits and gather them in.

That night we slept on our arms, and the next day moved again to our right to prevent Grant's flanking, and helping him to carry out his threat and "fight it out on that line if it did take all summer."

It was probably two days after this, during which we were constantly moving and halting, forming line of battle, sleeping on our arms, breaking the line and moving again, when we brought up in front of Cold Harbor one afternoon, the 2d of June. From all the signs which a soldier soon learns, it was evident that we were upon the eve of a great battle. The massing of troops, the placing of batteries, the hurrying of staff-officers, the galloping to and fro of couriers and orderlies, and the something indescribable in the faces of the general officers, meant business as plainly as if it had been spoken.

Five officers, friends in Edgar's battalion, Captain Read, Captain Swann, Adjutant Craig, Lieutenant Patton and myself, had met under the shade of a small tree, and lying around on the grass discussed the situation. Finally, I remarked, "Well fellows, we are in for a big fight, no doubt of it, and I would give my left leg now if I could have my life guaranteed." "So would I," said Captain Read. "I would give my left arm," said Lieutenant Patton. "They might

have the tip of my ear, darn 'em," said Captain Swann. "Well," remarked the Adjutant, "I'll take my chances, fellows, I wouldn't give the 'Yanks' the tip of my finger-nail to let me off from anything."

Well, as all the world knows, the next day, the 3d of June, 1864, was fought the great battle of second Cold Harbor, one of the bloodiest of the war, and in the summing up it turned out that every one of these five officers had been shot—Read in the leg, Morton in the head, Patton in the body, Swann on the side of the head, sure enough losing the tip of his ear, while poor Craig was the only one killed. Strange, wasn't it?

The afternoon before the battle, our command was ordered to take position in line. A force of dismounted cavalry occupied the field, and were lying behind a low ridge of earth they had hastily thrown up to protect themselves from the enemy's sharpshooters. We were ordered to relieve them, which we did, under a galling fire from concealed riflemen. Again was our position unfortunately chosen, being too far back from the brow of the slight eminence where we were posted, and an angle or salient about the centre of the line occupied by Edgar's battalion was thrown too far forward and exposed our part of the line to a concentrated fire from the enemy. But we now had to make the most of it and stand or fall where we were.

No sooner had we settled ourselves in our position than our men, who were handy with dirt—being most of them farmers and laboring men—set themselves to strengthening our breastworks, and it was not long before they presented a pretty fair protection against the constant fire from the enemy's pickets and sharp shooters, who were strongly posted in a piece of wood land immediately in our front. So galling did this fire become, that Colonel Edgar determined to dislodge the force of pickets if possible, and ordered out a skirmish line consisting of two companies, Company B, Captain E. J. Read's, being one. I do not recollect the other. But they met such a well-directed fire from the protected enemy, that they could not proceed far, and had to throw themselves flat upon the ground and behind logs and stumps to escape annihilation. One by one they made their way back to the breastworks, many of them wounded and several left dead in the timber; among the wounded were Captain Read and Lieutenant Patton.

The day wore on, the sun was getting down in the west, and the enemy were evidently massing in our front, while his sharpshooters

were so vigilant and expert at their business that a head could hardly show itself above our earthwork without getting a ball through it. A hat put on a ramrod and raised a little would be perforated in a jiffy. It was evident that the enemy was thus endeavoring to prevent his movements from being seen, and I felt sure that he was massing troops under the hill in the woods, with the design of charging our exposed position, and determined to risk a peep at them. I ordered the men to keep low while I cautiously raised my head, and at one quick glance saw a heavy column of men in blue flanking towards our left, though partially concealed by the timber. At the same time I saw a puff of smoke issue from behind a big pine, perhaps four hundred yards in my front. I instantly ducked my head; the next second a minie-ball cut the dirt just behind me. Satisfied that the fellow was far enough away for me to dodge his ball by the flash of his gun, I again raised my head, took a good, long look, and saw more troops moving to the left, but another puff of smoke warned me to duck again, and again a ball cut the earth where my head had been.

I then dispatched a runner to my commanding officer to tell him what I had seen, and that our line was too weak to withstand the anticipated charge, and subsequently heard that Finnegan with his Floridians were ordered up within supporting distance in our rear. Then calling the best riflemen in my company to me, I pointed out the place where *my* enemy stood behind the tree and told him to watch. Soon the man's head moved cautiously around the tree, and my man fired. He disappeared instantly, and thinking he had been settled, I raised and looked in another direction, when instantly I felt a shock, like a red-hot iron had pierced my brain. I experienced a great jar, saw a thousand stars, and then all was blank, and I saw no more of that fight.

Materials for a History of the Disruption of the Union and of the late War.

In just commemoration, the following circular finds place here. It is one of those originally printed, which was preserved by Professor George Frederick Holmes, LL.D., and which has been deposited by him in the archives of the Southern Historical Society.

In a letter accompanying it, Professor Holmes writes:

"It was sent to the chief officers of the Federal and Confederate

Governments, to the Governors and Secretaries of States, to the Presidents and Secretaries of Conventions, to the presiding officers and chief clerks of Senates and Legislatures, in both North and South.

"It was acknowledged by only one person to whom it was addressed—Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War of the United States.

"No document or paper was ever sent in response to the request.

"The University of Virginia was not negligent nor deficient in foresight or effort to secure full materials for a true history of the secession of the States and of the ensuing war."

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, ALBEMARLE CO., VA.

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SIR:

The Faculty of this Institution, at its regular meeting on Friday, 1 March, 1861, adopted a series of Resolutions, by which the undersigned were appointed a permanent Committee, to procure, collect, arrange and preserve the authentic memorials, serving to illustrate the grave political dissensions which are now agitating and dividing the people of the United States. The Committee was authorized and required to communicate with persons in authority, and to request them to further the design proposed, by directing that all public documents, relative to the pending controversy—published by their order, or distributed under their recommendation—should be transmitted to the Library of this University, for preservation in a separate department specially assigned for their safe keeping.

In compliance with these Resolutions, we approach you with the request, that you would be pleased to extend the requisite directions in regard to all Reports, Investigations, Enactments, Proclamations and other Public Documents, relating to this subject, which may proceed from the offices of the General or Local Governments, under your immediate superintendence.

It would be inappropriate, in this application, to enlarge upon the eminent, but evident, services which such a collection of authentic memorials is calculated to render to the living and coming generations; to the cause of truth and justice; to the integrity and impartiality of historical inquiry; to the philosophical estimation of the phenomena of political and social change, and of the process of human development. Reflections of this nature readily present themselves to the anxious and apprehensive mind, and are apt to make such an impression as may induce you, we trust, to co-operate cordially, to

the extent of your opportunities, in rendering effectual the endeavors of the University of Virginia to perpetuate, in an accessible form, the unadulterated and indispensable sources of future history.

We have the honour to subscribe ourselves,

With assurances of profound consideration and respect,

Your Obedient Serv'ts.

GEO. FRED'K HOLMES,	} Committee } of the Faculty of the } Univ. of Virginia.
JAS. L. CABELL,	
JNO. B. MINOR,	

Diary of Major R. C. M. Page, Chief of Confederate States Artillery, Department of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee, from October, 1864, to May, 1865.

Early in October, 1864, received an order from General R. E. Lee to report for duty to Major-General John C. Breckinridge (Vice-President of the United States of America under Buchanan's administration), in command of the Department of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee, with headquarters at Wytheville, on the Virginia, East Tennessee & Georgia Railroad, Wythe county, Virginia, of the purpose of reorganizing the artillery of that department.

October 7th, 1864.—Reported to General Breckinridge, at Wytheville, for instructions. Informed by Major J. Stoddard Johnston, A. A. G., that some of the artillery was in camp with Vaughan's cavalry brigade, near Saltville, Washington county, Va.; some at Saltville; a battery at lead mines, near Max Meadows station, Wythe county, Va., and one in camp near Wytheville.

October 8th, 1864.—Went to Abingdon, Washington county, Va., by rail, and thence to Brigadier-General Vaughan's camp. Found there McClung's battery, tolerably complete, and remnants of Lynch's and Byrne's batteries. As Vaughan was about to advance into East Tennessee, in accordance with instructions from headquarters, I ordered Captain McClung to report to him with two iron 12-pound howitzers, one iron 6-pounder, one Richmond 3-inch rifle, and two caissons. Present for duty: Captain McClung, First Lieutenant Alexander Allison, Senior Second Lieutenant J. L. Percy, Junior Second Lieutenant W. G. Dobson, twelve non-commissioned officers, including orderly and quartermaster sergeants and sixty-eight privates. By selecting the best, the battery was fitted out with thirty-six bat-

tery horses, six sergeant's horses, one 2-horse wagon with two mules, and one 4-horse wagon with four mules. Total, forty-eight horses and mules, with harness all in fair order. Ammunition overhauled and carefully repacked. Lynch's and Byrne's remnants ordered back to Wytheville. Former consisted of two Richmond 3-inch rifles, no caissons. Present for duty: Captain J. P. Lynch, First Lieutenant T. C. Elmore (had one eye shot out at Vicksburg), Senior Second Lieutenant William E. Butler, Junior Second Lieutenant John McCampbell; six non-commissioned officers and forty-one privates—the company having been captured at Vicksburg and the rest reported unexchanged. Byrne's remnant: Two brass 12-pound howitzers, two Atlanta 3 inch rifles, no caissons. Captain Byrne reported as wounded and in hospital at Charlottesville, Va. Present for duty: Lieutenant G. O. Talbot in command, four acting gun-corporals and five privates, besides twenty-three men detailed from Duke's cavalry brigade, by order of General Morgan during his raid. Rest of Byrne's officers and men reported captured in Morgan's raid and now in United States prison at Camp Douglas. No note made of horses and wagons; probably unserviceable, if any.

October 10th, 1864.—My servant and horse not having yet arrived from Petersburg, Va., walked to Saltville. Found there King's, and remnants of Levi's and Sawyer's batteries. King's: three iron 12-pound howitzers, two brass howitzers, one iron 6 pounder, unserviceable from enlarged vent, and no caissons. Present for duty: Captain William King, Senior First Lieutenant A. B. Smith, Junior First Lieutenant J. S. Buchanan, Senior Second Lieutenant Charles Harris, Junior Second Lieutenant H. L. Branson, fourteen non-commissioned officers and ninety-five privates. Horses and wagons belonged to members of the company, which was raised for local defence and special service, act of Confederate States Congress, August 21st, 1861, and General Order War Department, No. 86, series 1863, paragraph 12. Sawyer's battery, so-called, also a local affair, to be worked by salt-works' employees in case of emergency—one brass 12-pound howitzer, one iron 6-pounder, ancient style with double trail, no caissons and no horses. Captain Sawyer in command. Levi's battery, Captain Barr in command: two iron 12-pound howitzers, one iron 6-pounder, and three caissons. No horses or wagons. Present for duty: Captain Barr, Senior First Lieutenant G. D. Searcy, Junior First Lieutenant W. F. Campbell, ten non-commissioned officers and forty-four privates. Ammunition at Saltville abundant for the number of chests and in fair condition.

October 11th, 1864.—Arrived at Abingdon before daylight, and found my servant and horse just arrived. Returned to Wytheville by train.

October 12th, 1864.—Inspected Burroughs' battery, in camp at lead mines near Max Meadow's station. One brass 12-pound howitzer, one iron howitzer, one iron 6-pound howitzer, one Richmond 3-inch rifle, four caissons, one battery forge, three 4-horse wagons, forty-eight battery horses, six sergeants' horses, and sixteen mules; in all, seventy horses and mules. Present for duty: Captain William H. Burroughs, First Lieutenant John E. Blackwell, Senior Second Lieutenant John J. Burroughs, Junior Second Lieutenant James R. Graham; fourteen non-commissioned officers and ninety privates. The battery was in fair condition.

October 14th, 1864.—Headquarters Wytheville, Virginia. Inspected Douthat's battery, encamped near here: one 3-inch Richmond rifle, three captured United States 10-pound Parrotts, two caissons, three 4-horse wagons, thirty-six battery horses, six sergeants' horses, five extra horses, and twelve wagon mules; in all, fifty-nine horses and mules, all in fair condition. Present for duty: Captain H. C. Douthat, Senior First Lieutenant F. G. Openchain, Junior First Lieutenant James B. Wright, Senior Second Lieutenant F. C. Wood, Junior Second Lieutenant James L. Burks; twelve non-commissioned officers and one hundred and six privates. Captain Lynch and Lieutenant Talbot, with the remnants of their respective companies, arrived to-day, and all went into camp at the Fair Grounds. Summary of report to General Breckinridge: 12-pound howitzers, 14; 6 pound howitzers, 5; Confederate States 3-inch rifles, 7; United States 10-pound Parrotts, 3; total number of guns, 29; total number of caissons, 11; battery forge, 1; wagons serviceable, 8; total number serviceable horses and mules, 177. Present for duty: one major, chief of artillery, seven captains, twenty lieutenants; in all, twenty-eight commissioned officers, sixty-eight non-commissioned officers, and four hundred and fifty-three privates, including Byrne's four acting gun-corporals. Total effective force, five hundred and forty-nine. Number of chests insufficient, but those on hand are full of ammunition in good order. Guns and carriages in good order generally, but the harness is poor. The men are much in need of clothing, and especially shoes, are badly drilled and worse disciplined. The report does not include the horses of commissioned officers and those of King's battery.

October 18th, 1864.—Removed to camp on William Souther's farm near by. Drilled, repaired harness and the like.

October 20th, 1864.—Removed to camp on Kent's farm in the neighborhood, where we remained until November 5th. Drilled, reorganized, procured horses and one wagon for Lynch.

October 22d, 1864.—Douthat's battery ordered to report to Colonel Thomas H. Carter in the Shenandoah Valley.

October 28th, 1864.—McClung's battery, acting with Vaughan's cavalry brigade in East Tennessee, reported captured, correct. Lieutenants Percy and Dobson escaped. Kept on drilling; experimented firing guns this month, General Breckinridge and others being present; resulted in condemning as worthless every gun at Wytheville except Byrne's two 12-pound howitzers, including especially the two Atlanta 3 inch rifles and a brass rifled nondescript from Captain Semple's ordnance store at Wytheville. Lynch's and Byrne's companies merged into one under command of Captain Lynch, giving him now fifty privates, with the two 12-pound howitzers. Duke's twenty-three men ordered back to their brigade.

November 1st, 1864.—Wytheville, Virginia. Summary of report of Major R. C. M. Page, Chief of Artillery, to Major J. Stoddard Johnston, A. A. G.: seventeen guns, seven caissons, one battery forge, four 4-horse wagons, sixty battery horses, eight sergeants' horses, and twenty mules, in all eighty-eight horses and mules, not including those of commissioned officers and King's battery. Present for duty: twenty-one commissioned officers including Lieutenants Percy and Dobson, forty-four non-commissioned officers, and two hundred and seventy-nine privates—a total effective force of three hundred and forty-four. Burroughs ordered into camp on Kent's farm with Lynch. The nine condemned guns sent by rail to Richmond.

November 5th, 1864.—Wytheville, Virginia. In view of an early advance into East Tennessee, received orders to send a battery to Vaughan near Carter's station, Virginia, East Tennessee & Georgia Railroad, Carter county, Tennessee. Ordered Lynch with his own 12-pound howitzer section, and Burroughs' section of 12-pound howitzers, to report to Vaughan. Transported by rail.

November 8th, 1864.—Wytheville, Virginia. Started by rail today for Carter's station, East Tennessee, with Captain Burroughs and his remaining section. Lieutenants Percy and Dobson accompanied me. Arrived same night at Bristol, Sullivan county, Tennessee, just on the border line; remained in the cars until morning.

November 9th, 1864.—Arrived at Carter's station and unloaded. Marched with Lynch and Burroughs to Jonesborough station and thence into camp near Leesburg, Washington county, Tennessee.

November 10th, 1864.—Marched to Henderson's Mill on the road to Bull's Gap and went into camp, Lieutenant John McCampbell, of Lynch's battery, acting as quartermaster.

November 11th, 1864.—Arrived at Bull's Gap, Hawkins county, Tennessee, about sundown. Enemy, under General Gilliam, are strongly posted with four 3-inch navy Parrotts at the summit and two 3-inch navy Parrotts in an earthwork at the foot. Number of his men unknown. After some picket firing, skirmish line is moved up closer so as to get guns in position. Captain Burroughs' section of one iron 6-pounder and 3-inch rifle on hill to right of road at entrance of valley; Captain Lynch with four 12-pound howitzers nearer the enemy and on brow of little ridge in the bottom, just to the right of the road. Plan: Vaughan to get into their rear by Taylor's Gap on our left; Crittenden in front with about three hundred men, collected from the nitre and mining bureau, and the artillery; while General Breckinridge was to lead a flank assault with Duke's, Cosby's and Prentiss' cavalry dismounted. In order to do this, he had to ascend the mountain on our right in the night, guided by a citizen who was acquainted with the locality. A signal gun was to be fired at daylight for a general attack.

November 12th, 1864.—Lynch fired the signal gun promptly at daybreak. As soon as the attack commenced, received permission from General Crittenden to lead a skirmish line forward so as to secure an eminence for shelling the earthwork and two guns at foot of gap. Accompanied by Lieutenants Percy and Dobson. All the men and artillery soon followed. Lieutenant Blackwell's horse killed. Just then, as all was ready for an assault on the earthwork, General Crittenden informed me that General Breckinridge had been repulsed with considerable loss, and the whole command had orders to fall back at once to the entrance of the valley to await an expected attack. Accordingly, we fell back at once. As we occupied a strong position, however, the enemy did not attack, but was evidently preparing to retreat, and it was determined to follow them up. As soon as it was dark, General Breckinridge moved the whole force rapidly by Taylor's Gap on our left.

November 13th, 1864.—At about 4 A. M. struck Gilliam in left flank as he was retreating and completely routed his force, capturing all his guns (six Parrotts), wagons, ambulances, and a considerable

quantity of small arms that had been thrown away. A section of Jeter's battery, from Asheville, North Carolina, now reported to me. It had come up with other troops from that quarter. Camped near Russellville, Hamblin county, Tennessee, towards morning.

November 14th, 1864.—Marched to camp, near Morristown, Hamblin county, Tennessee. Lynch now received two of the captured guns and Burroughs four.

November 15th, 1864.—Lynch, with two brass 12 pound howitzers and two United States Parrotts, without any caissons, ordered to report to Vaughan for further active operations.

November 16th, 1864.—Burroughs' battery, together with four captured Parrotts (eight guns) and six captured caissons, with harness, etc. (ten in all), ordered back into camp, near Wytheville, Va. Lieutenant McCampbell ordered back to his company (Lynch's).

November 23d, 1864.—Eyes so inflamed by cold and wind could not bear the light. Rode in a wagon with the wounded, head wrapped up in a blanket. Awful road. Arrived at Mrs. Poague's, Bull's Gap. General Breckinridge and staff returned to Wytheville, Va.

November 24th, 1864.—Arrived at a farmer's house between Blue Springs and Greenville, Greene county, Tennessee. Remained there that night.

November 25th, 1864.—Reached Greenville and stayed at the house of Mrs. Williams. Was informed that General Morgan was sleeping at this house when he was surprised and killed in the back yard. Dangerous to be alone in this part of the country, as it swarms with bushwhackers and deserters from both armies.

November 26th, 1864.—Arrived at Rheatown, Greene county, Tennessee. November 27th, arrived at Jonesboro, where I took train, arriving at Wytheville, Va., November 28th, 1864, and remained at Mrs. Dowdall's on account of sore eyes. Her son, Theodore, since dead, was my courier.

December 12th, 1864.—Wytheville, Va. General Stoneman, United States army, reported advancing upon Saltville with four thousand men and artillery. Burroughs' battery had been already reorganized, and now consisted of four United States 3-inch navy Parrotts. His original four guns had been turned over to Captain Semple, ordnance officer.

December 14th, 1864.—Wytheville, Va. Lieutenant Minor, of General Breckinridge's staff, brought me an order about 2 A. M. to prepare to move at once. Left Wytheville to-day with Burroughs'

battery of four United States Parrotts and only two caissons, roads being heavy.

December 15th, 1864.—Reached Saltville; placed Burroughs in Fort Breckinridge, Barr in Fort Hatton, Lieutenant Kain (or Kane, I am unable to state to what organization he belonged) in the right upper casemate, and Lieutenant Dobson in left upper casemate, each with 12-pound howitzers.

December 16th, 1864.—Placed two of Barr's guns (howitzers) under Captain Barr in Fort Statham, also Lieutenant Burroughs with one rifle. Stoneman, not wishing to attack the troops posted at Saltville, determined to pass by us on his way towards Salem to destroy the railroad, which he did. Withdrew Burroughs to Palmer's House, and the whole force moved towards Seven-Mile Ford on the principal turnpike, Smyth county, Va., to attack Stoneman in flank, if possible. Barr, King, and Sawyer were left at Saltville; Barr in command. To-day Lynch's battery, acting with Vaughan's brigade, was captured at Walter's bridge, most of the men and officers fortunately escaping.

December 17th, 1864.—After marching all night over Iron (or Walker's) mountain, we arrived to-day at Marion, the county seat of Smyth county, Va., in Stoneman's rear. Thereupon he turned, and fighting—just east of Marion—began in the afternoon. While Lieutenant Graham, of Burroughs' battery, was making excellent shots with one of the captured Parrotts, it transpired that two of these guns were worthless, much to the disgust of General Cosby, who was present and saw some of his men almost shot in the back by them.

December 18th, 1864.—Lieutenant Burroughs with a section of one good and one worn-out United States navy Parrott in advance, near the bridge. After firing a few rounds, was ordered to withdraw, and all of Burroughs' battery posted on the hill, just on right of turnpike. In line of battle all day: Duke on the right, Cosby in the centre, and Vaughan and Prentiss on the left; in all, probably, about two thousand five hundred men; but what was noticeable, many of them without arms. Rain. Occasional skirmishing. Stoneman in our front, and reported at night as working around in our rear also. Council of war held. General Breckinridge decided to slip out by a right-flank movement over Glade mountains to the southward. Ordered me to spike all the guns and abandon them, as he was informed by citizens in the place that it would be impossible to haul them up the mountains. Received permission to try, however. Rained hard,

and very dark and favorable to our movement. Retreated by Staley's creek, which was now a torrent, but the road was the bed of the creek most of the way, until we began the steep ascent. Remnants of refugee carts found abandoned. Most of the cavalry were ordered to retreat first, then the artillery, with Duke's brigade bringing up the rear. One caisson and one wagon had to be abandoned, having been accidentally overturned, and were destroyed by the enemy, who ceased to follow up.

December 19th, 1864.—On top of the mountains at daylight with all the guns safe and awaiting an expected attack, which, however, did not occur.

December 20th, 1864.—Reached Mt. Airy by Rye Valley road and camped on the MacAdamized turnpike. Stoneman, meantime, passed on without further trouble to Saltville, where he destroyed the salt works and eight guns, Captain King escaping with two brass 12-pound howitzers of his own and one of Sawyer's battery. The officers and men mostly escaped, the nature of the country easily permitting them to do so.

December 21st, 1864.—Reached Wytheville. Weather fearfully cold, clothing and boots frozen, and many of the men more or less frost-bitten. Pushing and dragging the guns over Glade mountain, and the terrible march following, as well as that from Saltville to Marion, were among the severest trials ever experienced. The enemy retreated into Tennessee, but became frost-bitten and disorganized. They abandoned four United States 3-inch rifles, which they spiked and threw into a creek. They destroyed the carriages and caissons. These guns were found, however, and brought back to Wytheville, where they were put in beautiful order and nicely mounted by Captain Semple, of the Ordnance Department. At last we had four field guns worthy of the name. They were put under command of Captain J. P. Lynch. Meantime Douthat had returned, and he, Burroughs and Lynch were ordered into winter quarters near Wytheville.

January 1st, 1865.—Wytheville, Va. Went to Richmond early this month by order of General Breckinridge, in order to exchange some of our guns for better, if possible. Will be twenty-four years old tomorrow. About this time received a letter from Major Thomas U. Dudley (now Bishop of Kentucky), of the Commissary Department at Richmond, Va., complimentary regarding the Bull's Gap affair and suggesting that Lieutenant J. Henry Cochran, formerly of my battery in Lee's army, be transferred to our department as my adjutant. This letter, cordially endorsed with my approval, was also

approved by General Breckinridge. Arrived in Richmond, I left the letter at the War Department with the request that it be attended to immediately. Saw Colonel Leroy Broun, of the Ordnance Department. Explained to me that the grooves of the two worthless United States 3-inch navy Parrotts captured near Bull's Gap were worn out towards the breach, and hence worthless. He ordered several guns sent to Wytheville, and a selection was made.

January 10th, 1865.—Returned to Wytheville. The artillery of the department now consisted of: Lynch, four United States 3-inch rifles, three caissons; Burroughs, two United States 3-inch navy Parrotts (good), two iron 6-pounders, four caissons; Douthat, four 12-pound howitzers, four caissons; King, three brass 12-pound howitzers, one Richmond 3 inch rifle, no caissons; total, sixteen guns, eleven caissons. All other guns in the department sent back to Richmond, so that the only bad piece we had now was the Richmond 3-inch rifle, none of which had ever been worth hauling about any way. Remnants of McClung's, Barr's and Sawyer's men were merged into Lynch's battery.

January 18th, 1865.—Wytheville, Virginia. Lieutenant J. Henry Cochran reported to me for duty.

January 21st, 1865.—Captain Lynch sent to Grayson county, Virginia, to collect stragglers. About this time General Breckinridge was appointed Confederate States Secretary of War in place of James A. Seddon, and Brigadier-General John Echols succeeded to the command. Bridges destroyed by Stoneman last month quickly rebuilt by Major Poore, Chief of Engineers.

March 30th, 1865.—Up to this time had remained in winter quarters. Douthat, who on the 14th of March had been ordered to Farmville, Virginia, *via* Lynchburg, had his order revoked, and reported to me at Wytheville. Supplied with fifty-nine new battery horses, in excellent condition, those unserviceable being turned over to Major McMahon, Quartermaster. Lynch supplied with horses and harness, and others also where needed.

March 31st, 1865.—King reported to me at Wytheville, and Lynch, who had been sent to Marion on the 25th, returned.

April 3d, 1865.—Moved with Douthat's and Burroughs' batteries, and camped at Brick Church, near Marion, leaving Lynch and King at Wytheville.

April 5th, 1865.—Returned and camped near Mount Airy. Sent Lynch on to Wytheville with Giltner's cavalry. Marched with Douthat's battery to-night by an old road to Wytheville, and all

the artillery and troops encamped near Wytheville. No enemy reported anywhere near. The artillery had been fitted out with serviceable horses and harness, and was in good condition. Five more caissons would have made it perfect. The movements had been made only to practise. Now, however, we were all to march as rapidly as possible to join Lee's army.

April 7th, 1865.—Moved through Wytheville going east, colors flying, in following order: Lynch, Burroughs, Douthat, King, four batteries of four guns each. "The best battalion of artillery ever seen in that part of the world," remarked one of Lee's inspectors, as the column moved by. It was among the last flickers of life before the rapidly dying Confederacy was to enter into eternal rest. Marched to Dublin, Pulaski county, Virginia, and camped on the road-side.

April 8th, 1865.—New river too high to cross, so we had to remain in camp to-day.

April 9th, 1865.—Arrived at English's Ferry, New river. Five wagons attempting to ford, only one succeeded in crossing. Of the other four, the mules of one wagon swam back to where they entered and got out. The remaining three were washed away. The teams and all hands drowned, except one negro, who remained on top of some hay. Twelve mules were drowned and twenty-five men, including teamsters and sick and wounded soldiers. There was a boat, but too frail for transporting artillery. In an ambulance was General Early—ill with pneumonia. Before crossing over in the boat he desired to see General Echols, to whom he remarked that "it looked like getting Southern rights in the territories!" Moved the artillery up the river and camped near Newbern, Pulaski county, Virginia.

April 10th, 1865.—Crossed New river at Cecil's Ford, and marched by horrible road all night to the turnpike near Christiansburg, Montgomery county, Virginia.

April 11th, 1865.—Joined General Echols near Christiansburg at 4 A. M. Captain Semple, being dismounted, asked me to bend down from my horse as he had something to tell me. "Lee, with his whole army, has surrendered," whispered he into my ear. Did not believe it—thought there must be some mistake. Moved on to Christiansburg, and parked the guns in a field southeast of the town. They were never moved again by Confederate soldiers, for the news of Lee's surrender was true.

April 12th, 1865.—Council of war was held. Vaughan cut mat-

ters short by calling on General Crittenden for his opinion. "My opinion is that the war is over," said he. It was determined to disband the artillery, allowing officers and men (the horses and mules were distributed among the latter) to join such commands as they chose. The following order, now in my possession, was received:

"HEADQUARTERS DEP'T S. W. VA. & E. T.,
Christiansburg, Va., April 12th, 1865.

"The artillery of this department having been this day disbanded, Major R. C. M. Page, Chief of Artillery, and Lieutenant J. H. Cochran, his adjutant, are hereby permitted to join any command they may select.

"By order Brigadier-General John Echols.

"J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, A. A. G."

Lieutenant Cochran and myself went to the house of Mr. Tebbs, in Christiansburg, and got something to eat. We gave him as pay our mess-chest and cooking utensils, consisting of one skillet and a few iron knives and forks, tin plates, etc. When we got back to camp, General Echols and most of his command had already departed, with the purpose of joining General Joseph E. Johnston. We then determined to return to Northern Virginia and join Mosby, but learning on the way that Johnston had also surrendered, we went to our respective homes, he to Loudoun county, Virginia, and I to Albemarle. Neither of us had a cent of money, but at Christiansburg, just before the break-up, Lieutenant Branham lent me five dollars in gold, which we found was a perfect Godsend. I returned the amount afterwards, as soon as Lieutenant Branham sent me his address. I had drawn no pay for some time, so that the Confederate States owed me, for back pay, about \$1,600. The excuse was that Confederate money was too scarce to pay off the troops! Early in May, after consulting with Hon. W. C. Rives, formerly United States Senator from Virginia, I went to Richmond with Captain George C. Dickinson, formerly of New York, and in the Capitol building we took the oath of allegiance to the United States of America before General Patrick, of Ord's command. It is safe to say that it is one oath, at least, I have never broken. Saw Sherman's forty thousand men pass through *en route* to Washington.

Discipline in the Confederate States Army.

In fidelity to duty and observance of prescribed regulations, it may be assumed that the Confederate soldier compared favorably with any similarly taxed and ill provided.

Generally, he was scarce surpassed in willing attributes by the model followers of the first Napoleon. Dominated by patriotism, his ardor yielded neither to hunger nor nakedness.

The following statement contains a just tribute to a gallant and efficient officer—a present honored and useful citizen of Richmond:

RICHMOND, VA., *May 29, 1888.*

In connection with the prevalent idea so often expressed that there was little or no discipline in the Army of Northern Virginia [?], I take pleasure in putting on record what I heard General Harry Heth say of General John R. Cooke's North Carolina brigade, composed of the Fifteenth, Twenty-seventh, Forty-sixth, Forty-eighth and Fifty-fifth North Carolina regiments.

We were talking on the subject of discipline of troops, and he said that he thought at no time had the United States army ever been in better condition and discipline than the command of General Albert Sydney Johnston in Utah in 1858, and that no portion of that command was in better drill, discipline and general efficiency than the brigade above mentioned, just previous to the end of the war.

R. H. FINNEY, *Late Adjutant-General
of Heth's division, Army of Northern Virginia.*

The Battle of Belmont.

In the early days of November, 1861, the regiment of which I was Lieutenant-Colonel, the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth senior regiment, Tennessee volunteers, First brigade, Second division, was in camp at Columbus, Kentucky. This was General Polk's headquarters. His encampment was strongly fortified with batteries, which commanded the river. Immediately opposite and across the river is the small village of Belmont, Missouri.

Here Colonel Tappan was posted. His command consisted of his

own regiment, the Thirteenth Arkansas, Captain Beltzhoover's (Watson battery), of six guns, and two companies of Colonel Miller's battalion of cavalry, under Captain Bowles and Lieutenant Jones.

It was between two and three o'clock on the morning of the 7th of November, 1861, that General Polk received information from his aid-de-camp, Major Winslow, that the enemy was moving a strong force, designed to attack General Jeff. Thompson's position at Bloomfield and New Madrid. Soon after daybreak he received further information, from the same source, that the enemy had made his appearance in the river, with gunboats and transports, and was landing a considerable force on the Missouri shore, five or six miles from Belmont.

General John P. McCown was immediately directed to proceed in the direction of the enemy, on the east bank of the river, with a strong force of infantry and cavalry. General Pillow was also ordered to proceed immediately, with four of his regiments, to the relief of Colonel Tappan, commanding the Thirteenth Arkansas regiment, who was threatened on the west side of the river.

General McCown advanced a battery of long-range guns, under command of Captain R. A. Stewart, of the Louisiana Pointe Coupee battery, to a point from which he could easily reach the enemy's gunboats. He also ordered fire from the heavy siege battery under command of Captain Hamilton, and from several of the guns of the fort. After an hour's brisk engagement the gunboats were driven out of range. They afterward returned, however, throwing shot and shell into the works, but after an hour's fighting were again compelled to retire.

In obedience to orders, General Pillow proceeded across the river to the relief of Colonel Tappan, taking with him for this service Colonel R. M. Russell's, Colonel J. V. Wright's, Colonel Edward Pickett's and Colonel Thomas J. Freeman's regiments of Tennessee volunteers.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when Colonel Tappan received information from General Polk of the threatened attack, together with orders to ascertain the purpose of the enemy and to hold his command ready for any emergency. Colonel Tappan at once dispatched his two cavalry companies up the river for observation, and formed his little line of battle, consisting of his own regiment and Colonel Beltzhoover's battery, about one hundred yards from the river and fronting on it.

About half-past nine General Pillow arrived with his forces. He

advanced the line of battle about four hundred yards from the river, and awaited the onset.

But he had not long to wait. In one hour after his arrival on the ground General Grant struck his little force with two brigades, under McClernand and Dougherty, with cavalry and artillery. The attack was made on both right and left flank almost simultaneously, and was followed up by an assault on the center. The two wings sustained the shock most gallantly, but the regiment in the centre, being in an open field and exposed to the concentrated fire of the enemy from the cover of the woods, was compelled to retire.

Before the engagement opened, General Pillow had dispatched to General Polk for additional ammunition and a regiment of infantry and a section of artillery, to be held as a reserve. The ammunition was sent, and Colonel J. Knox Walker's regiment and two companies from Colonel Logwood's cavalry battalion were immediately forwarded. Two field batteries, one under command of Captain W. H. Jackson and the other under command of Captain Marshall T. Polk, were also forwarded. Unfortunately, the steamer transporting these batteries lost her stage-planks, so that the landing could not be effected, and the steamer was compelled to return with the guns.

Referring to the time when General Pillow's line was broken in the center, as above stated, General Polk says in his official report:

"By this time it was obvious that further reinforcements had become necessary, and Colonel Carroll's Fifteenth Tennessee and Colonel Mark's Eleventh Louisiana regiments, which had been ordered to the river bank and were held as a reserve, were ordered forward. I directed Colonel Marks to land his regiment higher up the river, with a view to a flank movement which he was ordered to make. Shortly after his landing, he was met by General Pillow, who directed him, with his regiment and that of Colonel Carroll, to move rapidly on the enemy's flank. General Pillow directed Colonel Russell, with his brigade, to support that movement, and himself accompanied this command during the execution of the movement under Colonel Marks. Captain Jackson, who had reported to General Pillow that he could not get his battery ashore, was attached to his staff and directed to lead this column. In aiding Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow, who was in immediate command of the Eleventh Louisiana, to bring a portion of the column into line, he fell severely wounded."

We were getting decidedly the worst of it. The situation of affairs at 12 M. is thus reported to General Polk by Major Winslow:

"About 12 M. I was ordered by you to recross the river and ascer-

tain the progress of the battle. On arriving on the Missouri shore, I found our troops retreating in some disorder up the river, the enemy having driven them back. I asked an officer the cause of this, and he replied that the men were out of ammunition. I directed him to supply himself from a quantity lying in boxes under the bank. I proceeded up the river, sending the men back who were under the bank for a supply; but found, upon an examination of the cartridge-boxes of several, both above and below the bank, that they had a good supply. Finding that the confusion was becoming worse, and the men inclined to rush upon the transports, I endeavored by exhortation and entreaties to halt them, but in vain. I then rode to the head of the column, and applying the sabre to the leading files it had the desired effect."

Captain Trask, of the Confederate steamer *Charm*, says:

"Upon landing at 12 M. on the Belmont side, and at a point about four hundred yards above the position occupied by the enemy's battery, at the time playing on our boat, we found the landing obstructed by our disorganized forces, who endeavored to board and take possession of our boat, and at the same time crying, 'Don't land! don't land! We are whipped! Go back!' etc."

It was clearly apparent that still further reinforcements would be necessary to save the day. General Polk accordingly ordered General Cheatham, with the First brigade of his division, under Colonel Preston Smith, to cross the river. General Cheatham arrived at the landing before the brigade, and was ordered not to wait for his command, but proceed immediately across and *to take command of and rally the fragments of the disorganized regiments within sight on the shore*, and to support the flank movement ordered by Colonel Marks.

It was just at this moment that the enemy fired our camp, and advancing his battery nearer the shore, opened a heavy fire on our transports.

And now, for the first time, the artillery on the Columbus side was brought into play; for it happened just at this juncture, that the relative positions on the other side were such that these guns could be employed without risk or danger to our own troops. Captain Smith was accordingly ordered to move his Mississippi battery down to the bank and open on the enemy's position. Major Stewart, in command of the heavy guns in the fort, was also ordered to open on the same position. Just here and now the tide of battle was turned. The effect of the double fire from the Columbus side silenced the enemy's

battery and put him in motion for his gunboats. On his line of retreat he was struck first by Colonel Marks and afterward by General Cheatham on his flank. These conflicts were severe, but the enemy was driven in with great loss.

By this time Cheatham's command had arrived at the landing on the Columbus side. It consisted of Blythe's Mississippi regiment and the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth senior regiment of Tennessee volunteers, of which I was lieutenant-colonel and in command. General Polk took command of these regiments, together with Captain White's company, of Colonel T. H. Logwood's battalion of cavalry, and crossed the river. He ordered two regiments of General McCown's division to follow. General McCown dispatched Colonel Neely's Fourth Tennessee and Colonel Scott's Twelfth Louisiana regiments, but they arrived too late to participate in the action.

On landing, General Polk was met by Generals Pillow and Cheatham, whom he directed, with the regiments of General Cheatham and portions of others, to press the enemy to his boats. His order was executed with alacrity and in double-quick time. The route over which the troops passed was strewn with the dead and wounded of the conflicts of Colonel Marks and General Cheatham, and with arms, knapsacks, overcoats, etc.

On arriving at the point where his transports lay, General Polk ordered the column headed by the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth senior regiment of Tennessee volunteers, under cover of a field thickly set with corn, to be deployed along the river bank within easy range of the boats. This being accomplished, a heavy fire was opened upon them, riddling them with balls.

Under this galling fire, he cut his lines and retreated from the shore, some of his soldiers being driven overboard by the rush of those behind them. Our fire was returned by the heaviest cannonade from his gunboats, which discharged upon our lines showers of grape, canister and shell as they retired with their convoy in the direction of Cairo. It being now sunset, and being left in possession of the field, the troops were ordered to retire.

There is no doubt that General Pillow was unfortunate in his selection of a position for his line of battle.

Colonel Bell occupied the extreme right, his left resting on Colonel Tappan's Arkansas regiment; Freeman and Pickett occupied the centre, then Beltzhoover's battery, and last, Colonel J. V. Wright on the extreme left.

With the exception of Bell's regiment and a portion of Tappan's,

which were naturally protected, the rest of the line occupied an open field with the woods in front and in point-blank range.

General Polk criticised General Pillow's disposition of his troops with some severity. He said that General Pillow might have had strong natural defenses in the rear of his line, afforded by woods, abattis and ravines, which ran parallel to the line of the enemy's advance. Instead of taking advantage of these, said General Polk, he threw his line into an open field, and, what was worse, gave the enemy the advantage of the cover of the woods in his front. Colonel Freeman says that one of his officers remarked to him that it was like fighting a duel with your antagonist behind a tree and yourself in an open space. Colonel Freeman further gives it as his opinion that the battery was placed so far to the left that it was not available, and says that he does not believe five persons were touched by its shot. Lieutenant-Colonel Beltzhoover, commanding the battery, makes a very meagre report. His command distinguished itself by its courage and endurance, but its commander does not even express his opinion that it rendered any efficient service. The substance of his report is, after stating his position: "There we stood, doing our best, until the whole line retreated to the river." Colonel J. V. Wright says, in his report of the battle, that the enemy opened upon him at a distance of about eighty yards from under such a dense cover that they were invisible.

But it must be said, in justice to General Pillow, that he was unacquainted with the ground, that he had not over an hour to choose his position, and that he had to form almost in the face of the enemy. He behaved well on the field and did the best that his position would allow him to do.

Colonel Bell's regiment remained in position nearly an hour, when the enemy attacked in strong force. Colonel Russell, commanding the brigade, then gave the order to charge. The order was promptly obeyed and the enemy was driven back thirty or forty yards. Finding that the new position was not a good one, the regiment fell back to its original position, which it held for three or four hours afterward.

Colonel Tappan's regiment was engaged over an hour and a half, being subjected to and returning the fire of an overpowering force of the enemy when, Colonel Russell's regiment getting out of ammunition, it gradually and in good order, without any confusion, retired through the timber, recently cut down by the command, to the bank of the river where it again formed. The regiment suffered more during the above period than at any other time during the day.

Freeman's regiment, the Twenty-second Tennessee, was posted in front of a rise in the ground, behind which he ultimately placed them. The enemy were concealed, in approaching, by the forest, while his own men were in full view in the open plain. His regiment was kneeling, he says, when General Pillow rode up and ordered him to charge. He immediately ordered his regiment to charge bayonet, which they did. He did not reach the enemy's position, but charged about fifty yards into the timber over a fence. Before he reached the timber he had to pass over about seventy-five yards, crossing the fence mentioned. In crossing it his line was broken and the men went into the woods in great disorder, but rushing on gallantly.

Colonel Pickett's regiment, after the engagement had opened and he had fired some seven or eight rounds, was ordered to cease firing as Colonel Pickett believed it to be ineffectual. After a few minutes General Pillow ordered a charge. The charge was made in double-quick time, for some two hundred yards, through open ground to the edge of the woods, the latter portion of the distance under fire. Upon reaching the woods, a tremendous fire of musketry suddenly opened upon his line from the concealed enemy at very short distance. After a contest of about three-quarters of an hour, Colonel Pickett ordered his men to retire. He formed again behind the first elevation in his rear, and while awaiting orders in this new position fired three or four rounds. At this time his supply of ammunition failed, and he moved his men further up the river bank.

Colonel John V. Wright occupied the extreme left, his right resting upon Beltzhoover's battery. Under order from General Pillow he had detached one company (A) from his regiment and posted it still further to the left, on a road leading down to the river. This company was under command of Lieutenant Matt Rhea. Colonel Wright reports that it was about ten o'clock in the morning when he took his position in the field. The enemy attacked him from the woods about eighty yards distant in his front, and the enemy himself could not be seen so dense was the growth of timber. "In a very short time after the attack commenced on me," says Colonel Wright, "I heard a heavy fire of musketry on my left, and knew Lieutenant Rhea with his command was engaging the enemy. I immediately communicated this intelligence to General Pillow, meantime holding my position, my men receiving and returning an incessant fire. This was kept up for an hour and a half, when I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughan to report to General Pillow that my ammunition was nearly exhausted and that my men were suffering greatly from

the fire of the enemy. Colonel Vaughan returned and brought with him orders from General Pillow for my regiment to retire. I gave the order and the regiment retired to near the river, where some confusion occurred, and a portion of the regiment went up the river, led by Colonel Vaughan, and the balance followed me up the bank of the river, taking protection from the artillery under the bank of the river. The two lines were united again at the upper landing, where I was ordered by Colonel J. Knox Walker, commanding brigade, to fall in with my command on the left of the Second Tennessee regiment and proceed to charge the enemy. This was done most promptly, and in a short time we found ourselves in the presence of the enemy, who were moving to the right. We formed line rapidly and poured a most destructive fire upon them, my men shouting and huzzaing as they rushed on to the charge."

I have not been able to find the report made by Colonel J. Knox Walker of the engagement at Belmont.

It will be remembered that Colonel Marks had been ordered by General Polk to cross the river and attack the enemy in the flank.

On landing, Colonel Marks moved along up the river bank until he saw General Pillow, who gave him the same order, and instructed him as to the proper direction to obtain that position—to attack the enemy in the rear by a flank movement. He then directed the head of the column toward the point indicated by the general, and where the fire of the enemy seemed to be hottest. In about fifteen minutes he had reached a position beyond their fire, and moved up through the bushes until he came in view of a body of men, who appeared to be the enemy, drawn up in an open field toward his left, but partially hid from view by an intervening rise of ground. They displayed, or had among them, a Confederate flag; at the same time a party on the right called out: "For God's sake, don't fire on us, we are friends." He ordered his men to withhold their fire, thinking they might be so. He then ordered Major Butler to advance to the edge of the woods to ascertain what regiment it was. As soon as they discovered the Major, the main body opened fire on him. He then ordered his men to commence firing, which they did rapidly and in gallant style. Lieutenant Colonel Barrow, in immediate command of the Eleventh regiment, at this moment brought up the left wing, placed them in line and joined in the general fighting. In about half an hour, the enemy's column now separated in two divisions, the one trying to flank him on the right and the other on the left, he divided his command, and, with the assistance of Colonel Barrow

promptly seconded by all the officers of the line, got in a position to front the enemy each way. He again opened a general fire for about an hour, at the expiration of which time the enemy broke and fled, hotly pursued by our troops for about half a mile, when he had them recalled and formed in line; at which time General Polk arrived on the field and ordered him to join General Cheatham in pursuit of the enemy, which pursuit, led by General Polk, was continued, the enemy being constantly fired on by Cheatham's command until they were driven under the batteries of their gunboats, which opened a terrible fire of shot, shell and balls, to which we had no means of reply.

Upon General Cheatham's arrival on the opposite side of the river, the fragments of the Thirteenth regiment Arkansas volunteers, Colonel Tappan; Second regiment, Tennessee volunteers, Colonel Walker, and Thirteenth regiment, Tennessee, Colonel John V. Wright, were formed and anxious to again confront the enemy. These regiments, with others, had already suffered severely in the engagement of the forenoon. In a few minutes these three regiments formed in line, the Thirteenth Arkansas in front, followed by the Second and Thirteenth Tennessee, and moved directly back from the river in the direction of the enemy's transports and gunboats, intending, if possible, to take them in flank. Advancing about half a mile, they suddenly came upon about fifty mounted men, who were hailed and found to be Illinois cavalry; and at the same moment, and immediately in front, they discovered a large body of troops—the Seventh Iowa and Colonel John A. Logan's Illinois regiment—drawn up in line of battle. General Cheatham immediately ordered his column forward and formed a line in a small ravine, the Thirteenth Arkansas on the right, flanked by the Second and Thirteenth Tennessee, with some detached companies from other regiments, and at once opened upon the enemy a most terrific fire, and which they promptly returned; but under the rapid and galling fire of our columns the enemy soon wavered, and were charged upon with the bayonet and completely routed, and under the continuous fire from our column in pursuit were slaughtered from that point to within a few hundred yards of their gunboats, lying more than two miles from the position in which we engaged them.

As early as ten o'clock in the morning, the regiment which I commanded and Colonel Blythe's Mississippi regiment received orders from Colonel Preston Smith, commanding the brigade, to place ourselves under arms with a full supply of ammunition, and hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

At about one o'clock we were put in motion for the river, to be transported to the Missouri side. The enemy on the other side had possession of the field, and had fired Colonel Tappan's camp. They had also placed a battery in position near the river bank, within range of our camp on the Kentucky side. While we were moving up Front street, on our march for the river, the enemy opened a brisk fire upon our line with shell and grape, which was continued until the head of the column had reached the lower battery, near General Polk's headquarters, when they directed their fire upon the boats waiting to carry us over. The fire on the boats was so severe that our embarkation was delayed for some time, until the enemy's battery was silenced by our guns on the Columbus side. We were then moved on board the *Kentucky* and *Charm*, and were speedily landed at our destination.

The enemy was now in full retreat, and while we were forming, General Cheatham rode up and ordered my regiment to be moved forward in the pursuit in double-quick time. In executing this order I followed the direction indicated by General Cheatham, who led our advance, accompanied by Colonel Smith and Generals Polk and Pillow. Meanwhile Colonel McNairy, of General Cheatham's staff, had been ordered back to move forward Colonel Blythe's regiment, which was done.

After marching for a mile and a half or two miles, I was ordered to halt and send out a party of skirmishers on the side of a neighboring cornfield. In obedience to this order I detailed Captain Edward Fitzgerald, of Company F, and sixteen of his men, and then moved up the road rapidly until we came in sight of the enemy's boats, three in number, supported by two gunboats. Just here I quote from the official report of Colonel Smith, commanding our brigade. Colonel Smith says:

"Major-General Polk, who, in company with Brigadier General Pillow, had rejoined Brigadier-General Cheatham near this point, directed me to move the head of my command forward to the river, above the boats of the enemy, and, facing by the rear rank, throw my left below them, thus encircling and preventing them from returning into the woods. While executing this order, it became necessary to change the movement on account of obstacles, and, believing them about to move off, I caused Lieutenant-Colonel Wright to move the right wing of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth senior regiment to the right and below the enemy, the left wing and Blythe's regiment being led on to the river above by Brigadier-General Cheatham, and

when opposite the transports, and distant some two hundred yards, I gave the order to charge, which was most promptly and gallantly done; about one-half of the right wing being led in person by Lieutenant-Colonel Wright, who, finding the enemy hurrying on board, deployed those under his immediate command as skirmishers, and opened a galling fire on the enemy. The remainder of the right wing, by my order, deployed and fell on their centre, and also opened their fire on the crowded and confused mass of the flying enemy."

The fire was kept up with little cessation on both sides for about an hour. The enemy replied with volleys of musketry from the boats, and rapid discharges of grape, canister, and shell from the gunboats. At the expiration of this time the boats succeeded in cutting their cables and moved out under cover of their gunboats, and the flotilla began its return up the river, firing some farewell shots from their gunboats as they steamed up the stream.

When we arrived in sight of the gunboats there were unmistakable signs of a precipitate flight. Large quantities of baggage, arms, overcoats, knapsacks, and other articles were strewn over the ground.

After the gunboats had moved out of range, I directed Adjutant W. H. Stovall and a detail of ten men to remain with me and look after the wounded. After this duty had been performed, we took possession of seven wagons, a lot of harness, blankets, trunks, knapsacks, and clothing of all sorts. We also captured some muskets. Captain Fitzgerald had been successful with his scouting party, capturing eight prisoners and killing three in his skirmish.

The battle of Belmont was long and severe. It began at half-past ten in the morning and did not finally close until five in the afternoon.

The Confederates had engaged, all told, ten regiments of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and one battery of six pieces. The regiments had been wasted by the measles, and General Pillow estimated the five regiments, the cavalry, and the artillery, with which he began the fight, to be not over 2,500 men. He based this estimate on the morning report. Five more regiments were sent to reinforce him, but the enemy were already routed before my own regiment and that of Colonel Blythe's arrived on the ground. Three regiments which followed General Pillow, and preceded us, could not have exceeded 1,500 men. This would have made the Confederate force 4,000 men before our arrival, and when we arrived the enemy were already in

flight and confusion. Colonel Blythe's regiment and my own numbered, probably, 1,000 together, making in all about 5,000 Confederates on the ground during the whole day.

General McClelland puts down the Federal force at 3,500 strong, "the enemy double that number." His command consisted of three Illinois regiments; two companies of cavalry, and one battery of six pieces. He gives the exact number in each command, making a total of 2,072. It is probable that his figures are about correct. Then there was Colonel Dougherty's command of two regiments, which would make out the 3,500. So, when the battle opened, there were 3,500 Federals, with immense advantages in position, against 2,500 Confederates. The Confederates were at first beaten. Then three more regiments, consisting of, say, 1,500 men, were sent as reinforcements, and the Federals were in turn beaten and driven toward their boats. Finally, two more regiments were sent over to complete the rout.

With regard to the Confederate loss, there is no difficulty in arriving at a just estimate, as we maintained possession of the ground.

General Polk puts down our loss at 105 killed, 419 wounded and missing, of whom 562 were of his own division and Colonel Tappan's regiment.

With regard to the enemy's loss, there is a wide diversity of statement. General Grant, in his official report, puts down his loss on the field at 85 killed, 301 wounded and 99 missing. As to the loss on the boats, he says: "Notwithstanding the crowded state of our transports, the only loss we sustained from the enemy's fire upon them was three men wounded, one of whom belonged to the boats." He does not estimate the Confederate strength or loss.

General McClelland puts down the Federal loss at about 300 in killed, wounded and missing.

Brigade Surgeon and Medical Director J. H. Brinton gives the total of killed in the five regiments, cavalry and artillery at 80 and the wounded at 322. He puts the loss of the Seventh Iowa at 26 killed and 93 wounded. But Colonel J. G. Lauman, commanding this regiment, puts down his loss in his official report at: "Killed, 51; died of wounds, 3; missing, 10; prisoners, 39; wounded, 124. Total, 227."

Our reports, on the other hand, tell quite another story.

General Polk (not claiming accurate information) estimates the enemy's loss at 1,500, fourteen-fifteenths of which he thinks must have been killed, wounded and drowned. He says that after making

a liberal exchange of prisoners, over 100 remained. He also reports the capture of one stand of colors, over 1,000 stand of arms, with knapsacks, ammunnition and other military stores.

General Pillow says in his official report: "We buried 295 of the enemy's dead, and the enemy, under a flag of truce, was engaged in the same labor during a large portion of the day." General Pillow estimates the loss of the enemy at between 1,800 and 2,000. He bases this estimate upon "the most unquestionable information from persons who were in Cairo when the Federal fleet returned, who state that the enemy was a day and a half in burying the dead and removing the wounded from their boats."

General Grant gives as his reasons for fighting the battle of Belmont, that on the 1st of November he was ordered to make a demonstration on both sides of the Mississippi river, with the view of detaining the Confederates at Columbus, Kentucky, within their lines.* He had been notified that there was a force of about three thousand Confederates on the St. Francis river, Arkansas, about fifty miles from Cairo, and had sent Colonel Oglesby there, with a force equal to that of the Confederates, to oppose them and hold them in check. Learning that General Polk was about to detach a large force from Columbus to be moved down the river and to reinforce General Price, he had orders to prevent this movement. He then ordered a regiment under Colonel W. H. L. Wallace to reinforce Oglesby, and ordered General C. F. Smith to move all the troops he could spare from Paducah directly against Columbus. Added to these, he took all the troops which could be spared from Cairo and Fort Holt and moved them down the river for the attack on Belmont.

General Grant says in his narrative: "'Belmont' was severely criticised in the North as a wholly unnecessary battle, barren of results; or the possibility of them from the beginning. If it had not been fought, Colonel Oglesby would probably have been captured or destroyed with his three thousand men. Then I would have been culpable indeed."

After the retreat of the Union forces from the field, as before stated,

*As evidence that the battle of Belmont was regarded in the North as a defeat for General Grant, "Curtis" telegraphs General E. D. Townsend, Adjutant-General United States army, from St. Louis, under date of 9th November, 1861, two days after the battle, as follows: * * "Captain McKeener telegraphs from Cincinnati to General Fremont, that General Grant had no orders from Fremont to attack Belmont or Columbus." (See *Rebellion Records*, Vol. III, p. 567.)

General Cheatham took Blythe's Mississippi regiment and the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee regiment, under my command, to follow up the retreating Federals and attack the troops embarking on the transports. Within a half mile from where we started we came near a double log house, about one hundred yards from the road, and which was occupied by the Federals as a hospital. At the gate were two Federal officers mounted on fine stallions—one of the stallions a black, the other a gray. At this juncture, two officers—one with an overcoat on, the other with his overcoat on his arm—came out of the hospital and ran towards a cornfield, jumping the fence and disappearing. When they first appeared, a number of my men of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth regiment cocked their guns and made aim at them.

General Cheatham at once directed me to order their guns to a shoulder and not to fire on stragglers, as his orders were to attack the troops seeking the transports. The order was given and there was no firing on them. On the day after the battle, General Cheatham met, under flag of truce, Colonel Hatch, who was General Grant's Quartermaster. Colonel Hatch, in his conversation with General Cheatham, told him that the two officers who ran out of the hospital were General Grant and himself, and that both were surprised that they were not fired on. General Cheatham, in a few days afterwards, met General Grant on a flag-of-truce boat, and he fully confirmed Colonel Hatch's statement.

The battle of Belmont was the initial battle of the great campaign in the Mississippi Valley. It was General Grant's first battle in this war, and its sequences were Forts Henry, Donelson and Shiloh and all that followed.

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

Washington, D. C., April, 1888.

A Narrative of the Service of Colonel Geo. A. Porterfield in Northwestern Virginia in 1861-'2,

CHARLESTON, W. VA., *May 17, 1888.*

To General MARCUS J. WRIGHT :

At your request I submit the following statement: I was living upon my farm, in Jefferson county, when our civil war began. In May, 1861, I was appointed Colonel of Volunteers, and

ordered to Grafton, Virginia, to receive into the service of the State, from the northwestern counties, such volunteers as might offer their services for the defence of that section.

By reference to Volume II, Series 1, Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, it will be seen that Alonzo Loring, of Wheeling, David Goff, of Beverley, and F. M. Boykin, of Weston, had been commissioned as field-officers by the Governor of Virginia and assigned to duty in the northwestern part of this State, with written instructions from General R. E. Lee prior to my assignment thereto. I would call attention to the instructions given these gentlemen, especially those to Major Boykin, in regard to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Major Loring had served in the Mexican war, been sheriff of Ohio county, and was a gentleman of influence in the city of Wheeling. Major Goff was a leading citizen of Beverley and the county of Randolph. Major Boykin was a native of eastern Virginia, a graduate of the military institute, and at that time a citizen of Weston. These officers were all paralyzed in their action, and completely silenced by the predominance of the Union sentiment in that part of the State of which they were residents. I neither saw nor had a line from either of them after my arrival at Grafton. Major Loring remained a quiet citizen in Wheeling. Major Goff the same in Beverley. Major Boykin left western Virginia and went to the east before my arrival. I had been informed that they would co-operate with me, and had expected to find them at their posts with some force already organized. On the contrary, upon my arrival I found myself alone in a county hostile to the South, without an officer of any experience to help me, then or afterwards; without money or supplies of any kind, or the means of getting anything to aid in organizing a military force. My letters to Colonel R. S. Garnett of May 14th and 16th, will show what progress had been made at those dates.

The extent of the Union feeling may be ascertained by reference to the letters of General R. Latham to Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, dated May 8th, and Major Boykin to General Lee, May 10, 1861. Whilst one of my first companies was rendezvoused at Fetterman, about a mile north of Grafton, on the night of May 22d it was attacked by a Union party from Grafton, and in an affair of the pickets Bailey Brown of the Union party was killed. This was on the 22d of May. He was, perhaps, the first victim of the war in Virginia. And yet the Richmond authorities would not believe the fact that from two-thirds to three-fourths of the population of the

counties along the line of the railroad from Grafton to Parkersburg, and north of that road to Wheeling, were loyal to the government of the United States. They would believe that a large number of volunteers for the Southern cause could be raised in that section—northwest Virginia—a force perhaps sufficient for its defence at that time. At all events, it was not a part of their programme then to send troops from the eastern part of the State. This is proven by the following correspondence between Hon. G. W. Summers, member of the Virginia Convention, and Governor Letcher. (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume I, page 457.)

[Extract.]

KANAWHA COURTHOUSE, May 3, 1861.

JOHN LETCHER, *Governor of Virginia*:

MY DEAR SIR—

* * * * *

I doubt very much the expediency of sending any troops to the western border, at least for the present. The appearance of troops at Wheeling, Parkersburg, Point Pleasant, or other places on the Ohio river, would serve to irritate and invite aggression. You could not send enough to do much good, if they choose to invade from the other side. They can concentrate on Wheeling fifty thousand men from the other side in twenty four hours, by the various railroads leading to that point; so at Parkersburg, but in less numbers. The Ohio river is fordable in the summer and fall at many points, and the whole river, from Sandy to the end of Hancock, is easily crossed.

* * * * *

Your obedient servant,

GEO. W. SUMMERS.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, May 10, 1861.

My Dear Sir,—Your favor of the 3d has been received. * * *
Arms have been sent to the volunteer companies, but no troops have been, or will be, sent from this part of the State. * * * * *

I remain, respectfully yours,

JOHN LETCHER.

To Hon. G. W. SUMMERS.

I had been in Grafton and vicinity but a few days before I ascertained the real condition of the country, and informed General Lee of the same by letter and by verbal messages. The authorities were as fully informed as I could inform them of my situation and the condition of the country around me. I had then at Grafton about seven hundred and fifty men. I knew that I could get but little if any additional force. I was informed that no aid could be expected from Harpers Ferry. My command was deficiently supplied in every respect. There had been sent me a few boxes of flint-lock rifles and some old muskets from the arsenal at Lexington, two kegs of powder and some lead; that was all. A considerable United States force had already collected at Wheeling, and several thousand at other points on the other side of the Ohio river, which could be thrown on my position at Grafton in a few hours at any time. Grafton was untenable by the force I had, or any I could expect. To remain there was to await the certain capture of my command. I, therefore, determined to leave Grafton. I ordered the destruction of the wooden bridges on the railroads leading from my position to Wheeling and Parkersburg, and withdrew my command to Philippi, in Barbour county.

On the evening before I left Grafton, I received an order from Governor Letcher to seize a train of cars and go to Wheeling and capture the arms, which the United States Secretary of War had sent to that city. Just before the receipt of this order, the officer directed to destroy the bridges between Grafton and Wheeling (three), Colonel Willey, had gone on a train to execute my order, and was then in the act of doing so. We were thus cut off from Wheeling, and it was too late to comply with the Governor's order. I never explained to the Governor why his order was not attempted to be carried into effect.

Up to this time I had not been ordered to break the railroad. General Lee says (page 802, Official Records): "It is not intended to interfere with the peaceful use of the road," etc., etc. General Johnston states (*Johnston's Narrative*), page 28), in regard to seizing some of the rolling-stock of this road for use of the South: "It would have been criminal as well as impolitic on our part to commit such an act of war against citizens of Maryland, when we were receiving aid from the State then and hoping for its accession to the Confederacy." General Lee writes to General J. E. Johnston, June 7, 1861: "The evacuation of the latter (Harpers Ferry) would interrupt our communication with Maryland and injure our cause in that State."

These extracts prove that the Confederacy hoped to hold the Baltimore & Ohio road at that early period, hence the delay in ordering and preparing for its destruction in time to effect it thoroughly.

It was now charged that I had surrendered the road, and with it that part of the State to the United States troops. If my first orders had directed the destruction of the road, something might have been done, although I would not have had more than time to prepare for extensive damage to it. At the last moment, when I was about to leave Grafton, it was too late to effect much in the way of destruction. The Richmond government had delayed and evidently hesitated to order it to be done. The destruction of this road as a line of communication between the west and the east could have been effected only by the destruction of its tunnels in the mountains east of Grafton, and this would have required force, time, machinery for boring, and an ample supply of blasting material. It would have been necessary to have prepared for this work long before the propriety of it was decided upon at Richmond. As it was, I was not ordered to destroy it until it was too late, and it was not until I had left Grafton and the road was occupied by United States troops, that I received the order specially to destroy the Cheat bridge. (See order of Council accompanying, dated June 1st, received June 5th.) Immediately upon my arrival at Philippi, May 28th, I sent a company, in command of one of my best officers, Lieutenant Chenoweth, to destroy this bridge, the Cheat, a strong iron bridge, but they failed to accomplish it. This was several days before I received the order to do so from Richmond. It seemed to be thought that I had only to apply the match to bridges and tunnels already mined and blow them up. The labor and material for such work were left out of view. The destruction of this road, however, west of Grafton, between that town and the Ohio river, whether done by myself or my successor, General Garnett, would have been labor thrown away. It could and would have been replaced in as little time as it took to destroy it. The war taught that later on. And even if the road through this part of the State could have been thoroughly destroyed, it would not have prevented the occupation of this part of the country by Federal troops. Without any railroad, its proximity to Ohio would have insured its invasion by any United States force required to hold it. Just across the Ohio river was a vast extent of densely populated territory, all loyal to the Union and connected by a network of railroads, from which an army could be moved into that section at any time.

I had left Grafton but a day or so before that place was occupied by several thousand United States troops, and in about a week after my arrival at Philippi my command there was surprised at 4 A. M., June 3d.

General Morris reported to General McClellan, June 7th, the capture at this place of a large amount of "camp equipage, provisions, arms, wagons, horses and medical stores." I had no provisions, wagons, horses (except the cavalry not captured), nor medical stores. If these were captured they were taken from citizens and not from my command. One cavalry company had tents, and there were a few boxes of rusty flint-lock guns and two kegs of powder, that was all. General Morris also reports that we were pursued. This also is an error. He was not there. An officious report to General Lee appears in the "Records," signed M. G. Harman, Major, J. M. Heck, Colonel, and R. E. Cowan, Major. These parties, no doubt, felt that by finding fault with me they elevated themselves. Harman was a Quartermaster, knowing nothing of military movements. Heck was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and when he reported to me at Grafton asked to be sent to Richmond, in which I gratified him, and where he remained until General Garnett's army was sent out. Cowan was nothing of a soldier. They all chimed in with the clamor against me, and gave it as wide circulation as they could. For all the reverses in this section heavy censure was cast upon me. If the authorities did not place it upon me, it seems they were willing that I should bear it. The more intelligent citizens, who knew the difficulties in my way, were not those to find fault. (See letter of Hon. Samuel Woods, then member of the Virginia Convention and now one of the judges of our court of appeals.) Under these circumstances I asked for a court of inquiry.

I retreated to Beverly, and the next day withdrew the infantry to Huttonsville, south of Beverly, leaving the cavalry to scout the roads across Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill. This was my position when relieved by General Garnett. I had no objection to being relieved. I filled the position I had because I had been ordered to do so. I would at the first have preferred it had been given to some one else.

The Confederate authorities had at last become aware of the real condition of affairs in northwestern Virginia, and now sent General Garnett, with about five thousand of the best troops about Richmond, infantry, artillery and cavalry, equipped in every respect, and a number of experienced officers to assist him. Among them were Corley,

DeLagnel, Pegram, Williams and Jackson, all of whom had lately resigned from the United States army.

He stationed the First Georgia, Colonel Ramsay, at Laurel Hill; Twenty-third Virginia, Colonel Taliaferro, at Laurel Hill; Twenty-seventh Virginia, Colonel Fulkerson, at Laurel Hill; Thirty-first Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, at Laurel Hill; Lieutenant-Colonel Hansborough's battalion at Laurel Hill; six pieces of artillery at Laurel Hill; Twentieth Virginia regiment, Colonel Pegram, at Rich Mountain; Twenty-fifth Virginia regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Heck, Rich Mountain; four pieces of artillery, Rich Mountain; Forty-fourth Virginia regiment on east side of Rich Mountain.

He had also the following cavalry companies: Captain Richard's Bath cavalry; Captain Sterritt's, Churchville; Captain Moorman's, Greenbrier; Captain McChesney's, Rockbridge; Captain Flournoy's, Ashland; Captain Smith's, Ashland.

Colonel Edward Johnson's Twelfth Georgia and Colonel Stephen Lee's North Carolina were on the march to join him. Garnett had been, as I believe, influenced by the clamor against me, and instead of assigning me to the command of my regiment gave me the unimportant post of Beverley.

June 25th, he wrote: "I regard these two passes (Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill, at the western bases of which he had placed his force) as the gates to the northwestern territory." Laurel Hill was not a strong position. The hill could be crossed anywhere by infantry, and any position on the road across it could be turned with the greatest ease. Rich Mountain was a strong position, more difficult to turn; yet it was possible to turn it, and it was turned. The strongest point on each of these mountains was the top. General Garnett also writes: "This force I consider more than sufficient to hold these two passes, but not enough to hold the railroad."

He writes, July 6th: "I do not think the enemy, notwithstanding his superiority of numbers, will attempt to attack my position * * for the simple reason that he holds as much of the northwestern territory as he wants, * * * * * he could have possessed himself of more of the country after Colonel Porterfield's retreat, if he had desired it."

These extracts show how utterly in the dark General Garnett was, and the extent to which he was deceived. I wrote, June 11th: "It is their intention to occupy the western part of this State to the Alleghanies, and if possible to the Blue Ridge."

General Lee, to put him, Garnett, on his guard, at once replied,

July 11th: "I do not think it probable that the enemy will confine himself to that portion of the northwestern country which he now holds," and adds in substance, "but will drive you back if he can." The positions which General Garnett had selected and thought so strong were the main cause of his defeat. From the time he occupied these passes until the day of his defeat, July 11th, his constant belief was that the enemy could not gain his rear by way of Rich Mountain; that Pegram could at least hold his position in case of attack until he (Garnett) could reinforce him. At last, July 11th, Rosecrans struck at the vital point, and Garnett's whole army was defeated. By defeating three hundred and fifty men on the Rich Mountain, McClellan defeated Garnett's entire army of five thousand, and that so badly that his retreat became a rout. (I understand now that Rosecrans is entitled to this success) McClellan's army could have gone to Staunton if he had at once followed on, and the enemy could now, after Garnett's retreat, have possessed himself of the whole northwestern country. General Garnett was so stunned by this unexpected result, that instead of retreating through Beverley to the top of Cheat Mountain, which he could easily have done, for he did not reach Beverley until 2 P. M. next day, he took a narrow and circuitous by-road through the mountains, which brought disaster to his army and death to himself. The Cheat Mountain pass, the strongest in that country, was thus lost to the Confederates.

The statement, page 254 (No. 20), signed J. M. Heck, Lieutenant-Colonel, etc., is a misstatement from beginning to end. The reports of Pegram and Tyler are true in all respects, so far as my knowledge goes.

The greater part of my regiment proper, the Twenty-fifth, was surrendered by Pegram at Rich Mountain.

I afterwards served upon the staff of General Loring,* accompa-

* The following extract from a letter from General Loring may be given as a memorial of the last days of this gallant officer, if for naught else:

NEW YORK, 11th May, 1886.

Colonel GEORGE A. PORTERFIELD:

Dear Colonel—I am pleased at the receipt of your letter, and have read it with a great deal of pleasure. No one knew better than I did how much wrong they did you. I am so very young that I look to the future with the same bright anticipations I did at sixteen. Time at last puts all things right.

* * * * *

Truly your friend,

W. W. LORING.

nied him in Lee's movement against Cheat Mountain, also against Rosecrans on the Big Sewell Mountain.

As heretofore stated, my regiment having the greater part of it been surrendered by Colonel Pegram, General Loring now recommended to the Secretary of War the formation of a regiment out of certain fragments and odd companies, then under General Edward Johnson on Alleghany Mountain, for my command. This, it seems, required the sanction of the State authority (the Governor), which was not given. This refusal, of course, was mortifying to me, as I wanted the command of a regiment.

I now accompanied Loring's army to Winchester, in the latter part of December, 1861, where his (Loring's) force was united with that of Jackson. On the 1st of January, 1862, this united force moved towards Hancock, Maryland, on what Jackson intended to be the beginning of a winter campaign. When near Bath, in Morgan county, Maryland, we came upon the enemy's pickets, and there was a halt. During this delay Jackson and Loring met, and some unpleasant words passed between them. Loring complained that if Jackson should be killed he (Loring) would find himself in command of an army of the object of whose movements he knew nothing. Jackson asked me to move forward a regiment which had halted on the side of a mountain near us. When I returned, Jackson asked me to join his staff, which I declined to do, because I liked Loring and did not wish to leave him.

The weather becoming intensely cold, the army fell back, Jackson returning to Winchester and Loring being sent to Romney, in Hampshire county. Here Loring protested to the War Department against being kept. The Secretary sent him an order direct (not through Jackson) to fall back to Winchester. This offended Jackson, who sent on his resignation, which was not accepted. Loring's command was then sent elsewhere, he himself to Mississippi. I then reported to General Edward Johnson, whose command was about fifteen miles west of Staunton. General Johnson assigned me to the command of a brigade, composed of the remnant of the Twenty-fifth Virginia, Thirty first Virginia, Twelfth Georgia, Hansboro's battalion, and a battery of artillery. I remained in this position until the reorganization of the regiments by elections about the 1st of May, 1862. Not being elected by what remained of my regiment, on account of the schemes of others for my position, and feeling that it was not the proper way to deprive me of my command and commission, and that I had not been fairly treated from the beginning, I concluded to abide

by this result and remain out of the service, which I did. General Edward Johnson, without solicitation from me, gave me a letter to the Secretary of War, recommending my promotion to the rank of brigadier-general. This letter has, unfortunately, been lost.

List of Names of Officers of the Signal Corps, Confederate States Army.

[Created by act of Congress April 19, 1862, and amended by subsequent acts, and organized under General Orders No. 40, A. & I. G. O., Richmond, May 29, 1862.]

Memorandum of names of officers of the Signal Corps of the Confederate States Provisional army, appointed under the act of the Confederate Congress May 29, 1862, providing for the appointment of ten captains and ten sergeants.

Captains.

1. R. H. T. Adams, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 23, 1863.
2. James H. Alexander, S. O., A. & I. G. O., July 7, 1862.
3. William N. Barker, S. O., A. & I. G. O., March 30, 1864.
4. Thomas H. Clagett, S. O., A. & I. G. O., April 13, 1864.
5. M. T. Davidson, S. O., A. & I. G. O., June 9, 1862.
6. Elcan Jones, S. O., A. & I. G. O., February 3, 1864.
7. J. H. Manning, S. O., A. & I. G. O., June 10, 1862.
8. William Norris (promoted major and chief), S. O., A. & I. G. O., July 31, 1862.
9. M. L. Randolph, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 12, 1862.
10. R. E. Wilbourne, S. O., A. & I. G. O., July 31, 1862.

Sergeants.

(Appointed under acts of May 29 and September 27, 1862.).

1. J. Bankhead, S. O., A. & I. G. O., May 20, 1863.
2. P. D. Bester, S. O., A. & I. G. O., April 23, 1863.
3. P. A. H. Brown, S. O., A. & I. G. O., September 9, 1864.
4. Mason M. Burrows, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 12, 1862.
5. E. S. Gregory, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 23, 1863.
6. Joseph K. Irving, S. O., A. & I. G. O., October 28, 1862.
7. A. W. Pearce, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 21, 1862.

8. Junius L. Powell, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 12, 1862.
9. J. B. Smith, S. O., A. & I. G. O., July 4, 1863.
10. H. A. Tutwiler, S. O., A. & I. G. O., April 16, 1863.
11. N. J. Watkins, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 12, 1862.

Memorandum of officers of the Signal Corps of the Confederate States Provisional army, appointed under act of the Confederate Congress of September 27, 1862, providing for the appointment of one major, ten first and ten second lieutenants, and twenty additional sergeants:

Major.

William Norris, S. O., A. & I. G. O., October 24, 1862.

First Lieutenants.

1. Edmund Burke, S. O., A. & I. G. O., June 19, 1863.
2. James Carey (acting chief of corps), S. O., A. & I. G. O., July 4, 1863.
3. H. C. Lindsay (resigned), S. O., A. & I. G. O., June 22, 1863.
4. A. L. Lindsay, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 12, 1862.
5. C. G. Memminger, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 29, 1862.
6. W. N. Mercer Otey, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 12, 1862.
7. William C. Schley, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 24, 1862.
8. A. J. Stedman, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 29, 1862.

Second Lieutenants.

1. John Bellinger, S. O., A. & I. G. O., April 16, 1863.
2. Charles H. Cawood, S. O., A. & I. G. O., June 27, 1863.
3. James L. Crittenden, S. O., A. & I. G. O., June 26, 1863.
4. J. L. Doggett, S. O., A. & I. G. O., March 9, 1863.
5. Eli Duvall, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 24, 1862.
6. George E. Harrison, S. O., A. & I. G. O., May 20, 1863.
7. Frank Markoe, Jr., S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 12, 1862.
8. E. T. Ruffin, S. O., A. & I. G. O., November 12, 1862.
9. George E. Tabb, S. O., A. & I. G. O., May 20, 1863.

Memorandum of names of officers of the Independent Signal Corps:

Lieutenant R. A. Forbes, second Company (see S. O., A. & I. G. O., July 25, 1863).

The Signal Corps in the Confederate States Army.

"Though communicating by signal and in cipher is as old as the time of Polybius, its application to military correspondence and messages on the field of battle had been so little systematized and developed when you were put in charge of the Confederate Signal Corps, that the art might, for practical purposes, be regarded as a new one. By judicious arrangement and administration it attained a high efficiency, and to you largely belongs the credit for that result."—*Letter of Jefferson Davis to Colonel Wm. Norris.*

The beginnings of the Signal Service in the Confederate army were about simultaneous in the Peninsular command of General John B. Magruder and in the Army of Northern Virginia under General Beauregard. Captain Norris, a member of General Magruder's staff—a gentleman of scientific education and of some nautical experience—called the attention of the General to the advantages to be derived from a system of signals connecting his outposts and his headquarters with Norfolk. Magruder forthwith gave Captain Norris the necessary authority to establish the service, and appointed him Signal Officer to the command.

The signals used by Captain Norris were similar to the marine signals in use by all maritime nations. Poles were erected on which were displayed flags and balls, the combinations of which indicated various phrases, such as were conceived to be most in demand to express the exigencies likely to arise.

Captain Norris (hereinafter to be spoken of as Colonel* William Norris, Chief of the Signal Corps, Confederate States army,) caused to be made copper stencils, from which colored plates of the combinations were made, and upon the same page of the book which contained the plates were written the meanings of the combinations. The plates were colored by Miss Belle Harrison, of "Brandon," and Miss Jennie Ritchie, of Richmond. The system was from time to time improved by Colonel Norris, and this was one of the beginnings of the signal service in the Confederate States army.

The other was at Beauregard's headquarters at Manassas Junction at about the same time—in the summer of 1861. Captain (afterwards General) E. P. Alexander, attached to the staff of General Beaure-

* His rank in the Confederate States army appears never to have been higher than that of Major.—EDITOR.

gard, was one of the officers who had been detailed by the Secretary of War (United States) to test and report upon the signal system of Dr. (Brigadier-General) Myer, and was consequently completely master of the system. He organized it efficiently, and thoroughly instructed a number of men selected from the ranks for their intelligence and good character. Most of these men afterwards became commissioned officers in the Signal Corps.

The service was in full operation at the time of the first conflict at Bull Run, and the third shot from Ayres' battery in front of Stone Bridge went through one of Alexander's signal tents, in front of which the flags were being actively plied.

General Alexander, in reply to a letter asking for information respecting the services rendered by the signal men under his direction, writes as follows: "Perhaps the most important service rendered by the Signal Department in the first year of the war was at the battle of Bull Run, and was in a great measure accidental. Very early in the morning of the 21st, I was on the hill by Wilcox's House, in rear of our right, and watching the flag of our station at the Stone Bridge, when, in the distant edge of the field of view of my glass, a gleam caught my eye. It was the reflection of the sun (which was low in the east behind me) from a polished brass field-piece, one of Ayres' battery, and observing attentively, I discovered McDowell's columns in the open fields, north of Sudley's Ford, crossing Bull Run and turning our left flank, fully eight miles away, I think,—but you can look at the map—from where I was. I signalled Evans at once, 'Look out for your left, your position is turned.' Just as he got my message his pickets made their first report to him of cavalry driving them from Sudley's Ford. At the same time I sent a message of what I had seen to Johnston and Beauregard, who were at Mitchell's Ford, on receipt of which (see Johnston's report) Bee, Hampton and Stonewall Jackson were all hurried in that direction, and the history of the battle tells how they successfully delayed McDowell's progress, till finally the tide was turned by troops arriving in the afternoon.

"The rocket incident referred to I had almost forgotten. It was only that one night, on reports, that rockets were seen in the enemy's lines by our stations, that they were ordered by General Beauregard to send up rockets themselves. It was done simultaneously at many distant points, and in such a manner as to appear to indicate some important and general movement; and from what appeared afterwards in Northern papers, it seemed that McClellan had something on foot

which was disconcerted by it, he believing that his plans had been betrayed.

"The Munson's Hill and Washington telegraph was never actually worked, because General Johnston withdrew from the advanced and dangerous position at Munson's Hill Fort before the day fixed for it to open. Bryan was in Washington city, and was selecting a suitable room to rent, not on Pennsylvania Avenue, but in an elevated part of the city, from which Munson's Hill could be seen. He was to take the bearing of the hill by compass from his window, and communicate it to us by an agreed-upon advertisement in a daily paper, which we received regularly. This would give us the bearing on which to turn our powerful telescope, loaned for the purpose by a Charleston gentleman, and in position on Munson's Hill. Then we would identify his window by finding a coffee pot in it, and by motions of the coffee-pot, and opening and shutting the blinds, etc., he would send his messages, and we would reply, if necessary, by a large flag and by firing guns."

"Bryan," was Captain Pliny Bryan, an ex-member of the Maryland Legislature, who, on the commencement of hostilities, had volunteered in the Maryland Line, so-called, composed of Maryland volunteers in the service of Virginia, and afterwards turned over to the Confederate States. He was detailed for the Signal Service, and went to Washington, accredited to the secret friends of the Confederate States there, and with instructions that may be inferred from General Alexander's letter.

In February, 1862, General Beauregard took command of the Army of the Mississippi, and assigned to duty as Chief Signal Officer Captain E. H. Cummins, of the Engineer Corps, Confederate States army. This officer advertised for spy-glasses, as there were none to be had by purchase in the department, and repairing to Madrid Bend (then occupied by Major-General J. P. McCown with his forces) with a small squad of men, who had been selected and instructed by Captain E. P. Alexander, and a very poor outfit, set up the necessary stations to establish communication between the batteries and intrenchments at New Madrid, Tiptonville, and Island No. 10.

The extracts following, from official sources, show that, though under manifold disadvantages, the signal men gave a good account of themselves in the first struggle for the possession of the Mississippi river.

In his report of the attack upon Battery No. 1, by Commodore Foote's fleet, and attempt to destroy it by an overwhelming superi-

ority of fire, March 17th, 1862, Brigadier-General Trudeau, commanding the Confederate States artillery, says:

"At 9 P. M. Captain Cummins, of the Signal Service, went to Battery No. 1 and established there a signal station, which proved of great service during the various engagements."

Further on in his report, the General says: "Besides the officers already mentioned, who were conspicuous for their bravery and coolness under a galling fire, I will mention Signal Officers E. Jones and S. Rose, who never left their posts one minute. While shot and shell were tearing everything to pieces, Signal Officer E. Jones had his flag-staff shot from his hands; he coolly picked up the flag and continued to communicate his message."

Captain (afterwards General) Ed. Rucker, commanding the battery, says: "E. Jones and Samuel Rose, of the Signal Corps, were engaged with me the whole day in defence of the redan, and bore themselves with great coolness and gallantry. Signal Officer Jones having the staff of his flag shot away thrice during the engagement, seized the flag in his hand, without looking around to listen to exclamations, and continued his important message to headquarters."

The flag was probably knocked out of Mr. Jones' hands by the mud, tons of which flew in the air every time the heavy projectiles from the fleet struck the parapet. Captain Rucker says: "Many shot and shell fell immediately in rear of our guns, while others passed through the parapet, ploughing up the earth and destroying much of the work." This explanation is suggested because, while it eliminates the marvellous element from the story, it detracts nothing from the credit due Mr. Jones for his gallant conduct. It may seem presumptuous to question the literal truth of reports penned upon the spot by superior officers, and which, by lapse of years, have passed into the domain of history, but it should be remembered that official reports, written immediately after a lively action, are worded under excitement, which has not had time to cool, and in great part upon reports of others, for nobody is able at such times to see everything; besides which, the writer of these reflections was himself an eye-witness of the incidents related, through a spy-glass at a safe distance, and held in his hands, after the fight, the identical flag-staff which is said to have been thrice shot away and which was undamaged.

Two more brief extracts are quoted to show that the service of the Signal Corps was not those of carpet knights. Colonel Brown, of the Fifty-fifth Tennessee volunteers, writes: "The enemy's heavy shot and shell poured an almost incessant volume upon our meagre

earthwork, riddling the parapet in front of our guns, ploughing up the earth in every direction and tearing down immense trees in a manner baffling description. The scene was the most terrific conceivable."

General Trudeau also says: "It," the redan fort, "presented the most appalling picture of ruin and desolation. The parapet was plowed up in every direction and torn to pieces. Trees were hacked down and torn to shreds by the heavy shells and the rifled cannon."

The signal men at Battery No. 1 had no protection whatever—not even that of the parapet behind which the gunners squatted when not firing—for their position was in rear of the guns, where fell, as Captain Rucker says, "many shot and shell."

Upon the capture of New Madrid and Island No. 10 by Admiral Foote and General Pope, the signal party escaped across Reelfoot lake, taking French leave of the commanding generals and paddling across on a raft of their own construction. They repaired at once, of their own motion and without orders, to Corinth, Mississippi, then headquarters of the army, and reported for duty. The signal officer is merely mentioned by General Beauregard in his report of the fight at Shiloh Chapel (or Pittsburg landing) as doing active staff duty. After the battle, seventeen men were detailed to be instructed for duty in the Signal Corps; but as glasses were scarce, and all the country between Corinth and the Tennessee river was heavily wooded, the men were mounted and served chiefly as scouts and couriers while their instruction was going on and until sent elsewhere.

Among those detailed at this time was Carlo Patti, a private of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee infantry—Colonel Smith. He quickly learned his duties and was zealous in their performance. When not employed with his flags and spy-glass, he was incessantly playing his violin. He was once sent as lance sergeant in charge of a squad of prisoners to Mobile, and it was amusing to see the care and watchfulness he displayed in authority. It would have broken his heart had one of his prisoners escaped. To finish with Carlo: He remained with the signal corps until captured off Havanna in a blockade runner in 1864. He was bound for the Rio Grande to join General Slaughter *via* Havanna and Mexico, but after his capture never returned to the Confederate States. Peace to his ashes; he was not a bad sort of a fellow.

On falling back from Corinth, the signal men being sufficiently instructed to go on duty were dispersed to several points in the command. Clagett with one party going to Mobile, Davidson with

another to Vicksburg, and Elcan Jones with another to Kirby Smith across the river. These were three good men meriting the promotion they afterwards got. All of them became captains in the Signal Corps, and Elcan Jones, the hero of Battery No. 1, was, at the end of the war, Chief Signal Officer to General Joseph E. Johnston.

Although, as has been shown, the Signal Service was in active and useful operation on several theatres of war—in the East in 1861, and early in 1862 in the West—it was not until April 19th, 1862, that the act was approved organizing the Signal Corps as a distinct branch of the Confederate army, and the Secretary of War was authorized to establish it as a separate corps or to attach it to the Adjutant and Inspector's Department or to the Engineer Corps. The Secretary decided to attach it to the Adjutant and Inspector-General's Department, and May 29th, 1862, was issued General Orders No. 40, A. & I. G. O., creating the Signal Bureau, with Major Wm. Norris, of General Magruder's staff, as the head of it. No uniform was prescribed for the Signal Corps. The officers wore the uniform of the general staff of the same grade, and the detailed men wore that of the arm of the service to which they belonged, and on the rolls of which they were borne as detailed men. The Signal Corps, as organized, consisted of one Major Commanding, ten Captains, ten first and ten second-class Lieutenants and twenty Sergeants—there were no privates, as men were detailed from the line of the army whenever wanted, and when their services were no longer required they returned to their respective commands.

The detailed men in all the various branches of the service numbered about fifteen hundred, and it was a remarkable fact, that while these men were often employed in independent service, and were in possession of important secrets, not one of them ever deserted or betrayed his trust. All the detailed men were instructed in the cipher system, and entrusted with the key-word. They were also instructed in the use of the electric telegraph. When occasion required, they became dauntless messengers and agents, going into the enemy's lines and cities, or to lands beyond the sea; communicating with agents and secret friends of the Confederate Government and people; ordering supplies and conveying them to their destination; running the blockade by land and sea; making nightly voyages in bays and rivers; threading the enemy's cordon of pickets and gunboats; following blind trails through swamps and forest, and as much experts with oar and sail, on deck and in the saddle, and with rifle and revolver, as with flags, torches, telegraph, and secret cipher.

What were the duties at headquarters in the Adjutant-General's Department at Richmond, is best defined in a letter of Colonel Norris' in answer to an officer, representing the Adjutant-General, asking the question. They were, first: Management of the entire Signal Corps and cipher system of the Confederate States army—therein is included also (a) manufacture and collection of all signal apparatus and stores; (b) manufacture, collection, and distribution of all cipher apparatus—second, management and supplying secret lines of communication on the Potomac; third, translation of cipher messages received or sent by the War Department, heads of bureaus, or officers of the army.

The duties of officers and employees on the Potomac are defined as follows: First, to afford transportation from and to Baltimore or Washington for all scouts, agents, etc., who shall present orders for the same from the War Department, heads of bureaus, and generals commanding armies, approved by Chief of Signal Corps; second, to observe and report all movements of the enemy on the Potomac river; third, to secure for Executive Department files of latest Northern papers; fourth, to obtain for heads of bureaus small packages, books, etc.; fifth, to forward letters from War or State Departments to agents, commissioners, etc., in foreign countries.

In regard to sources of information and out of what fund paid for, Colonel Norris says: "Accredited agents constantly in New York, Baltimore, and Washington. These agents are gentlemen of high social position, who, without compensation, have voluntarily devoted their time and energies to this work. Among them I mention in confidence the name of the Hon. ——. There is no secret service fund beyond the mere pay, rations, and clothing of the officers and detailed men engaged in them. These lines have never cost the Government one farthing since I assumed command.

"When secret information is received, it is transmitted to the Secretary of War, to General Bragg, and the general whose army or department is supposed to be immediately affected thereby; when it comes, as is generally the case, under cover, sealed and directed to a particular general, it is forwarded accordingly. We receive information regularly from the United States on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. For prudential reasons no record of such communications is kept in this office, except in cipher."

To the question, "Do the agents of the Signal Office obtain their information personally or from friendly parties?" Colonel Norris says: "Two of our agents acquire their information from personal

observations, the others from friendly parties within the lines." To the question, "What are the means of testing the credibility of friendly persons living in the enemy's country?" it is answered: "These agents were selected with great care and with an eye to their intelligence and devotion and energy. Actual experience alone, however, must prove their credibility."

"From the first of April to the last of September," continues Colonel Norris on another head, "we placed files of Baltimore papers, published one morning, in the hands of the President next evening. New York papers, of course, a day later."

Colonel Norris gives the history of the secret service branch of the Signal Corps in the following words: "In the fall of 1862 the necessity of having points on the Potomac river, at which Government agents and army scouts might promptly and without delay cross to and from the United States, was so seriously appreciated that the Secretary of War suggested the propriety of establishing one or more camps in King George and Westmoreland counties, with an especial eye to such transportation. The idea was immediately acted upon. In a short time the additional duties were assigned to these stations—first, of observing and reporting all movements of troops, etc., on the Potomac; second, securing complete files of Northern papers for Executive Department; third, upon requisition from heads of bureaus to obtain from the United States small packages, books, etc. Here our duties, strictly speaking, ended. But as we were forced, in order to perform the other duties, to establish a line of agents from the Potomac to Washington, it was determined, as far as possible, to institute a regular system of espionage. The Government having failed, however, to place at our disposal the necessary means to carry into execution this design, we have been forced to rely almost entirely upon the energy and zeal of a few devoted gentlemen of Maryland for such indications of the enemy's movements as they have been able to acquire from mingling in official circles about Washington, Baltimore, and New York."

It was the duty of Colonel Norris to wait on Mr. Davis every morning with the cipher dispatches from the generals of armies and department commanders. The burden of these dispatches was, towards the close, calamitous and importunate—reinforcements and supplies were everywhere demanded. All looked to Mr. Davis for relief and support. It was the cry of the king to the prophet: "My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" Colonel Norris bears testimony to the unruffled serenity of his chief

through all these trying hours—not an impatient or despondent word ever escaped him. If Mr. Davis ever knew when he was whipped he never let anyone else know that he knew it.

The secret cipher used by the Confederate States War Department was that known as the court cipher, and has been much used in diplomatic service. A key-word or phrase is agreed upon by the parties who intend to communicate in cipher. The message is written under the key. Suppose, for example, the key to be "In God we trust"; and the message, "Longstreet is marching on Fisher's Hill." It will be written thus:

In God we trust in God we trust in God we tr
Long street is march ing on Fisher s Hill

The alphabet is written out in a square, thus:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A
C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B
D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C
E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D
F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E
G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F
H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K
M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N
P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O
Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P
R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S
U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U
W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V
X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W
Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X
Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y

The first letter in the key is "I," and the letter under it is "L." Take "I" in the top horizontal column and run down the "I" vertical column until it intersects the "L" horizontal column. The letter at the intersection is "T." This is substituted in the message for "L" in Longstreet. The other letters are converted in the same way, and the message will read thus:

T b t u r p v x n a l u n x g k l r z f h x b a u k f v d m e c

Sometimes the small words were run into the contiguous large ones, and sometimes no division into words is made, as in the above example. The last is the best plan. If the words are separated, or if a part of the message is written in plain language, a chance is

given to guess at some of the words, of which an expert is not slow to avail himself. How important it is not to give such a clue will be seen hereafter.

To decipher the message, the key was written over it, and the process by which it was put into cipher reversed. To facilitate reading the cipher messages, Captain Wm. N. Barker, of the Signal Corps, invented a simple but convenient apparatus. The alphabetical square was pasted on a cylinder and revolved under a bar, on which was a sliding pointer. Under the pointer and along the bar was pasted the alphabet in a horizontal line. The pointer was brought to the letter in the key on the bar, and the letter in the word to be converted was rolled up under the bar and the pointer rested on the required substitute letter. A model of the Confederate apparatus is preserved among the Confederate records in the War Department at Washington.

The Confederate authorities were sometimes so careless or unskillful in "putting up" their cipher dispatches that some important ones, which fell into the hands of the enemy, were deciphered without much trouble. One from General Beauregard, just after the battle at Shiloh Chapel, giving the number and condition of his forces at Corinth, was put up by merely putting the last half of the alphabet first; that is, substituting "M" for "A," "N" for "B," "O" for "C," etc. This dispatch fell into the hands of the enemy, and first reached Richmond in a "Yankee" newspaper translated.

A message from Mr. Davis, at Montgomery, to General E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, was partly in plain language and partly in cipher, in which is found the following: "By which you may effect o—t p g g e x y k—above that part —h j o p g k w m c t patrolled by the," etc., etc.

An expert of the United States Military Telegraph Corps guessed that that part of the dispatch was meant to read: "By which you may effect a crossing above that part of the river patrolled by the," etc., etc. The guess was right, and by applying it, the key-phrase was discovered to be "complete victory," and there was, of course, no trouble in reading what remained of the message in cipher. The author of the history of *The Military Telegraph in the Civil War* says this meaning occurred to him at first sight, and would have occurred to any one familiar with military affairs in that section.

The same writer makes the reflection: "It is a question if the Confederate cipher system was any more difficult to the uninitiated than one of the first examples of secret writing found in history. We

refer to the Spartan Scytale cipher. When the general of the army ventured into the enemy's country, or was cut off in his own, he communicated with the Spartan Ephors by the use of a staff called a Scytale, an exact duplicate of which was possessed by the Ephors. The party desiring to write, first wound a slip of parchment around the staff and then wrote his message lengthwise with the stick. After which, when it was unrolled, only unmeaning letters, wholly unconnected with one another, appeared, but the receiver rewound the ribbon on his Scytale, and all was plain."

The alphabet first used by the Confederate Signal Corps was a modification of that introduced by General Myer into the service of the United States. It became necessary to change it several times during the war, as from observation of messages sent in the field the United States signal men learned to read the Confederate messages, while the Confederates took the same liberty with the messages of the other side.

Early played a ruse on Sheridan in the Valley campaigns. Finding that Sheridan was reading his signals, he caused the following dispatch to be sent to himself by his signal flags:

"*Lieutenant-General* EARLY,

"*Fisher's Hill* :

"Be ready to advance on Sheridan as soon as my forces get up, and we can crush him before he finds out I have joined you.

"(Signed) J. LONGSTREET."

When this was communicated to Sheridan, as Early intended it to be, Sheridan telegraphed to Washington, and Halleck telegraphed to Grant. In time, the answer came to Sheridan that Longstreet was nowhere near Early. This telegram was long a puzzle to the Union general. When Early was asked about it after the war, he simply laughed.

The Signal Corps was nowhere more useful than where the defense and operations were conducted in a field in which water occupied a large place in the topography. Such were Charleston, South Carolina, and Mobile. The reports of Captain Frank Markoe, Signal Officer at Charleston, show that during the siege thousands of messages were sent from one post to another, and from outposts to headquarters, most of which could have been sent in no other way, and many were of great importance.

It is hoped that the length of the following extracts from Captain Markoe's reports will be excused by their interest :

"During the month (July, 1863,) my corps has been at work day and night. At Cummins Point (Battery Gregg) Lance Sergeant Edgerton and Privates Du Barry, Lance, Huger, Martin and Grimbball have gallantly worked their post with untiring zeal and ability, constantly under heavy fire of the enemy's fleet and land batteries. Fortunately, I have no casualties to report, although their station has suffered from the enemy's fire and is full of holes. As there was no other means of communication with Morris Island, their labors have been very heavy. They have sent over five hundred messages, and at least a third of them under fire. As they are completely exhausted, I have relieved them and sent the men from Sullivan's Island to Battery Gregg. I have read nearly every message the enemy has sent. Many of them of great importance. We were forewarned of their attack on the 18th, and were ready for them, with what success is already a part of history. The services rendered by the corps in this respect have been of the utmost importance. But I regret to state, that, by the carelessness of staff-officers at headquarters, it has leaked out that we have read the enemy's signals. I have ordered all my men to disclaim any knowledge of them whenever questioned. My men have also been actively employed in guiding the fire of our guns, and have thus rendered valuable service."

In his August report, Captain Markoe says: "At Fort Sumter, H. W. Rice was twice injured by bricks. At Battery Wagner, I. P. Moodie was shot in the thigh by a musket ball; J. D. Creswell was struck in the face by pieces of shell, and I received a slight flesh wound in the side by a piece of shell. These are all the casualties, I am glad to say. The work done has been very large, as the telegraph line has been constantly out of order for days at a time. We have continued to read the enemy's signals, and much valuable information has been obtained. I have temporarily changed the signals, as we intercepted a message from the enemy as follows: 'Send me a copy of Rebel Code immediately, if you have one in your possession.' I make the men, moreover, work out of sight as much as possible, and feel sure that they can make nothing out of our signals."

In his next (September) month's report, Captain Markoe continues: "Morris Island was evacuated by our forces on Sunday night, the 6th of September. I brought off my men and all the signal property on the Island. Lance Sergeant Lawrence and Privates Clark and Legare were stationed at Battery Gregg, and Privates Grimbball and

Hatch at Battery Wagner from the 1st of September to the day of evacuation. They were exposed to the heaviest fire that the enemy had ever put upon those works, and performed their duties with conspicuous gallantry. Often the enemy's shell, exploding on the fort, would completely envelop the men and flag with smoke and sand for a minute, but as it cleared away the flag would still be waving. I have to report Private Clark badly burned in the left hand, and Lance Sergeant Laurence struck on the right arm with a piece of shell. From the commencement of the attack on Morris Island to the day of the evacuation, my men have transmitted nearly one thousand messages on that Island. On the night of the 5th, the enemy made an attack on Battery Gregg, which failed, and was repulsed by the timely notice from Sullivan's Island Signal Station, which intercepted the following dispatch: 'To Admiral Dahlgren—I shall try Cummins Point to-night and want the sailors again early. Will you please send two or three monitors by dark to open fire on Fort Moultrie as a diversion. The last time they were in, they stopped reinforcements and may do so to-night. Don't want any fire in the rear. (Signed) General Gilmore.'

"The attack on Fort Sumter, on the night of the 8th, was foiled by a similar notice. The dispatch was: 'General Gilmore—The senior officer will take charge of the assaulting party on Fort Sumter, the whole to be under the command of an experienced naval officer.'

"During the attack on Sumter, Private Frank Huger was placed in charge of the fire-ball party on the parapet, numbering some thirty men, and assisted in giving the enemy a warm reception. Major Elliot, commanding the post, speaks highly of his conduct on that occasion. The enemy have been using a cipher in signalling, which has so far baffled our attempts to read their messages. They have not used it lately, however, and several important dispatches have been read."

Captain Markoe's rolls show the employment of seventy-six men, of which number he lost through casualties as large a per cent. as any command in the action. Twelve of his men did nothing but read the enemy's papers.

Mr. A. T. Leftwich, who was stationed in the cupola of the courthouse at Vicksburg, in 1863, contributes the following reminiscence:

"During the siege, a fifteen-inch mortar shell went through the top of the courthouse and exploded on the lower floor, where there were quartered some one hundred or so men. It seemed to me as if the whole earth had exploded, for I was in a room on the second floor—

and need scarcely say that the horrible sight of finding fourteen men scattered into fragments and a number of others wounded, was terrible to behold.

"You know, of course, that we emptied every cistern in the town and depended upon the muddy Mississippi water in the hot summer time to quench our thirst; that we ate bread of ground cow-peas, and depended for meat upon dead mules and rats."

An indispensable condition to the prolongation of the war was the running of the blockade of Southern ports by the swift cruisers built and fitted expressly for the purpose. Such were the profits of this business that the owners could well afford to lose vessel and cargo on her third trip if the two first were successful. No life could be more adventurous and exciting than that of a blockade-runner. The Signal Corps played its part here also. Every blockade-runner had its signal officer furnished with signalling apparatus and the key to the secret cipher. The coast was lined with stations for thirty or forty miles up and down on either side of the blockaded part. The blockade-runners came in close to shore at night-fall, and fitfully flashed a light, which was soon answered from the shore station. Advice was then given as to condition of things off the port, the station and movements of the hostile fleet, etc. If the word was "go in," the beacon lights were set and the blockade-runner boldly steamed over the bar and into the port. A naval officer was in charge of the office of orders and details at the several ports, whence proceeded all orders and assignments in relation to pilots and signal officers.

Captain Wilkinson, C. S. N., in his interesting *Narrative of a Blockade-Runner*, tells the following incident illustrative of the uses of a signal officer in this line of duty: "The range lights were showing and we crossed the bar without interference and without a suspicion of anything wrong, as would occasionally happen under particularly favorable circumstances that we would cross the bar without even seeing a blockader. We were under the guns of Fort Fisher, in fact, and close to the fleet of United States vessels, which had crossed the bar after the fall of the fort, when I directed my signal officer to communicate with the shore station. His signal was promptly answered, but turning to me, he said: 'No Confederate signal officer there, sir; he cannot reply to me.' The order to wear around was instantly obeyed; not a moment too soon, for the bow of the Chameleon was scarcely pointed for the bar before two of the light cruisers were plainly visible in pursuit, steaming with all speed to intercept us. Nothing saved us from capture but the twin screws,

which enabled our steamer to turn as upon a pivot in the narrow channel between the bar and the ribs. We reached the bar before our pursuers, and were soon lost in the darkness outside."

EDMUND H. CUMMINS.

McComb and Staff—Memorandum Furnished by Lieutenant Polk G. Johnson, Clarkesville, Tennessee.

McComb, William, Tennessee, Brigadier-General, December, 1864. Surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse April 8, 1865.

Allen, John, Tennessee, Captain and A. A. G. Wounded at Petersburg, Virginia, April 2, 1865. Served through the war. Surrendered at Appomattox.

Moore, William S., Tennessee, Captain and A. I. G. Served through the war.

McCulloch, R. E., Tennessee, First Lieutenant and A. D. C., February 23, 1865. Captured April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, Virginia. Served through the war. Released from prison after close of war.

Allensworth, A. J., Tennessee, Major and A. Q. M. Surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse April 9, 1865.

Hawkins, Dick, Tennessee, Major and A. Commissary. Surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse April 9, 1865.

The following officers acted on the staff during the war :

Johnson, Polk G., Tennessee, First Lieutenant and A. A. I. G., July 29, 1864. A. D. C. General Quarles' staff, Army of Tennessee. Assigned by Secretary of War to this staff, March, 1865. Wounded at Atlanta. Surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse.

Archer, James W., Virginia, Captain and Ordnance Officer. Surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse April 9, 1865.

Articles of Surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The following interesting document, which definitely determines all who were or were not included in the capitulation of General Robert E. Lee, is printed from the original, with the signatures of the commissioners, and was preserved by Colonel Osman Latrobe, of Baltimore,

Maryland, formerly of the staff of General James Longstreet, and presented by him to General Arthur Freemantle, of the British army, who, at the suggestion of Colonel Latrobe, recently presented it to the *Southern Historical Society* :

APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, VA.,

April 10th, 1865.

Agreement entered into this day in regard to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia to the United States authorities :

First. The troops shall march by brigades and detachments to a designated point, stack their arms, deposit their flags, sabres, pistols, etc., and from thence march to their homes under charge of their officers, superintended by their respective division and corps commanders, officers retaining their side-arms and the authorized number of private horses.

Second. All public horses and public property of all kinds to be turned over to staff-officers, designated by the United States authorities.

Third. Such transportation as may be agreed upon as necessary for the transportation of the private baggage of officers, will be allowed to accompany the officers, to be turned over at the end of the trip to the nearest United States quartermaster, receipts being taken for the same.

Fourth. Couriers and mounted men of the artillery and cavalry, whose horses are their own private property, will be allowed to retain them.

Fifth. The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia shall be construed to include all the forces operating with that army on the 8th instant, the date of the commencement of negotiations for surrender, except such bodies of cavalry as actually made their escape previous to the surrender; and except, also, such pieces of artillery as were more than twenty (20) miles from Appomattox Courthouse at the time of the surrender on the 9th instant.

JOHN GIBBON,
Major-Gen'l Vols.

CHARLES GRIFFIN,
Bvt. Maj.-Gen'l U. S. Vols.

W. MERRITT,
Bvt. Major-Gen'l.

J. LONGSTREET,
Lieutenant Gen'l.

J. B. GORDON,
Major-Gen'l.

W. N. PENDLETON,
Brig.-Gen'l and Ch. of Art'y.

Address of Rev. G. W. Beale at the Northern Neck Soldiers' Reunion,
November 11, 1884.

Comrades and Friends :

The motives which prompt a reunion of surviving Confederates are felt to be laudable and honorable, and the occasion awakens a sacred and melancholy pleasure. There is nothing of political significance or sectional aim in such an assemblage. It has no purpose or wish to rekindle the embers of discord, or to drag forth from the grave the dead issues of the past. The receding years have happily borne us far away from the era of angry recriminations. The snows of more than twenty winters have fallen with cooling effect upon the heated animosities of the war, and not one of us would seek to inflame them again. As innocent as are the gently fallen leaves of this autumn day to disturb the dreamless slumber of the men who fell in the great conflict, would we be to arouse by word or deed one of its slumbering passions.

We meet beneath this grove—consecrated to devotion and to God—for no unholy purpose. We come to this soldiers' reunion with no disloyal scheme and no unpatriotic sentiments. Our meeting is in the name of fraternity, of patriotism, and of peace. We are drawn hither by the ties of that manly friendship which was formed in the dark hours of trial, and indissolubly sealed in the red heat of suffering and danger. We come with the interests, the sympathies, and the stirring recollections, born of a mutual experience in the camp, on the march, and in the battle, to touch hearts together again, and with gratitude to God for our preservation, to answer once more to the roll-call before we go to answer to it in the great reunion before the bar of our Maker.

We meet to grasp once more in life and peace the hands we were wont to grasp amidst bloody scenes of strife, and in the clear sunlight of domestic quietude to look into the faces that we used to see bronzed with the exposure of the camp or begrimed with the smoke of battle. We bring together hearts that once rose and fell in mutual sympathy with the hopes and fears of a great common cause and danger, that they may beat responsively to that patriotic interest and manly friendship which bound us one to the other as with hooks of steel. We meet to commemorate our deeds of manhood on the arena of fiery trial, and to recall the names and recount the virtues of our fallen comrades, and, I trust, to pledge here, on this sacred spot, our

fidelity to both through every future change and circumstance, until our hearts shall become as cold as the clay that shall wrap them in the tomb.

We who, in the providence of God, have been spared to the present hour, as survivors of the war, are in a position to do much to vindicate the motives and to secure historic justice for the deeds of constancy and courage of the men of Virginia, who, on the side of the South, met that tremendous shock of arms. We have emerged from the era of deeply-excited prejudices and heated passions, when the actions of our people were so readily misrepresented and their motives impugned. The calmer feelings of the present day, and the cooler judgments of the people, are more favorable to the establishment and perpetuation of the truth as regards the motives and the achievements of men who toiled and struggled under the banners of the South.

In their calmer and more sober days, the facts are coming to light that will be accepted in future years as the honest verdicts of history, and the temper of the public mind, and the spirit of legislative assemblies, both State and national, make the present era specially favorable for the survivors of the struggle on either side to aid in securing for coming ages a faithful record of their names, their principles, and their deeds; as men who trod the fiery paths of danger in deference to what they honestly felt to be a patriotic duty.

As regards our cause in general, we feel no apprehension that history will not ultimately vindicate the integrity of its principles and aims. The disasters which befell it, and the early overthrow to which Providence and "overwhelming numbers and resources" consigned it, have cast a shadow over its history, and will, for a time, obscure its principles and the grounds of its being. There will exist honest differences of opinion as to the justness of its claims and the wisdom of its policy. Let this, however, be said of the Confederacy, that in the hour of its overthrow, its chief leaders pleaded in vain for a trial on the charge of treason. There was no tribunal to be found that would, by solemn judicial action, brand that stigma on their names. The names made most illustrious by association with the Southern cause have commanded the profoundest respect of the civilized world, and those who opposed them in battle have vied with others in doing homage to their private worth and public virtue. In the integrity and virtue of the men who upheld that cause as the pillars of its strength, and in the purity of the women who sustained it with their prayers and lamented it with their tears, let us behold the

innocency and truth of the cause we loved. Our Troy has fallen, but its virtue and its purity we may maintain, even as we reverence the piety of a lost mother.

"Ah! realm of tears, but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time;
No nation rose so white and fair
None fell so pure of crime."

With respect to the motives that actuated the men of Virginia, who flew to arms and battled for the cause of the South in the great civil struggle, it may be claimed that posterity is not likely to misjudge them. The names of these men will not be associated with any schemes of restless sedition, or with any designs of unrighteous political ambition, or any spirit of unholy, mercenary conquest. It was for no such purposes that they left their peaceful homes to brave the dangers of the fratricidal strife. Their sole aim was to protect their altars, their families, and their rights under the Constitution, from the perils of an armed invasion. They did not seek the conflict. They took up arms for no aggressive war. But, when the dark clouds were gathering and the storm threatened to burst upon the land, Virginia sought to act the part of mediator. She called for a congress of peace. Standing on the frontier, between the embittered sections, she pleaded, with one hand reaching northward and the other southward, that calm reason might prevail and pacific measures be adopted. But her pleadings were in vain. The heated passions of the sections could only be allayed in a baptism of blood.

It was only when Virginia was called to send her own sons for the invasion of the homes of their kindred of the South; only when armed regiments were gathering to traverse her domain on this mission, that she cast in her lot with the land of her kindred in blood, in sympathy, in interest, and in political conviction. Bound thus as she was to the South, it would have been no more natural for her to have joined in the bloody crusade against her, than for a mother to plunge the dagger into the heart of the child she loves.

Every man who went forth from our borders, armed for the conflict, felt that he went to defend his home, his family, his kindred, and the graves of his sires, from invasion and defamation. Above every consideration of constitutional construction and the paramount claim of the State to the allegiance of her sons, there was rooted in the hearts of our people the conviction that their families and their kindred were assailed with the mailed hand of war; that their institu-

tions and rights were threatened with armed overthrow; that all that they held most sacred in life was in danger of being trampled beneath the foot of military invasion. And, in the defence of these cherished objects, they sprung to arms with all the might they possessed. And now, after more than a score of years have passed, as we recall our motives and ponder over our aims in the clear, calm atmosphere of sober afterthought, now, with the larger part of our comrades, who shared our feelings, asleep in their graves beneath the soil on which we stand, and the great Searcher of Hearts looking down upon us, we may look the whole world in the face and declare that, in our sincerest convictions, men never went forth to battle with a clearer consciousness of the rectitude of their motives or a more assured confidence in the inherent righteousness of their actions.

With respect to the military leaders, whose standards we followed and whose orders we obeyed, we need cherish no misgivings as to the honorable station their names shall hold in future history. They indeed are among

"the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

In the brightness of a well-earned distinction, they have been sealed to an immortality of fame. With those of Wellington, of Marlborough, of Hampden and of Washington, the names of Lee and of Jackson will be forever honorably associated on the roll of the military worthies who have illustrated the public virtue and genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. And as future generations shall look back through the vista of American glory on the field, among the conspicuous forms that shall pass in view shall be those of our own gallant leaders. There, at the head of their dashing columns, shall float, as of yore, the plumes of Ashby and Stuart; and there shall be seen Pickett and Hill, with outstretched arms, pointing their lines onward to victory or to death.

As regards, also, the great conflicts of arms that illustrated the skill of our leaders and tried the valor of our troops, we need harbor no apprehensions that the muse of history will not in coming years accord to them adequate justice. It may, indeed, be said of the men who followed Lee and Jackson in these heroic struggles, that the light of their camp fires has cast its reflection, and the thunder of their guns sent its echoes, over the civilized world. Appreciative historians, using other languages than our own, have written for distant people the story of our marches, our sufferings, our endurance

and our victories. The genius of our commanders and the daring of our men have given to Manassas, Richmond, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg a prominence among the great battle-fields of the world, from which our struggling legions in their tattered garments of gray shall never fade from the admiring gaze of men.

The government at Washington, rejoicing in the returning harmony of the once alienated and contending sections, is with liberal care placing in permanent form the official records of our battles, and in her archives, along with the reports of the Federal commanders, is sacredly preserving those that tell of the movements, the numbers, the successes and the losses of the Confederate troops. My comrades, the embers of the old camp-fires were long ago extinguished; the rifle-pits, from which flew our death-dealing volleys, have been plowed over; the forts and frowning earth-works that trembled beneath the fire of our heavy guns are fast levelling down, and our comrades are one by one passing rapidly away. Ere long the last of these grim relics and the last survivor of the war will be gone. But the valor and constancy of our soldiers on the field, their rapid marches, their fierce onslaughts in battle, their unflinching firmness in the face of immense odds, their unurmured endurance of hardships and suffering—in a word, their splendid bearing under every circumstance that called for patriotic devotion and manly virtue—will live in the traditions and history of the nation as long as a heart survives to appreciate noble fortitude, or an eye to kindle at the recital of heroic courage.

Of the brave comrades who fell at our sides or were borne away from the field to die, it is happily true that, in most of the counties represented here to-day, their names have been sacredly gathered up and carved on granite or marble monuments, there to remain through coming years a touching illustration of fidelity to patriotic duty even unto death, and also of the loving commemoration of a grateful people. Fellow-survivors of the great struggle, on whose altar these fallen heroes poured out their blood, it behooves us to see that the name of no humble comrade, who went out from our counties and died for our cause, is left to dumb forgetfulness and cold oblivion. We owe it to their sacred and gallant memories that some permanent memorial shall, with mute impressiveness, tell their names and their patriotic services to those who are to come after us. Let these monumental shafts rear their graceful forms at every county seat, where fathers and sons shall gather in coming years and look upon them; and may the showers fall gently upon them and the winds of

Heaven fan them softly as they shall bear our dead comrades' names carved on their shining faces; and may the memory and virtues of these fallen ones be forever graven deeply on the hearts of the people!

Of those who justly claim our reverent regard in these reunion services, we must not omit our associates who, since their return to their homes and the pursuits of peace, have followed their fallen comrades into the shades of death. How many there are who answered to the last roll-call in the army, who cannot answer to it to-day because their lips are sealed in the grave! Many of these were as true and faithful as any men who ever buckled on the armour or withstood the deadly hail of battle. Among them I recall Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, Surgeon Gilliam, Major Ward, Major Deshields, Captain Betts, Captain Robinson, Captain Scates, Captain Wharton, and many a man of humbler rank, but no less patriotic, valiant and faithful than they. For them no polished shaft rears its form, enriched with their honored names; for them no tablet is carved to tell, in other years, that they served their country's cause. But let it be our pious care to gather up their cherished names and embalm them among the precious treasures of the State they loved so well. Let us see to it that our muster rolls are made out with accuracy and completeness, and that among the sacred archives of the Commonwealth there shall be kept a record of the names of the men who, when the State was imperilled with invasion and overthrow, sprang to her rescue and on many a bloody field maintained, with unfaltering devotion, her ancient renown and honor. Let us heed this plea for Virginia's humble soldier-sons, the rank and file of her army who stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks and, like a living wall of fire, beat back, for four weary years, the angry tide of battle. Let their names and their virtues abide forever in the sacred custody of the State. As through the ages there shall shine in the coronet of night, amidst its brightest constellation, an innumerable host of lesser lights; as along with Mars and Jupiter and Venus and all the dazzling planets the mingling stars that from the Milky Way shall girdle the heavens with a belt of silver glory, so in the coronet of Virginia's bright renown, along with the fame of her mighty names, may there gleam forth, through all time, the noble devotion and the undying memory of the private soldiers who suffered and bled in her defence.

Having thus dwelt, my comrades, on our relations to the cause with which we were identified in the late war, and the duties which those relations involve to ourselves and to the memory of our fallen

brothers, I turn from our past soldier-life to notice, in conclusion, our present and future obligations as citizens. The issues for which we contended in battle have been forever settled by the stern arbitration of the sword; our cause has been lost despite our noblest efforts and costliest sacrifices to maintain it. A new era with new claims and new duties is upon us. If the maxim be true, "In peace prepare for war," let us endeavor to illustrate the converse of it, and to show that in war we have been prepared for the privileges and duties of peace. By all our hearts have felt of the bitterness, the loss, the desolations of war, let us cherish and seek the enduring peace and prosperity of our common country. Let us know no North, no South, no East, no West; and as the soldiers of Lee were found faithful in every circumstance of war, let it be our aim to prove ourselves loyal and faithful citizens in every exigency of our country's need.

And let us cherish the welfare of Virginia. May we harbor no despairing views of the future of the Commonwealth, and may no selfish aim or ignoble greed of office ever lead us to betray our trust as her true and loyal sons. But with hearts as true to her as the needle to the pole, and souls as incorruptible as the wife of Cæsar, may we be found whilst life lasts striving to promote her moral, material, and political interests, that those who stand in our places in time to come, may find them happier and better, because, as citizens of Virginia, we have filled them.

Never were men called to exercise a nobler patriotism or a higher public virtue than are we, the soldier-citizens of Virginia. Every enjoyment of liberty and every boon of free government are consecrated by the struggles and the blood which they have cost; our broad Commonwealth is hallowed in our hearts by the perils and sufferings which thousands of its plains, and villages, and mountain passes have witnessed; and its soil is a thousand times endeared by the precious dust of our comrades that mingles with it. Unnumbered scenes of sublime devotion to the public good, and a flood of burning and bleeding memories of deeds of patriotic love and martyrdom appeal to us to be firm and faithful to every high duty of citizenship as long as our lives shall last.

Let us, then, more deeply enshrine our mother State in our heart of hearts, because of the battle-scars that have torn her bleeding bosom; because of the tears of widows and orphans that have bedewed her furrowed cheeks; because of the desolation and anguish that have wrung her soul. Let us yearn for Virginia with the fervid devotion of the outcast patriots of Israel, as beside the

rivers of Babylon they yearned for the land of their nativity and the home of their fathers.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

In the light of the magnificent memories that cluster around her name and over the dust of her patriot dead, let this be the desire of our hearts for her :

"Oh! give me the State where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me the State that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just;
Yes, give me the State that has legends and lays,
Enshrining the memory of long-vanished days;
Yes, give me the State that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the right and the wrong;
Yes, give me the State with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the State of the wreck and the tomb,
There's a grandeur in graves, there's a glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
And after the night looms the sunrise of morn,
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the warpath of might,
Shall yet be a stone in the temple of right.

**The Wee Nee Volunteers of Williamsburg District, South Carolina, in the
First (Hagood's) Regiment.**

*By Major JOHN G. PRESSLEY, of the Eutaw Battalion, South Carolina
Volunteers.*

About the middle of August, 1861, it being their purpose to join the regiment of Colonel Johnson Hagood, many of the old members of the Wee Nee Volunteers and quite a number of recruits met in the courthouse, in pursuance of a call from the captain, and reorganized the company. No one thought of opposing the captain, but there was a spirited contest for some of the other places. The following was the result of the election: Captain, John G. Pressley; First Lieutenant, Thomas J. China; Second Lieutenant, Calhoun Logan; Junior Second Lieutenant, Henry Montgomery, Jr.

Both Hagood's regiment and Gregg's were known as the First South Carolina volunteers. Colonel Gregg's was called the First because organized first in regard to time, and was the only regiment organized under the call of the Convention for troops for the Fort Sumter campaign. Upon its reorganization and reception by the Confederacy it was allowed to retain its name. Colonel Hagood's was organized under an act of the Legislature providing for the raising of ten regiments and in designating these regiments so raised, it was designated as the First. It was, in August, 1861, encamped at Summerville. Captain Pressley at once reported the organization of his company to Colonel Hagood, and soon after received orders to report for duty in Charleston.

The following letter from the regimental quartermaster may be of interest, as showing the preparation which soldiers were then required to make for service:

CAMP HAGOOD, SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

Captain J. G. PRESSLEY,

Kingsree Postoffice, South Carolina:

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that it will be well for each of your men to bring his blanket with him, otherwise he will have to supply himself out of the money allowed him to buy his clothes.

It is also advisable for each of the officers to come prepared with all his camp equipage except tents, axes, hatchets and spades, as these are the only articles allowed them.

Yours truly, etc.,

G. B. LARTIGUE.

August 27, 1861.

About the first of September the company took the train for Charleston, the most of them embarking at Kingsree. The men were all in high spirits. Joseph Ard, from the neighborhood of Clocktown, deserves special mention. Owing to a defect in his organs of speech, he could not make himself understood by one not accustomed to hearing him talk. Some days before the company took its departure he applied for membership, and was kindly, but firmly, refused by me, because of his infirmity. While standing on the platform superintending the embarkation of the men and their baggage, in the dim twilight of the morning, Ard approached me in company with one of his friends, who came with him to interpret. He tried to tell me something, which the interpreter said was that he was very anxious to go with the company.

"Ard," said I, "the government would not take you as a soldier. I am very sorry, but you cannot go."

With tears in his eyes, Ard addressed something to the interpreter, at the same time giving me a most beseeching look. The poor fellow, no doubt, believed that it rested entirely with me whether he would be allowed to serve his country with his brother and neighbors, who were members of the company. I can remember now, after the lapse of more than twenty-one years, just how he looked. My heart was touched, and I felt that I could not resist his appeals.

"What does he say?" I inquired.

"Captain," said the interpreter, "he says if he can't be a soldier he can cook."

"Well," said I, "if you are so anxious to go, get aboard."

His face became at once radiant with joy, and my own heart was lightened by the knowledge that I had made a good, kind hearted fellow happy. When the mustering officer came and the roll was called, Joe Ard was very particular in answering in accents which he had been practising so as to conceal his defect of speech. Perhaps I may have been guilty of a dereliction in duty in being a party to mustering him in, but he made such an excellent soldier that none of us, who were parties to the fraud (if it was a fraud), need have any qualms of conscience on that subject.

Upon their arrival in Charleston, the men were embarked on a steamboat at a point near the Northeastern Railroad depot, and were landed at Fort Johnson on James Island.

On the 7th of September I wrote a letter, from which I extract the following :

"I arrived here safely, after a very fatiguing journey, on the day that I left home. We are in the old barracks, prepared here for the accommodation of the United States soldiers, and we are tolerably comfortable. I find my hands very full with a large company of very green men to drill (many of the company were recruits). A large number joined us, on our way down, from the neighborhoods of Graham's Cross-Roads, Kingstree and Gourdin's. Many of them I did not know were coming. They are mostly poor men, and will, when drilled, make good and self-sacrificing soldiers. They seem all to be in high spirits, except one or two who are sick. One is very sick and, as we have no means here of taking proper care of the sick, I intend sending him to Charleston to the hospital this evening, where he can receive proper attention. A lady, living in the village here, sent him a dish of soup, but the poor fellow was too sick to eat

it. One of my men is without shoes, but I have sent to Charleston to buy him a pair. There are a good many of them who will suffer this winter, unless the people of Williamsburg will do their duty and supply them with clothing suitable for cold weather. We have no regular communication with Charleston. There comes a boat occasionally. I expect a steamer down this evening to bring another company. I hear that we are to have regular communication by means of a sail boat in a day or two. I do not suppose that we will be here very long, I think we will go to Cole's Island."

On the 9th day of September, 1861, Captain P. K. Molony, Adjutant of Colonel Hagood's First regiment South Carolina volunteers, came to the post and the company was by him regularly mustered into the Confederate service.

The company was drawn up in line, the muster-roll called by the mustering officer, and each man answered to his name. The following pledge was signed by the officers and men:

"We, the undersigned, hereby agree to be mustered into the Confederate service, unconditionally, until the 12th day of April, 1862."

And the Wee Nees were soldiers of the Confederate States of America. The twelfth day of April was fixed as the limit, because the term of service of the regiment expired on that day.

With the men mustered in by Captain Molony, and those who afterwards joined, the Wee Nees numbered four commissioned officers, nine non-commissioned officers, and eighty-two privates. They were, while in this regiment, designated as Company E.

A relief society was started in the neighborhood of Kingstree for the purpose of furnishing to the soldiers in the field such supplies as they most needed. I wrote, on the 14th September, 1861, from Fort Johnson, a letter, from which I extract the following:

"My company is getting on very well, improving very fast in drill, and are a very quiet, obedient set. I do not think that I shall have much trouble with them. A good many of them are poorly provided with clothing, and I hope the ladies who are at work will remember them. I think four-fifths of them are making great sacrifices to serve their country."

Unremitting attention was paid to drill and instruction in the duties of the soldier. On the 16th of September I wrote, "My soldiers are getting on pretty well. Some of them have been sick, but are all better. They improve very fast, and will soon be able to take the field."

About the 18th of September, the company was transferred to

Cole's Island, near the mouth of the Stono river, and there joined the regiment. The trip from Fort Johnson was made by steamer, and was a very pleasant one. We embarked early one morning, passed up the bay through Wappoo Cut and into Stono, down that river to a point near its mouth, and up a creek which separates Folly from Cole's Island. After landing, we were assigned our position in the regimental camp next to the St. Matthews Rifles, a company from Orangeburg district and one of the best in the regiment. My friend, Olin M. Dantzler, was then First Lieutenant of that company. His agreeable companionship and that of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas J. Glover, are among my most pleasant recollections of Cole's Island. The Confederacy had no braver or more patriotic soldiers than were these two officers, both of whom laid down their lives, in the later years of the war, for the cause they loved so much.

Colonel Johnson Hagood was in command of all the troops on the island. His command consisted of his own regiment and a battalion of regulars, under the command of Major J. J. Lucas. Lieutenant Thomas J. Glover, assisted by Major O'Cain, commanded the First regiment. There were several heavy batteries of artillery on the island. One was near the lower end and, with one in an old circular work, said to have been built by the Spaniards, about midway of the first island, commanded the Stono river. There was a line of breastworks that ran lengthwise across the island, and was about a couple of hundred yards from the river. I never could understand why these breastworks were not located as near the water as they could have been built. They were constructed by officers of the Engineer Corps, and perhaps it would not be in good taste for a line officer, as I was at that time, to criticise them. Perhaps these officers had been taught a system different from that which I studied at the military academy.

I heard the remark jocularly made, that "the design was to let the Yankees land so we could 'bag' all we did not kill."

These breastworks were flanked by a battery of very heavy guns on the creek which separates the island which we were on from the small pine-covered island next above. The breastworks were not parallel to the beach, but receded as they ran up the island, and these heavy guns were several hundred yards from the river, up which, from the ocean, the enemy's ships were expected to come. I never heard who was responsible for the engineering. I am satisfied that Colonel Hagood was not, because, like myself, he had a leaning towards the system taught us at the Citadel, and had never learnt the

one of getting as far as possible with his guns from the object to be struck. One of the men accounted for the retirement of these guns by telling me that "their range was so long that they must be put well back or they would fire too far." The old circular fort was far in advance of our breastworks, and as near the water as it could well be built. It was a work of great interest. Whether it was built by the whigs of the Revolutionary war to keep out the British, or, as was said when our troops were using it, by the French or Spaniards two centuries ago, the antiquarians must settle. I do not know. The heavy guns were served by Lucas battalion, and the First regiment were the infantry supports. Colonel Hagood and his staff, and Major Lucas and the officers of his battalion occupied houses, all but one of which were temporary structures built for war purposes. The other house was once the residence of the planter who owned the island, but who had, with his negroes, retired into the interior. The men of Lucas battalion and the First regiment were in tents. The tents of the Wee Nees were good, and the men were now, with such articles as were furnished them by the Quartermaster and the kind ladies of Williamsburg, tolerably comfortable. There was some fever and a good many cases of measles on the island, but the Wee Nees suffered hardly as much as some of the other companies.

On the 3d of November, 1861, a large fleet of the enemy's war vessels passed the mouth of the Stono river going south. It was not long till it was ascertained that Beaufort and Port Royal were their objective points. Heavy firing was heard in that direction on the night of the 4th and all of the morning of the 5th. We were not greatly apprehensive of disastrous results. The history of military operations shows that well constructed and properly armed fortifications have so great an advantage over a fleet, that such attacks have seldom been successful. This was before the days of monitors and ironclads. Port Royal was of so much value to us, and its acquisition would give the enemy so great an advantage, not only on the coast of South Carolina, but on the coast of the whole Confederacy, that no one thought it would ever be allowed to pass out of our hands. Its possession by the enemy would give them a safe place of refuge for their vessels operating along our coast. They could also assemble an army there and make it a base of operations for movements by land on either Savannah or Charleston. Its occupation by the enemy would necessitate the presence of a large army on our part to prevent destructive raids and the overrunning of the country. The places where a landing can be effected, when protected by fortifica-

tions, can be held by comparatively a small force. On the 8th of November, the most unexpected and terrible news reached us that the whole of the enemy's fleet had gotten in, and that their land forces had been disembarked and were in possession of our works at Port Royal. The reason given for the disaster was, that the supply of powder was insufficient. If this was true, some one must have been guilty of inexcusable negligence. The derelict officer should have been discovered and the severest punishment meted out to him. Many of the planters in the neighborhood of Port Royal left as soon as the landing of the enemy was known. Some of them managed to take a few of their negroes with them, but the most of them failed to get anything away from their plantations. All of their household goods and tens of thousands of negroes were left to fall into the hands of the invaders. A perfect panic, in fact, seized the planters when they ascertained that the Confederates had fallen back. There was

"No stop, no stay, no thought to ask or tell
Who escaped by flight, or who by battle fell;
T'was tumult all and violence of flight."

The coast from the mouth of the Savannah to the mouth of the Stono, and all of the intermediate islands, were now exposed to the ravages of the Federal forces. It was expected that the enemy would follow up their success by an immediate attack on Charleston. The excitement in that city was intense. The militia was ordered out to reinforce the troops, and everything done to put the city in a thorough state of defence. We were in daily expectation of a fleet in the Stono, co-operating with an army moving on Charleston. Non-combatants began to leave the city, and almost every family was making inquiries for a place of safety in the country. The military authorities desired to reduce the population of Charleston to men capable of bearing arms, so that there would be no useless mouths to feed and no women and children to be endangered in case the city was reduced to a state of siege. There was a report in circulation that the citizens of Charleston had resolved to make it a second Moscow, rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the enemy. There was, probably, some such talk, but such purpose was not seriously entertained by any considerable number of the thinking portion of the population. The burning of Moscow destroyed Napoleon's army and saved Russia because of the rigor of the climate. No such effect would have been produced on the Federal army by the destruc-

tion of Charleston. With our coast and harbors in the possession of the enemy, the United States army had a base of operation which the destruction of every house in Charleston would not materially affect. If the advantage gained at Port Royal had been followed by an immediate advance and vigorous attack by land and sea on Charleston, that city would have fallen. The delay of the enemy enabled the Confederates to perfect their plans for defence. By the 12th or 15th of November the opportunity to capture the city had passed.

On the 7th of November John F. Cook reached camp, and took fever the night of the same day. He was one of the Wee Nees in Gregg's regiment, and was very anxious to come when the company left home in September, but could not then leave his family. He was sent to the regimental hospital, where he received careful nursing and the best of medical attention. Nothing that his comrades or Dr. Martin Bellinger, the surgeon of the regiment, could do for him was left undone. His case developed into a typhoid fever of very malignant type, and neither the skill of the surgeon nor the sympathy of comrades was of any avail. His spirit took its flight to God who gave it.

John F. Cook was a Christian, and one of the best among many excellent soldiers. He discharged his duties promptly, cheerfully, and without murmur or complaint. We selected a beautiful spot under the pines, on the upper end of the island, and with the honors of war laid him in his last resting-place. As a mark of the estimation in which he was held, the company sent to Charleston and bought a handsome marble tombstone, with an appropriate inscription carved on it, and erected it at his head. There

" His silent tent is spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

And when the last *reveille* shall sound, and upon the shores of eternity the mustering angel shall call the roll of the faithful, John F. Cook will answer.

A sad occurrence took place at Colonel Hagood's quarters about the 10th of November, by which Lieutenant Barnwell, of Lucas' battalion, a very promising young officer, lost his life. He had borrowed a pistol from Adjutant Molony, and when returned, it accidentally went off in Molony's hands, mortally wounding Barnwell. He was sent to his friends in Charleston, and lived only a few days. No blame whatever could be attached to Molony. He was trying the lock of the

pistol, when the hammer slipped out of his hand and the pistol was discharged.

On the night of the 11th there was considerable excitement in our camp. It was reported that the enemy had landed on John's Island, a few miles from Cole's Island. The report reached Charleston, and at once a counter movement was commenced. All of the troops in the city marched out to meet the invading army. It was ascertained on the 12th that the report was a false alarm, and the troops marched back to their places of encampment.

About this time the military telegraph, connecting Cole's Island with headquarters in the city, was completed. We now had the means of hearing the news from Charleston every day. Commissioned officers had the privilege of sending and receiving private dispatches free of charge, when the wires were not in use transmitting military messages. They were also permitted to send messages for the men. This was a very great comfort. Previously communication with Charleston was very irregular and uncertain. It sometimes happened that for a week at a time no boat left or came to the island.

The giving up of so much of our coast was very distasteful to our army. The apparent lack of energy on the part of our generals was the constant topic of conversation among officers of equal rank. We made the best excuse we could to the men for the apparent remissness of those high in authority. I know that the men were impatient to be led against our invaders, and recapture some of our lost territory. The officers discouraged any feeling of dissatisfaction and spirit of fault-finding among them, and made every possible excuse for our enforced inactivity.

About the 9th of December I was put in charge of two batteries—one was a battery of one large gun, 128-pounder, and the other a two-gun battery of 18-pounders. The Wee Nees soon became expert in handling heavy artillery. These batteries were so poorly supplied with some of the necessary implements as to be almost useless. This was not Colonel Hagood's fault, but lay with some ordnance officer, which one I never knew. Hagood was a strict disciplinarian, and in every way a most excellent officer. The deficiencies were soon supplied, and had the enemy attempted to enter the Stono, the Wee Nees would have given a good account of themselves.

The military authorities in Charleston thought that there were some of the enemy on Folly Island. Colonel Hagood was directed to sweep that island with a line of skirmishers, commencing at the southern end and going north to meet a similar force that was directed

to come from Folly Inlet. The colonel put me in command of the expedition, and gave me a detail consisting of the Wee Nees, a detachment from the Edisto Rifles and one from one of the Barnwell companies belonging to the regiment. We went down the creek and landed near the mouth of the Stono. The line was formed extending across the island. Folly Island was covered with an almost impenetrable thicket of scrub live-oaks, palmettos, pines, briers, etc. A heavy rain, which came on about the time the movement was commenced, added to our difficulties. Everybody was soon soaked to the skin. We found it impossible to preserve regular intervals between the men on the skirmish line. In many places no progress could be made without going "on all fours." The skirmishers necessarily became grouped, but the reconnoissance was made sufficiently well to enable me to report that the enemy were not occupying Folly Island. Nothing was seen of the force that was to co-operate with us. We returned to camp after performing a very arduous day's service.

About the last of December the troops that were garrisoning Fort Pickens, on Battery Island, were relieved by a detachment made up of details from every company of the First regiment. I was put in command of the post, which was a well constructed work, commanding the Stono river. The armament consisted of five smooth-bore 24-pounders. The magazine was well supplied with ammunition, and all the appliances necessary for an effective battery. I also had command of a one 42-pounder howitzer battery at Green Creek Bridge. The quarters for officers and men were very comfortably built barracks. I had a table, desk and stove as the furniture of my room. The lieutenant's quarters were as well provided. We had also a dining-room for our mess. The men's quarters had stoves and bunks. Wood was tolerably plenty. The post was supplied with excellent water brought in a boat from Charleston and kept in a large tank near the wharf, which was situated a little above the battery. There was also a well, the water from which we used for washing and cooking purposes. This island is about two miles above Cole's Island, and was connected with the latter by an excellent military road, running close to the river till reaching the marsh bordering Green Creek. It then leaves the river and follows the edge of the marsh to a point where Green Creek strikes the high land. There we had a howitzer, to sweep the creek and protect a long bridge across it. The road from the bridge passed over some low lands, across a thick "bay" and on to Cole's Island. A considerable

portion of the road from Battery Island to Green Creek was over a causeway. Battery Island is separated from the island next below by a marsh two hundred yards wide. The road crossed this marsh and the creek (near its middle) on a substantial bridge. There was a good road leading from Battery Island to the city. At the time of which I write, Wappoo Cut was crossed at a ferry near its entrance into Stono river. Thence the road, then traveled, ran over the main land to the Long Bridge across Ashley river. A pontoon bridge and a fixed bridge, just above it across Wappoo, were both built subsequently. Battery Island is separated from James Island by a narrow creek and contained about seven or eight acres. A marsh borders the river for a mile or more above. The fort, barracks and parade ground covered about one-half of the island.

On the 11th of January the whole of Company E was sent up from Cole's Island, and the detachments from the other companies were sent back to the regiment. The Wee Nees (Company E) now found themselves very comfortable. Rations were plenty and of good quality, partly by the government and partly by the patriotic ladies of Williamsburg; they were comfortably clad. I never had my command as comfortably quartered again during the war. They had passed through the diseases incidental to camp-life with the loss of only one man, and were now in good health. They were thoroughly drilled as artillerists. A small detachment was kept at Green Creek bridge and had charge of the howitzer there. This detachment was frequently changed so that all could alike enjoy our comfortable quarters. B. P. Brockinton, the Orderly Sergeant, a most efficient officer, shared my quarters with me. Garrison duty was faithfully attended to and discipline rigidly enforced, to which, almost without exception, the men submitted cheerfully and without complaint. We were separated from our excellent surgeon, Dr. Martin Bellinger, but his place was filled by Dr. Thomas Grimke, who was the surgeon of the post. He was well supplied with medicines, kept in an office in vials and boxes, all neatly labeled. In his absence I attended at surgeon's call and prescribed for the men. As malaria was the cause, either immediate or remote, of nearly every case of sickness, the most common dose was ten grains of quinine. When any of the men were very ill, Dr. Bellinger was called in for consultation. I had the satisfaction of knowing that my prescriptions were approved by the Doctor in every case but one. To that one, instead of the usual dose, castor oil had been given. The Doctor said that was a mistake, and administered an emetic. No very serious consequence

resulted. John Markee was hospital attendant for Dr. Grimke, until the old man allowed a rather cruel experiment to be tried by one of the men on a rooster which he owned, and then the Doctor fell out with him, and he was made hostler and cart driver for the post.

We could frequently hear the guns of the Federal gunboats, as they went up the rivers and inlets among the islands south of our post. They frequently amused themselves shelling the plantations and deserted villages. One of these villages, Legareville, was just opposite us on John's Island. It was easily approached after crossing the river. There was nobody, either white or black, in the town. The furniture, or at least a considerable portion of it, had been left in some of the houses in the hurry of the owners to get away. The soldiers were not permitted to remove anything of value. I think now that it would have been as well if we had been permitted to use such things as had been abandoned by the owners, and could have added to our comfort. Later in the war, Confederate soldiers lost some of their respect for the rights of private owners.

The salt question began to trouble us about this time, and those of us whose families at home were endeavoring to cure their own bacon felt great uneasiness. The supply in Charleston was exhausted. The last sack had been sold for twenty-five dollars. Confederate money had not then suffered much depreciation. We saw it first on Cole's Island, and it was preferred, when we were first paid off in it, to any other currency, and would have sold for its face in gold coin. The price of salt continued to rise till, a few months after the time of which I am now writing, it reached seventy-five dollars a sack. Salt works were established all along the coast. The salt that was made at first was not good, but the art of boiling it was soon learnt, and the country was independent of the supply from abroad.

On the 10th of January, four of Lucas battalion, who had the confidence of their officers, received permission to go in a boat to gather oysters in the Stono river. As soon as they thought they were out of reach of the guns on Cole's Island, they pulled for the blockading fleet, one of the vessels of which was lying off the mouth of the river. A boat, with an officer and a detachment of men, was sent in pursuit, but they had too far the start to be caught. The pursuers only got near enough to see them go aboard the blockader. The report which these deserters carried to the commanding general of the Federal forces must have satisfied him that we were in condition to give him a warm reception, or he would probably have come in and tried our strength. These deserters were not South Carolinians.

We had preaching several times while we were at Fort Pickens. Once, Rev. James McDowell visited James Island to see some of his acquaintances in Captain Benbow's command and, hearing of him, one of the Montgomery's went for him in our cart. He came and spent the night with us. This was on the 12th of January. After that date, Rev. W. D. Rice, a Baptist preacher from Sumter, visited us and gave us a sermon. The chaplain of the regiment was a Rev. ——— Stevens, a Methodist minister. He left Cole's Island before or about the time that we did, and did not visit us on Battery Island.

Not long after the capture of Port Royal and Beaufort, General Sherman advanced his forces, and about the 1st of January, 1862, a fight took place at Port Royal Ferry. The result was more favorable to the enemy than to our forces. In the early part of the engagement victory seemed inclined to us, but our troops fell back and the enemy succeeded in establishing himself on the main land. It was said that the Confederates were then posted so as to have a very great advantage over the enemy if they attempted to advance further. This sort of talk did not satisfy the soldiers who were in daily intercourse with me. We could not see the propriety of giving up so much territory without greater effort to hold it.

On the 18th of January we heard that a fleet of the enemy's vessels had sailed from Port Royal. It was supposed that it went to co-operate with the Burnside expedition, the destination of which we did not know at this date, but heard afterwards that Roanoke Island was the objective point. Our works on that island fell about as easy a prey into the hands of the enemy as Port Royal had done.

About the middle of February we heard the news of the fall of Nashville and the capture of thirteen thousand of our troops. This news had a very disheartening and depressing effect on us. It made us contemplate the possibility of the failure of our cause. Until about this time, failure was not regarded by the army as among the possibilities. It seemed to us that thirteen thousand men ought not to surrender to any force. We hoped the affair was exaggerated, and that when full particulars were received there would not be so much cause for discouragement.

About this time news reached us that the Federals had established themselves on Edisto Island. They were nearer to us, but we were still uncertain whether it was the design of General Sherman to move first on Charleston or Savannah.

About the 3d of March the garrison at Fort Pickens was reinforced by the addition of two companies, Washington Light Infantry, Com-

panies A and B, under the command of Captain C. H. Simonton. They brought with them Muller's band, composed mostly of Germans, who were professional musicians. The music made by this band was greatly enjoyed by the men. Stag dances became a very popular amusement. Private W. D. Dukes procured a suit of female apparel and played the belle to perfection. There was quite a rivalry among the dancers for the regards of the handsome young "lady."

In order to pass off the long winter evenings, the men organized a debating society. The barracks, where they slept, was the debating hall. My presence seemed to be a damper on their eloquence, though I encouraged every innocent pastime. I heard but one debate, and then the speakers did not know that I was present. I stood back among the crowd of spectators. The debaters were Privates Singletary, E. G. Ard and one of the Camerons. The question for debate was: "Which exercises the greater influence over man, the love of money or the love of woman?" Cameron took the side of money, and greatly amused his hearers by some joke on Singletary as to his destroying a counter worth a good many dollars in pursuit of a ten-cent piece which had fallen into a crack. The joke was taken in good part and very much enjoyed by the society. Ard took the side of woman and "brought the house down" by his argument.

"Mr. President," said he, "if I had a five-dollar bill in my hand and you were to say 'that is bad money,' I would not be vexed with you, but suppose a fellow should have his sweetheart on his arm and you were to say 'that is a bad girl,' wouldn't he knock you down and wouldn't he serve you right?" A slight impediment of speech made Ard's reply much funnier than it is on paper. Before the laugh raised by this argument subsided, I left the room and did not hear Cameron's reply.

General Robert E. Lee came to Charleston early in March to take command. Our great leader had not then made his immortal reputation. He had not been successful in his operations in West Virginia, and our soldiers had not learnt to appreciate him and love him as they afterwards did. He visited the various military posts around the city and made himself acquainted with the system of fortifications. I saw him when he came to examine the works on Cole's Island, and might have made his acquaintance, but not knowing then that I was losing the opportunity of taking by the hand the greatest man that America ever produced, I failed to improve that opportunity. My friend, O. M. Dantzler, of whom I have spoken, had just finished

repeating to me some unfavorable criticisms of his West Virginia campaign, which he had recently heard from an officer whom he had met, when the General rode up to Colonel Hagood's quarters. This criticism deterred both of us from seeking his acquaintance. These were the last words of censure of our great captain which I ever heard from a soldier's lips.

I have no doubt that Dantzler regretted, as I shall do as long as I live, that we lost the opportunity of standing in the presence of, and hearing the voice of the man whom every Confederate soldier soon learned to love so much. He never issued the order announcing that he had taken command of the department of South Carolina, but instead, we were informed that he had gone to Richmond to command all the armies of the Confederacy, and that General Pemberton was our commanding officer.

The new general visited Battery Island about the 10th of March unannounced. I was not favorably impressed by him, and I now believe that I was not then mistaken in my estimate of the man. After inspecting my batteries and dining with me, he went to Cole's Island. I have reason to think that on this visit he came to the conclusion to abandon the Stono as a line of defence.

On Sunday, the 9th of March, Mr. Mellichamp, an Episcopal minister, visited us and held service in our camp. He had a good many acquaintances in the Washington Light Infantry. He preached a good sermon, and everybody was pleased with the venerable man of God.

On Monday, the 17th day of March, I left the company in command of Lieutenant T. J. China, and went to the city, in obedience to orders received the previous week, for the purpose of taking my seat as a member of a court-martial. I went in the cart which belonged to the post, and was driven by Private Garner to the camp of the regiment, commanded by Colonel L. M. Keitt. After a soldier's breakfast with the Colonel and my friend, Dantzler, who had left the First regiment and been promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel, these gentlemen kindly sent a detail of men to row me across Cooper river to Charleston. Their camp was almost opposite White Point. Colonel J. Foster Marshall was president of the court, Captain J. M. Perrin, of Gregg's old regiment, who had been my much esteemed friend in the Fort Sumter campaign, now a captain in Colonel Marshall's regiment, was judge advocate. Colonel J. M. Gadberry, Major Edward Manigault, Major ——— White, and Captain J. V. Glover were members of the court. The court sat at the Military Hall, on

Wentworth street, in the room usually occupied by the officers of the Fourth brigade, South Carolina militia. There was a great deal of business before us. Our session was protracted till very nearly the close of my term of service, and would have lasted longer, but for the ability of the judge advocate and president. I was the junior officer on the court in rank and age, and, according to the law governing courts-martial, the duty of casting the first vote devolved on me. I learnt then that old men are not as charitable in their judgment, nor as lenient in punishment, as young ones. Captain Glover was next to me in age and rank. Our views of the evidence and punishment usually accorded. The older members of the court were more severe. Knowing how much our army afterwards suffered by reason of lax discipline, I am now inclined to think that the older members of the court were right. Major Manigault and the writer of this are the only members of that court who survived the war.

General Pemberton, soon after he took command, concluded to evacuate both Cole's Island and the defence at the entrance to Winyah Bay, below Georgetown. This latter move would open a large extent of very productive country to the enemy and endanger the whole of the northeastern portion of the State. Day by day we were losing territory, upon which our armies were dependent for provisions. These proposed movements caused great dissatisfaction among soldiers and people. The Governor and Council protested, but in vain. The batteries on Cole's Island were ordered to be dismantled. After the guns were dismounted, this order was countermanded. But it was not long after the First regiment left it till that place was abandoned. The defences below Georgetown were abandoned earlier, and on the 3d of April the Tenth South Carolina volunteers, which had been in charge of these defences, reached Charleston and went into camp at Mount Pleasant, where they remained till they went West. General W. J. Hardee was sent to expostulate with General Pemberton, but it was of no use. That general could not be induced to rescind the orders which were working such dissatisfaction among the people and with the army, and which were familiarizing them with the idea of defeat. There was talk of sending Hardee to Richmond with the protest of the State authorities, but I never knew what was done about it. My convictions as to what should be done were very decided, but I did what I could to sustain the military authorities and prevent demoralization by unfavorable criticism, without reference to my own opinions. The truth of history compels me to say now that it would have been better for our cause if General J. C. Pem-

berton had never had command. Some of our generals did us more harm than if they had been with our enemies.

The expiration of the term for which Company E had enlisted had now almost arrived. I heard from some of my faithful friends at Battery Island that efforts were being made by some ambitious spirits in the company to re-enlist the Wee Nees and elect a different set of officers. I do not blame these aspirants. They now knew something of the art of war, and, very naturally, desired promotion. They did me no harm in causing the company to declare their preference for me above all others.

My friends were more alarmed than I was. Their devotion and confidence fully compensated for any hardships which I had endured in the line of duty. I sent an urgent application to General Pemberton to be relieved from further service on the court, so that I might return to Fort Pickens and re-enlist my company. This request could have been granted by the general without the slightest injury to the service, as all of the other members of the court were present and there was a quorum for business without me. If he deemed it necessary to have a full court, my place could have been filled by an officer whose presence with his command was not so necessary. My application was refused. No other course was left me but to return to my post on Saturday afternoon after the court adjourned for the day, and attend to the re-enlistment of the men on Sunday. Mr. Gale, the carriage merchant and maker, kindly loaned me his pony for the trip. No other means of transportation could be procured. All opposition melted away upon my arrival. The matter of re-enlistment was talked over during the day, and the men were assembled that night, the 6th of April, in their barracks, and all who desired to re-enlist for the war under my command were called upon to come forward. Almost the whole company responded promptly, and I had once more very gratifying proof of the regard of the men whom I had learnt to love. The necessary papers were signed, an election was held, John G. Pressley was declared elected captain, and Thomas J. China, Calhoun Logan, and Henry Montgomery, Jr., lieutenants. The Wee Nee Volunteers were now in the service of the Confederate States for the war, unconditionally. The next morning I returned to the city and resumed my place on the court-martial, which finished its business and adjourned before the end of the week.

The Government had called on the State of South Carolina for additional troops. The Governor and Council had extended the call,

and announced by proclamation that ten regiments would be raised, troops to be received by companies, and field officers to be appointed by the Governor and Executive Council. Captain Charles H. Simonton agreed to join me and organize a regiment. As Captain Simonton had two companies and I had then but one, it was agreed between us that he should be colonel and I lieutenant-colonel of the proposed regiment.

Before the expiration of the term of the First regiment, Captain John V. Glover had reorganized his company, the Edisto Rifles, and the St. Matthew's Rifles, another company of Orangeburgers, had reorganized with Martin A. Sellers as captain, and both of these companies declared their purpose to unite their fortunes with the Washington Light Infantry and Wee Nees. Thus was formed the nucleus of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers.

There were eleven companies organized by the men and officers constituting Colonel Hagood's First regiment. Eight remained with that organization which was soon filled by the addition of two others. Colonel Hagood was soon promoted to be brigadier-general, and Colonel T. J. Glover, who succeeded him, fell gallantly leading that command on one of the bloodiest fields in Virginia.

On the 13th day of April, 1862, Lieutenant R. A. Blum, then in command of Company B, Washington Light Infantry, receipted to me for ordnance stores at Fort Pickens and Green Creek Bridge, and early in the morning of the 14th day of April, 1862, the Wee Nees came up to the city, and thence to their homes, on a furlough, which was granted to the whole company preparatory to their entering upon their third term of service, for which they had enlisted.

The furlough of the Wee Nees was not as long as they had expected. In less than two weeks from the time they reached home an order was sent to me to report with the company at Bamberg, in Barnwell district. This did not accord with our plans. The men had re-enlisted with the understanding that they were to form a part of a new regiment. It was expected that when the companies which intended to go into the new organization should be called together, they would assemble in Charleston. The Washington Light Infantry (two companies, "A and B") were in the field on James Island. It will be remembered that they succeeded the Wee Nees as the garrison of Fort Pickens on Battery Island. I went at once to Charleston, and, with the assistance of Captain Simonton, before I returned, succeeded in having so much of the order as required the companies

that were acting in concert with us to report at Bamberg counter-manded.

On Wednesday, the 28th of April, 1862, I again left home with the Wee Nee Volunteers and reported for duty in Charleston. The company was sent into quarters at Chisholm's Mill, where it remained for a day or two, and then went to Secessionville to join the battalion. I proceeded at once to Columbia for the purpose of presenting to the Governor and Council the rolls of seven companies, and to ask that they be organized into a battalion. I reached that city on the 29th of April and had an interview with Colonel James Chesnut, who was acting as Chief of the Military Department of the State Government. The Council readily granted the request of the companies which I represented, and orders were issued to organize them into a battalion of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers, to be known as the Eutaw battalion. Commissions were issued by General Wilmot G. DeSaussure, then acting as Adjutant-General of the State, to Charles H. Simonton, as Lieutenant-Colonel, and John G. Pressley, as Major. The companies received and assigned to this battalion were: Washington Light Infantry, Co. A, Captain James M. Carson; Washington Light Infantry, Co. B, Captain E. W. Lloyd; Wee Nee Volunteers, Captain Thomas J. China; St. Matthew's Rifles, Captain Martin A. Sellers; Edisto Rifles, Captain John V. Glover; Beauregard Light Infantry, Captain R. D. White, and Ripley Guards, Captain W. B. Gordon. The Washington Light Infantry and Beauregard Light Infantry represented Charleston; the Edisto Rifles and St. Matthew's Rifles were from Orangeburg District, and the Wee Nee Volunteers and Ripley Guards from Williamsburg.

On the 1st of May I reached Secessionville, on James Island, where the two Orangeburg companies and Wee Nees were encamped. These were soon joined by the three Charleston companies, and before the end of the month by the Ripley Guards and the Marion Rifles, Captain W. J. McKerral, and Yeaden Light Infantry, Captain Samuel L. Hammond, the last two companies having been, at their own request, attached to the battalion since its organization. Very few of the men in either of these two companies had ever been in the field before. All of the other companies of the battalion had seen more or less service.

On the 13th of May the enemy commenced operations against James Island. Their gunboats came into Folly river and up the Stono. Cole's Island was taken possession of, and they began to push their way up to James Island. F. N. Bonneau, who had com-

mand of a small gunboat, had the first engagement with them. His boat was in the creek which separates Taylor's from James Island, and one of the enemy's gunboats was a little above Battery Island in the Stono. Bonneau fired six or eight shots; the enemy but three, before they drew off. It was thought that Bonneau's shots had done considerable execution. Before this affair, one of the vessels of the enemy threw a few shells into the camp of the regiment of Colonel C. H. Stevens. As the colonel had no artillery and could make no effective return of the fire, he moved inside of our line of breastworks. About the same date Captain G. H. Moffet and the writer went on a private reconnoissance of the enemy's gunboats. We were discovered by the man in the mast-head of one of the vessels, and fire was opened upon us promptly. Their shells burst quite near, and we concluded to restrain our curiosity to examine a gunboat till some more fitting occasion.

June 1st, 1862.—Lieutenant James F. Izlar, of the Edisto Rifles, was to-day sent out in command of a small detachment of sharpshooters to pick off men on the enemy's gunboats. His command was made up of a detail from several different companies. He met one of the gunboats and drove it down the river and out of the reach of his rifles. The enemy replied with shell and grape-shot, but without doing Izlar's command any damage. The lieutenant reported the men as having behaved splendidly.

At this time the neck of the bottle shaped peninsula, on which Secessionville is situated, had a strong work running across it from the marsh, which separates James Island from Long Island, to the marsh bordering the Salt creek, which separates the peninsula from the mainland of James Island. This creek and marsh extend to what was then known as the Secessionville road. This road led past Secessionville by the Rivers House, which stood about three-quarters of a mile from the neck or isthmus of the peninsula, and almost in front of the work which I have mentioned. After passing the house the road led across a marsh, on a good causeway, and thence by way of Legare's Upper and Lower House to Battery Island. After passing Legare's Lower House, it ran quite near the creek which separates James from Taylor's Island. Just below the Lower House a road leaves it and goes across a causeway and bridge to Taylor's Island. The marsh on the side of the peninsula, towards Charleston, is nearly or quite half a mile wide. This marsh, and the creek near its middle, was crossed on a military bridge, quite substantial but too narrow at first for vehicles. It was afterwards built a little higher up towards

the head of the marsh, and made wide enough for any purpose. This bridge struck the mainland of James Island as one travels from Secessionville towards the city, below Clark's House. A redoubt, in which two or three heavy guns were mounted, had been built above Clark's House. A line of breastworks commenced below Clark's House and ran in a northeasterly direction to New Town Cut and thence to Wappoo Cut, below the house of Dr. Robert Lebby, Jr. Freer's Store, situated on the Fort Johnson road where the Secessionville roads leaves it, was outside of these works and about half a mile west. A road led from the direction of Lawton's House (which will be remembered as standing just above the remarkable clump of pines so conspicuous from White Point) to and across the Fort Johnson road, and thence across the Secessionville road to the Presbyterian church and beyond that church. About a half mile from the church the road forked, one went by way of Dill's to the mouth of Elliott's Cut on the Stono; the other led to Grimbball's House and then over a causeway, and intersected the road from Secessionville to Battery Island near Legare's Lower House.

June 2d, 1862.—Colonel Simonton received orders to-day to select another camp inside of the line of breastworks, and across the marsh in a northeasterly direction from Secessionville. Captain Moffet, our adjutant, and I, had gone out and were looking for a suitable place, when the enemy's gunboats in Stono river came up as far as Grimbball's House and opened fire on Secessionville. We heard the shelling and returned to camp. The battalion marched across the bridge by Clark's House, and went into camp on the road leading from the Presbyterian church towards Lawton's plantation, where that road crosses a marsh and some low grounds, and about three hundred yards inside of the lines.

June 3d, 1862.—This day opened with a fight between the pickets of our army, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ellison Capers, of Colonel Stevens' regiment, and the enemy. Capers made the attack after the pickets of the enemy had opened fire on him. His force consisted of the Charleston battalion and the Beauregard Light Infantry, Captain White, of the Eutaw battalion. A captain and about eighteen or twenty men of the enemy were captured. Four of Captain White's men were wounded, and a few of the Charleston battalion were killed and wounded. Colonel Simonton was ordered to reinforce Capers, and I was sent in command of four companies: Washington Light Infantry, Company A, Captain Carson; Wee Nees, Captain China; St. Matthew's Rifles, Captain Sellers; and

Ripley Guards, that day in command of Lieutenant F. J. Lesesne. The men were in excellent spirits, and were eager for the fight. Capers' muskets could still be heard. We took the road to Secessionville, but arrived at the scene of action just too late to join in the pursuit of the enemy. We saw Capers returning with his prisoners. We met Brigadier General S. R. Gist just before reaching the Rivers House. He directed me to file to the right in the direction of Grimball's, on the Stono river, and after leaving the road about a quarter of a mile to file to the left, pass through a strip of woods and take position in front of a field, across which I was told to expect the enemy. My instructions were to hold that position. We found ourselves behind a ditch, on the banks of which the bushes had grown into a thin hedge. The banks of the ditch would have afforded some protection against an attack of infantry, but were none against the shot and shell from the fleet of gunboats in the Stono, about three-quarters of a mile in front of us. It began to rain before we got into position, and continued at intervals through the whole day and night. We were soon thoroughly wet. Brigadier-General Mercer, of Savannah, Georgia, a West Pointer, and once in the United States army, who had for years been in civil life, was in command on the island. General S. R. Gist was assisting him. The commanding-general deeming our line too weak to withstand the attack, which was momentarily expected, Colonel Simonton, with the remaining companies of the Eutaw battalion, was ordered up. He soon joined us, and took command of the whole battalion. Other troops were also brought to the front. Our line of battle, when the colonel came up, was parallel to the Secessionville road. We then changed front, and took up a position in the woods at right angles to our first line. Before the end of the day it became very evident that our generals did not understand the topography of the island. This want of acquaintance with the ground upon which we were operating accounts for so many changes in our position during the day. After occupying our new position for a short time we again changed front, and got back to our first place behind the ditch-bank and hedge. The enemy's gunboats opened fire upon us by the time we first got into position in the morning, and continued to shell us furiously all day. Their shells were mostly from rifled guns, and were percussion. A great many of them failed to explode. If time-fuses had been more generally used we could not have failed to suffer greatly from their fire. In the afternoon the enemy attempted to advance across the causeway below Rivers House. The shelling from the fleet be-

came perfectly furious, and now a great many shells were bursting around and over us, time-fuses being used. We were directed to fall back through the woods on our right, and take position in a field between the point of woods and the Secessionville road. Our line of battle was now perpendicular to the one which he had last been on. We were supporting the Preston Light Battery, which did some splendid practice, sweeping the causeway, and compelling the enemy to desist from their efforts to cross. After the enemy were driven back, we were ordered to resume our former position. The gunboats still kept up a furious shelling. Musketry firing commenced on our left and quite near us. In a few minutes about half a company of men came running from that direction in confusion, and reported that the enemy were upon us, and coming from towards the left direction. We again changed front and prepared to meet them. After waiting awhile in our new position, and no enemy appearing, it was deemed best to return to our place along the ditch and hedge, where we could observe the field through which we had been told the enemy would come. An advance was threatened on our front, from towards Grimball's, and on our left flank from towards Legare's. About dark, which was hastened by heavy clouds that had been pouring down rain upon us in showers all day, a body of troops were seen advancing in a well-preserved line of battle across the field in our front. The men were directed to hold their fire for short range, and every man got ready to make the most effective use of his weapon. One man, near the left of the battalion, became so eager for the fight, that he fired, but fortunately without effect. Just then the discovery was made that the troops which had been mistaken for the enemy were Colonel Johnson Hagood's regiment, First South Carolina volunteers. Our feelings, when we discovered how narrowly we had escaped what would have been our most painful war experience, can be more easily imagined than described.

When night came on Colonel Simonton, with the battalion, was directed to report to Colonel Hagood at the Rivers House. The other troops, some two or three thousand, were ordered back to Secessionville. The Eutaw battalion and First regiment were detailed, by order of General Mercer, to hold the front during the night and receive the first shock of the enemy's advance, which was very confidently expected early the next morning. The day had been spent apparently in preparing for a general engagement. Colonel Hagood, as he afterwards proved on many a bloody field, was well qualified for the duty assigned him. An order was sent to him by General

Mercer directing that the muskets of the command be discharged, so as to be ready for the next day's work with freshly loaded guns. The firing disclosed our whereabouts to the gunboats in the Stono, and their fire, which had ceased at dark, was immediately re-opened and continued through the night. It was found that only about one musket in ten would fire. It was impossible to extract the balls and reload the guns, for want of ball screws. In arranging our pickets for the night, some of the First regiment came in contact with the pickets of the enemy and some firing ensued.

The field-officers of the First and the Eutaws held a council of war to talk over the situation. Every indication pointed to a heavy fight early the next morning. The men at the front had been wet all day, and it was still raining. Two or three thousand troops were within a mile, spending the night in comfortable houses at Secessionville. The oldest veterans, with unserviceable arms in their hands, could hardly be expected to stand the shock of well-armed troops in the vigor of a first attack. Some of the companies of both the Eutaws and the First had never been in a regimental line, even on drill, till within a very few days before. It looked hardly within the range of possibility that, under the circumstances, an unbroken front could be maintained. The result of the conference was, that I was directed to find General Mercer and, without asking to be relieved, lay our condition before him, in the hope that he would send fresh troops to lead in the expected fight of the next day. After a very fatiguing ride and much inquiry, I found the general at Rev. Mr. Mellichamp's house, about six miles in the rear. I was shown into his room, found him in bed, and made the statement which had been agreed upon.

"Are the men supplied with bayonets?" inquired General Mercer.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Well, Major," was his reply, "tell Colonel Hagood to use the bayonet in the morning."

"Very well, General, it will be done," I replied.

I got back to Rivers' about daylight and communicated to Hagood and Simonton the result of my mission, having been nearly the whole night in the saddle.

June 4th, 1862.—The First regiment and the Eutaws marched from Rivers House, as they had been directed by General Mercer, confident that the fight would very soon begin. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the last twenty-four hours and the unserviceable condition of their arms, the men showed no hesitation. The gunboats ceased shelling just before daylight. The enemy did not advance, and

showed no disposition to bring on the general engagement, which was so confidently expected. It was still raining. After remaining in line of battle till 11 o'clock, all of the troops were withdrawn and fell back within the breastworks.

June 5th.—Our pickets were posted in the woods, between the Presbyterian church and Grimball's, the line being perpendicular to the road and extending north towards Dill's House and south towards Secessionville. The line crossed the road between the forks and Grimball's. A reserve was kept at the forks of the road, and sometimes a larger reserve at the church. To-day the detail from the Eutaws consisted of a detachment of the Ripley Guards, commanded by Lieutenant F. J. Lesesne. The rest of the pickets in our front were a detachment from Colonel Stevens' regiment. The enemy advanced, and a brisk skirmish ensued. Stevens' men gave way; Lesesne, with his command, held the enemy in check. The detachment from Colonel Stevens' regiment rallied and returned to the fight. Mistaking Lesesne's men for the enemy, they opened fire on them. They were for awhile under two fires. Succeeding first in driving off the enemy, Lesesne displayed his handkerchief on the end of his sword and surrendered, with his command, to his friends. Private Isaac Browder was slightly wounded. No other casualties.

June 8th.—Whole battalion went out for picket duty this morning. Colonel Simonton and five companies remained at the cross-roads with Preston's battery. I was posted with four companies at and below the Presbyterian church. The enemy were discovered upon taking our post, but soon disappeared. Spent a part of the night at the Presbyterian church and the balance below the church, towards Grimball's, at the forks of the road. About daylight our advance pickets were pushed further down the road towards the camp of the enemy, which was at Grimball's. In making the movement Private Brown, of the Wee Nees, had a narrow escape. The squad that he was with on the road came suddenly on about thirty of the enemy's pickets. The enemy fired and fell back. Brown's rifle missed fire. Three balls were put through his clothing. Private Meredith, of the Edisto Rifles, had a shot and thinks he killed an officer.

June 9th.—We were relieved about half-past 10 o'clock A. M. by the Louisiana battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McHenry. Soon after returning to camp, the Eutaws were again ordered out, and took post behind the breastworks. This was done to be ready for a possible attack, which a movement about to be made by the Forty-seventh Georgia might provoke. This movement was a reconnoissance

in force of the woods in front of the enemy's position. Colonel Hagood, with the First regiment, was sent to reinforce the picket. The Georgians pressed forward through the woods on the left of the picket line. The Forty-seventh drove the enemy from their position behind a ditch-bank and then fell back themselves, being in their turn driven back. The enemy either rallied or were reinforced. The woods were very thick, and the Forty-seventh regiment became separated in marching through. Captain Cone's company, upon getting out of the woods, discovered a body of men near by. An officer beckoned them on. Captain Cone, mistaking them for friends, approached with his company, when fire was opened on him and fifteen of his men were shot down and the captain wounded. The fight became very severe. Captain Williams' company and Captain Cone's were almost annihilated. The Forty-seventh then drew off, leaving their dead and many of their wounded in the hands of the enemy. Hagood and McHenry were entirely successful on the right. They drove the enemy before them, killing a good many without any loss on their part. The Eutaws remained in the trenches till half-past 2 o'clock the next morning, when they were ordered forward to meet the enemy, reported advancing. We marched to the cross-roads, where we spent the balance of the night. The shells from the enemy's gunboats and batteries were falling all around us. Their infantry did not succeed in passing our pickets, who were skirmishing with those of the enemy nearly all night.

June 10th.—Battalion relieved from further watching shortly after sunrise and marched back to our camp. The reported loss of the Forty-seventh Georgia in the battle of yesterday was sixty-five killed, wounded and missing.

June 12th.—To-day the battalion was ordered to the front to protect Goodlet's regiment South Carolina volunteers, which was detailed as a working party to cut down the woods east of the Secessionville road, to prevent the enemy using it as a cover to attack the works in front of Secessionville. Took position on the road between the enemy and the working party. The enemy did not fire, though they were quite near. It was not our purpose to interfere with the working by bringing on an engagement.

It was reported to-day that one of our scouts had gotten near enough to the enemy's camp to count seventy coffins for the killed in the engagement yesterday, and to overhear their pickets discussing the fight. They spoke of a mounted officer having been killed, and said that they got the worst of the fight.

General N. G. Evans arrived to-day from Adams Run with three additional regiments. He is now the ranking brigadier on the island.

June 14th, 1862.—Eight companies of the battalion, under the command of Colonel Simonton, marched to the Presbyterian church for picket duty this morning. Three of these companies under my command were sent forward to the forks of the road below the church. The battery in front of Secessionville, under the command of Colonel J. B. Lamar of the First regiment of artillery of South Carolina volunteers, fought the enemy's gunboats in the Stono and a land-battery in front of Grimball's all day, and kept up a slow fire during the night. The shells from the gunboats above Grimball's were passing over our heads all night. The Charleston battalion, encamped on the Secessionville peninsula in the rear of Lamar's battery, lost one man, who was killed by a shell, which passed through five tents. The man who lost his life was in one of them.

Our advanced pickets were pushed considerably nearer the enemy than the advanced post occupied by the pickets which we relieved. Our outposts were fired into early in the night. The fire was returned, and our pickets fell back. Our post was at once re-established near the point which it first occupied. Later in the night the enemy's pickets resumed their firing, and kept it up at intervals in our front all night.

Dill's house, which had been occupied by the enemy, was set on fire by the pickets of the regiment on our right. The dwelling, which was still occupied by the enemy, was fired by setting fire to the out-buildings.

During the night a trooper's horse got through our lines and went off towards the enemy's camp.

June 15th, Sunday.—Battalion relieved, and spent a quiet day in camp. Rev. A. Toomer Porter is our chaplain. He is an Episcopalian minister, and the rector of the Church of the Holy Communion in Charleston. It had been said that he was a "High Churchman" in the extreme, but I found him a man of liberal views. He is zealous in the discharge of his duties, a very agreeable companion, untiring in his efforts to promote the comfort of the men, and very popular with them. Two services are held on Sunday when it is possible, and a meeting for prayer every night. His addresses and sermons are much enjoyed, and are doubtless productive of much good.

June 16th, 1862.—Orders were sent to Colonel Simonton just before *reveille* to move at once with the battalion towards Secession-

ville. The enemy are reported advancing on that place. The men were under arms in a very few minutes, and the command marching towards the Presbyterian church. Before reaching the cross-roads, we were directed to file to the left and march across the fields towards the woods between the battery above Clark's House and the Secessionville road. These woods had been cut down a few days before, and the trees left just as they fell. We were put in position by Colonel Johnson Hagood (who was that day acting as a brigadier-general) immediately upon the edge of the woods. The enemy were advancing to attack the battery at the neck or isthmus of the Secessionville peninsula, known as "Lamar's Battery," and had sent the Third Rhode Island and the Seventh Connecticut regiments to get position, so as to enfilade the battery from across the marsh north of Secessionville. An attack on the heavy battery above Clark's House, and on Boyce's Light Battery stationed near by, was probably also a part of the purpose of these two regiments. Colonel C. H. Stevens rode up and urged us not to fire, telling us that the troops in the woods, that we could plainly hear, were a part of his regiment, driven from the picket line. The Eutaws were eager for the fight, and had the impression, which turned out to be correct, that the enemy and not friends were in our front. In a very few minutes the enemy began to make their appearance on our side of the woods. A group came out in front of Company B, Washington Light Infantry (which was on this occasion commanded by Lieutenant Blum), and private Jervey shot one down. We restrained the men no longer, and firing, which now began on the left of the battalion, extended towards the right. The enemy were very near us, but owing to the thickness of the woods very few of them could be seen. Their fire was in the direction from which ours first came, and consequently was concentrated to a great extent on Company B. In a very few minutes Lieutenant Grier, Sergeant F. Lanneau, Jr., and two men, were killed. Lieutenant Samuel Burger and nine men were wounded, some of them mortally. Two in Captain Sellers' company were also wounded, Lieutenant F. J. Lesesne, of the Ripley Guards, was grazed by a ball, and Private Walters, of the Wee Nees, had his gun shot through. Sergeant Horton, of the Yeadon Light Infantry, was slightly wounded. (I very much regret my inability to give the names of all the private soldiers killed and wounded.) There were no casualties in any of the other companies of the battalion. Our fire, as well as that of the enemy, was very rapid, but did not last very long. After the firing ceased, Captain Sellers was sent with a few men to

ascertain if the enemy had left the woods. He soon returned with three prisoners, whom he had taken, and reported that they had gone, leaving their dead and wounded. There were six dead and one mortally wounded in one spot in front of Company B. A detail was then sent out to gather the arms and wounded. Six more wounded prisoners were brought in, and arms enough, of the most approved pattern, to replace the inefficient weapons, which, up to this time, were in the hands of several of the companies of the battalion. From the time we took our position, and for a long time afterwards, in fact, till after the enemy retired from the field in front of Secessionville, we were under a heavy artillery fire from the enemy's fleet of gunboats in the Stono and from their land batteries. No damage was done us by the artillery. Quite a number of Congreve rockets were flying over and around us in very eccentric directions. When we got into position, the men were ordered to lie down for better protection, and were lying down when the fight commenced. The field and staff-officers were in rear of Company B. After the enemy began to come out of the woods, and Company B commenced firing, I passed along the line to communicate with Colonel Stevens, who was in the rear of our right, endeavoring to prevent the men firing, still believing that the men in the woods belonged to his regiment. As I passed along, one of the enemy fired at me over our men from behind a stump. The ball struck the ground near my feet. I pointed him out, and after the battle he was found with three or four balls through his body. After assuring Colonel Stevens that the enemy and not his men were in our front, and causing the companies on the right to commence firing, I returned to my place. The battalion behaved splendidly. I saw but two men during the day who were not acting like heroes. Sergeant-Major Samuel W. Dibble drove one from his hiding place behind a tree about four inches in diameter, which he supposed in his fright covered his whole body. Colonel Hagood stopped the other, who was making his way to the rear and brought him back. No captain would claim either of them. Every one was ashamed to acknowledge that they belonged to his company, and I am not sure that either of them were of the Eutaws. They probably belonged to some other command. May have been some of the demoralized pickets who had been driven in. One company of Colonel Stevens' regiment had fallen in with us and behaved very well. Both Stevens and Hagood acted very coolly. The former was not at all to blame for causing us to hold our fire so long, though this circumstance was unfortunate, as, had the whole battalion

commenced firing as soon as it got into position, the enemy's fire would not have been concentrated on one of our companies, nor would we have fought at such close quarters.

The work across the neck of the Secessionville peninsula was about fifty yards in length, and was a very well constructed line of entrenchments. The ramparts were about fifteen feet from the level of the ground. There was a ditch in front about ten or fifteen feet in width. The exterior slope was so nearly perpendicular that it was impossible to get up in front without scaling ladders. The enemy were not provided with these. The principal defect was the want of a glacis in front, which would have prevented the enemy getting under the line of fire. The left flank had a gentler slope and men could, with difficulty, climb up. There were five heavy guns mounted in the work. These guns were served by a detachment of Colonel Lamar's regiment. The infantry supports were the Louisiana battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel McHenry (since the war elected Governor of his State), Charleston battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Peter G. Gaillard, Smith's battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, and a detachment of the Twenty-second regiment South Carolina volunteers. Several companies of these troops came up after the battle commenced. Some of the companies present of Lamar's regiment had fortunately been ordered to the battery that morning to assist in mounting some more guns. Colonel J. B. Lamar was the ranking officer in the battery, and a very brave man he was. The enemy formed under cover of the woods, between Secessionville and Grimball's, and advanced very rapidly. The pickets in front of Secessionville were from the Charleston battalion and under the command of Captain T. Y. Simons. The enemy drove them rapidly, without firing or being fired upon, and reached the works with the pickets and in pursuit of them. Two Federal regiments, supported by a large force in reserve, charged the battery. They came up obliquely, directing their advance to the left flank of the work. Their approach was a complete surprise. They were so near, when the guns were manned, that it was found impossible to depress the pieces sufficiently to make them effective. Our troops had to rely on the musket and bayonet. For awhile there was a hand-to-hand fight in the battery. A captain was the first to get into our work, and received, for his daring, a ball which ended his career, but not before he had killed Captain Reed, of Lamar's regiment. One of the Federal soldiers seized a man of that regiment by the collar at one of the guns, and actually carried him off a prisoner when driven out of the battery. The charge was daring,

dashing and impetuous, but the enemy were at length repulsed with terrific slaughter. They were rallied, reformed and advanced three times, but did not succeed again in getting into our works. Colonel Sargent, mounted on a cream-colored horse, displayed great gallantry in rallying his broken regiment. It was of no use. The brave fellow and his horse were killed by a shell that tore the animal almost to pieces.

The enemy left all of their dead and many of their wounded, and a great many arms and accoutrements on the field. Our troops buried two hundred and fifty-six of them and took one hundred and seven prisoners, forty of whom were wounded. The Confederate loss was thirty-six killed and sixty wounded. Among the killed were several gallant officers and some of our best men. I wish I could name them all, and offer a tribute to the memory of each one who, on that day,

"Gave to the roll of death his glorious name."

I rode over a part of the field after the battle and, notwithstanding the furious cannonading, I saw but two men and one horse killed by artillery. All the others seemed to have been killed by musket balls. An unusually large number were shot in the head, showing that our troops fired too high. (This was, as I afterwards found, a very common mistake by the troops on both sides.) The enemy's wounded were carefully looked after by our surgeons.

The ambulance corps was not then well organized. We were obliged to send our wounded to the rear by details made upon the occasion. Company B was never very large, and it required all of them not disabled to carry their dead and wounded to the Field Infirmary.

June 17, 1862.—To-day we were assigned to the command of Brigadier-General S. R. Gist. It was reported that he had been put in command of the east end of the entrenchments and that we would be moved nearer the city. Our pickets report as many of the enemy's unsepulchred dead on the west side of the Secessionville road as were left on the field. Some more of the enemy's dead left on the field were buried to day by the Confederates. The enemy were perfectly quiet all day.

June 18th.—The enemy sent a flag of truce to inquire after their dead and wounded. A suspension of hostilities was agreed upon for the day to enable them to bury such of their dead as the Confederates had not already interred. Before the truce was out, a gun-

boat in the Stono fired on our picket line. Colonel Goodlet, of the Twenty-second South Carolina volunteers, who was in command of the Confederate pickets, rode boldly up to the Federal picket line and demanded an explanation. As soon as the Federal general could be communicated with, he sent an apology. The shots had been fired by a naval officer who had not been advised of the armistice.

June 19th.—Battalion on picket line to-day. Relieved Nelson's battalion. Headquarters at the cross-roads, Colonel Simonton in command. I was in command of the advanced pickets, with headquarters at the forks of the road between the Presbyterian church and Grimball's. The enemy were perfectly quiet all day and night. Their drums, bands and trumpets were distinctly heard. Terrific thunder storm during the night. The mosquitos fearfully troublesome. Some kind ladies of Charleston had provided us with coverings for our heads made of pavilion gauze. The heat was so great that sometimes we could not use these coverings.

June 20th.—The battalion was relieved by Goodlet's regiment, Twenty-second South Carolina volunteers.

June 23d.—Battalion again on picket line. Some of the reserves at the Episcopal church and a part at the Presbyterian church. Our line was now from a point in front of the bridge across New Town creek, in a southwesterly direction to meet the pickets in front of Secessionville. The enemy's pickets and ours in sight on some portions of the line. They tried to open communications with our pickets, but were not encouraged.*

June 24th.—Relieved by the Twenty-second South Carolina volunteers.

June 25th.—All quiet along the lines to-day. Not a gun fired. The works at the cross-roads, commenced some time ago, approaching completion.

June 26th.—Something, which was not communicated to the troops at the front, induced General Pemberton to expect an attack upon our entrenchments. Accordingly, the battalion was roused at 3 o'clock this morning and remained in line on the color-front till after daylight.

June 27th.—Battalion on picket to-day. Five companies under

* Later in the war a much better understanding was established between pickets, but on James Island we never exchanged as many civilities as our army in Virginia and the Federal pickets are said to have done.

my command constituted the left wing of our advanced forces. The head of the Secessionville avenue was made the picket headquarters. The Secessionville battery opened fire on the enemy's battery, which was being enlarged. The firing continued all the afternoon and night, the shells passing over our heads. The artillery practice was at first good, but there was afterwards a falling off in accuracy. The enemy made no reply. Our picket line was along the Secessionville road. That of the enemy was in plain view on the opposite side of the field in our front and about two hundred and fifty yards distant. Some of our pickets were sent up into trees the better to observe the enemy. There was a dense growth of corn in a part of the field, now in tassel. This field, being between the lines of the two armies and on neutral ground, had so far escaped the fate which overtook the balance of the crops on the island. The planters had been sent off in May with their negroes and such stock as was not needed for the use of the army. I had been appointed Provost-Martial and superintended their removal. Their crops were left standing in the field, and made the very best forage for our animals. The men have been feasting on "roasting ears."

In the night a scouting party approached our line coming through the thick corn. They were soon driven back, and, upon returning, were fired into by their own friends. "Now, you have done it," some one in their line was heard to exclaim, "you have killed the officer of the guard." A desultory fire was kept up by both lines of pickets through the whole night.

June 28th.—The Twenty-second South Carolina volunteers took our places on the picket line this morning. Secessionville battery still firing on the enemy and with greater accuracy than on the previous evening. The news of the rout of McClellan's army before Richmond reached us and increased our rejoicing. The prospects of the Confederate cause seemed to be brightening, and the end of the war and a return to our homes seemed almost in sight.

The steamer *Racer*, of the British navy, came into Charleston harbor. Foreign vessels of war are always welcome visitors. We desire that their officers should be witnesses of our ability to maintain our independence, and hope that a favorable report to their government might induce recognition.

June 29th.—Additional details reached us to-day of the defeat of McClellan's army.

One large steamer, one ship and two schooners came into the Stono to-day. [We learned afterwards that these vessels came for

the purpose of removing the enemy's forces from James Island, but at the time it was thought that they may have brought reinforcements.]

June 30th.—At 3 o'clock A. M., the battalion was roused and held on the color-front till after daylight, so as to be in readiness for any movement that the enemy might make. Our generals thought that if the vessels which came in on yesterday brought reinforcements, a forward movement might be expected.

The Secessionville battery still reminding the enemy of their disastrous failure of the 16th by an occasional shot.

July 1st, 1862.—The enemy reported this morning advancing in three columns. One towards Secessionville, one towards the Presbyterian church, and the other towards the Episcopal church. All of our forces on the island were soon under arms. The Eutaw battalion and Fifty-first Georgia are formed just outside the line of entrenchments in readiness to reinforce the picket at the Presbyterian church, or to strengthen any other point where more troops might be needed. Lieutenant-Colonel Simonton is sick and the battalion is to-day under my command. The enemy did not continue to advance.

At half-past 8 o'clock A. M., we started on another tour of picket duty. I made my headquarters at the cross-roads. The picket line was at the usual place below the Presbyterian church. We had a day of perfect quiet all along the line; not a gun fired.

July 2d.—The battalion was relieved this morning by Goodlet's and Hagood's regiments. The enemy withdrew their forces from Dill's and Grimball's, but are reported to be still at Legare's.

Malarial fever is very common among the troops. Quinine is regularly issued and taken as a prophylactic. It is now worth \$9.60 an ounce, and very scarce. A decoction is also used, made by steeping bark in whiskey, and is kept by the medical staff among the hospital stores by the barrel. Many of the men are not fond of "bitters," and it is with difficulty that they can be made to take it. Some who liked their "daily bitters" get a little more than they need "for their stomach's sake or their often infirmities."

July 3d.—When the news of the defeat of McClellan's army was fully confirmed, General Pemberton directed that the batteries all along our lines fire a national salute. Some of the pickets at the front were not apprised of the purpose, and a Georgia captain with his command, supposing that the enemy had gotten to his rear and were attacking the lines, came running in to the nearest point of the

entrenchments. Charges of cowardice were preferred against him, and we heard to-day that he was cashiered for his very natural mistake. The sentence seems a very unjust one.

July 4th.—The enemy fired a national salute. A gun was fired for each of the Confederate States as well as the United States. Some prisoners, whom the Yankees released, brought us information that five hundred and fifty of the enemy's sick and wounded have been sent from this island to Fort Pulaski.

July 9th.—Lieutenant-Colonel Simonton returned and took command of the battalion now on the picket line established through the camp lately occupied by the enemy at Grimball's, which place was made the headquarters. Five companies were soon relieved, and the other four left under my command. Pushed our outposts as far down as Battery Island. After night-fall established a line across the island from the Stono River to the causeway below Rivers House. Some quartermasters' stores, but of no great value, had been left in the enemy's camp, which the men of the battalion got. A great many letters were picked up, some paper found with printed heads, intended to be used when they got to Charleston, and would date their letters from that city. From some of these letters we learned that the Federal loss on the 16th of June, in killed, wounded and missing, was estimated by them at eight hundred men. The camp at Grimball's was entrenched with flanking arrangements. Regular approaches had been commenced, but only one of their lines had been finished. One battery in the second line was finished. There is plenty of evidence near this one, in the marks of shot and shell, of the effectiveness of the fire of the Secessionville battery. Sergeant Haney, of a Federal regiment, is buried near by. This we learn from his marked grave.

Captain James M. Carson, of Company A, picked up a memorandum made by a Federal officer, showing the troops which had been on the island and opposed to our forces. These troops were: Rockwell's battery, Hamilton's battery, Rhode Island and New York batteries; Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, and Seventy-ninth New York volunteers; Forty-fifth, Fiftieth, Fifty-fifth, Sixty-seventh, Ninety-seventh, and One Hundredth Pennsylvania volunteers; Eighth and Ninth Maine volunteers; Fourth New Hampshire volunteers; First and Twenty-eighth Massachusetts volunteers; Eighth Rhode Island, Seventh Connecticut and Eighth Michigan volunteers; total, eighteen regiments and four batteries. General H. W. Benham had been in command and General Horatio G. Wright second in rank.

Our whole force on the island never, at any time, amounted to more than one-half of the land force of the enemy. If this large force had, on the 16th of June, been brought against our defences in two or three strong columns, their defeat would have been a matter of much greater difficulty than the victory which we achieved at Secessionville. Our lines were very long and the breastworks weak. To have defended their whole length would have so scattered our forces that it would have hardly been possible to resist the onslaught of such troops as we met. They were adversaries worthy of our steel. Their gallant impetuosity was not sufficient, however, to compensate for the mistake made by General Benham in hurling his best regiments against the strongest part of our works.

July 10th, 1862.—We commenced to-day to move our camp to a point on the plantation of Dr. Robert Leiby, Jr., not far from Wap-poo Cut. Left wing of the battalion, under my command, marched to the new camp.

July 11th.—Right wing, with Colonel Simonton, came to the new camp, which is named and designated as "Camp Connor." We were now relieved from duty on the picket line. Sentinels around our camp is the only guard kept by us.

July 13th.—We had heard before this date that the Twenty-first regiment South Carolina volunteers, of which R. F. Graham was colonel, had eleven companies. I opened communication with the colonel, having first ascertained that the Clarendon Guards, Captain Y. N. Butler, were desirous of being transferred to our battalion. Colonel Graham, knowing that he would not be allowed to retain more than ten companies, readily consented to aid us in having the transfer made, preferring that the men should be indulged in their inclinations and that we be helped to complete our organization. The colonel had been first lieutenant in Gregg's First regiment, and I had known him as an efficient officer in the Fort Sumter campaign. The order of transfer was made and we received it to-day. The Twenty-first regiment is stationed on Morris Island at this time.

From the 13th to the 22d of July nothing occurred to break the monotony of camp life, except the fearful increase of the sick-list. Its daily range was from seventy to one hundred. Numbers were every day sent up to the city hospitals. Nearly all of the sickness is fever of a malarious character and very malignant type. Many of the cases took on a typhoid condition and were protracted. One man of the Ripley Guards died in camp; two from Marion Rifles

and two from Company A, Washington Light Infantry, died in Charleston.*

On the 22d day of July, 1862, the Clarendon Guards reported for duty, and the Eutaws ceased to exist as a battalion and became the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers.

July 19 to August 31.—There were no further active operations on James Island during the summer. Picketing, watching and waiting, with plenty of drilling, were our occupations during the month of August. General Taliaferro, of Virginia, was in command on the island. Brigadier-Generals Hagood and Colquitt were also there, and Colonel Simonton was still in command of a portion of the lines. The new lines were commenced and soon completed. Why the old lines were ever located on the ground occupied by them, was one of the mysteries known only to the Engineer Department. The new lines ran from a point opposite the neck of the Secessionville Peninsula to the Stono river, between Grimballs and Dills. They were scarcely one-fourth the length of the old, and enabled the Confederates, with a smaller force, to hold a much larger portion of James Island. They were well constructed, with proper flanking arrangements, and were very strong. They looked like works designed to be held, and not for temporary shelter and protection. Their construction diminished the chances of the capture of the island four-fold.

During the month the regiment broke camp at "Camp Pettigrew" and went to "Camp Gadberry," at Freer's Store. I was, in general, ably and cheerfully assisted by the line officers in maintaining discipline. It might not, perhaps, be fair to attribute any part of their zeal to an order issued while we were at the latter camp. (It is merely mentioned now as a matter of history.) The order alluded to announced to the command that no private soldier would ever be punished for any negligence in the discharge of duty, which might, by the exercise of diligence, have been prevented by the officer in charge, but that officers alone would be held accountable, and their's would be a strict accountability. The principle was proper, and I had the support of my subalterns in its enforcement. A necessity for invoking it was seldom found. The knowledge that it would certainly be

*I regret that I am unable to give the names of these men. They gave their lives to their country, and are as much entitled to honorable mention as if they had fallen in battle. Death is shorn of some of his terrors by the glamour which surrounds his approach on the field of carnage. The greatest heroism is required to meet the dread Conqueror amid the sufferings of the hospital.

enforced, was generally quite sufficient to deter any so disposed from being either negligent or too indulgent.

The feebleness with which the enemy pressed the siege in our front on the island, was more than compensated by their energy and activity in the harbor and on Morris Island. A constant bombardment of our forts and batteries was kept up by their ironclad fleet and land batteries, which they had erected on that island. Their fleet consisted of the new *Ironsides*, one of the most powerful vessels ever built, and five or six monitors. The armament of the *Ironsides* consisted of sixteen 11-inch guns and two 200-pound Parrotts. Each of the monitors carried a 15-inch gun. The Confederate Battery Wagner, known also as "Fort Wagner," was built entirely across the island where it narrows, thirteen hundred yards from Cummins Point and twenty-seven hundred yards from Fort Sumter. This was a very strong work, built on the most scientific principles. It was provided with bomb-proofs and covered ways and was well armed, except that there was a deficiency of mortars. The armament was arranged for defence against an attack from the front, as well as offensive operations against a fleet attempting to come in, but the guns on the sea face did little damage to the fleet of ironclads. Battery Gregg was situated at Cummins Point, and was built and armed exclusively for operations against a fleet. On the 11th of July the enemy attempted to carry Wagner by assault, but failed. On the 18th, as I have already said, a much more vigorous and determined attempt was made. They were repulsed with great slaughter, though this attempt came near being successful. Some of the assailants actually got into the work, but were either driven out, killed or captured. Finding that Wagner could not be carried by assault, General Gilmore, on the 19th, commenced a system of regular approaches. His first parallel was thirteen hundred and thirty yards from our works. On the night of the 23d of July the second parallel was completed, six hundred yards in advance of the first. About the 9th of August a third parallel was constructed, at a distance of five hundred yards from the fort. On the 21st of the same month the fourth was completed, about three hundred yards from the fort, and approaches were commenced for the fifth. Behind the third and fourth, heavy Parrott batteries were erected, which pounded away on Fort Sumter incessantly night and day, firing over Fort Wagner. Since the 18th of July the latter work had been greatly strengthened by the Confederates. The ditch was not short of twenty-five feet in width, and was lined with very

sharp pikes. The distance from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the parapet was about thirty feet. A torpedo was imbedded in nearly every square foot of the glacis. It was impossible to enter the fort from the front without the use of scaling ladders. The heavy guns bearing on Sumter were frequently turned on Wagner, and there was an incessant fire from sharpshooters and bombardment from the enemy's mortars. By the 21st, the walls of Fort Sumter were breached on two sides. The south side, towards Morris Island, was pounded to powder. It now presented the appearance of an immense pile of brick and sand. The northwest face was also breached. The shot passed entirely through. The whole fort presented the appearance of a shapeless mass of ruins. A few of its guns, however, were still fit for service. General Gilmore thought its condition was such that General Beauregard would listen to terms of surrender, and on that day sent a demand for the evacuation of Morris Island and Fort Sumter, accompanied by a notification that in case of refusal Charleston would be shelled. Fire was opened on the city and a few shells thrown in before Beauregard's refusal was received. A large number of non-combatants left the city. A great many, who had paid no attention to General Beauregard's repeated warnings, now became anxious to leave. For awhile, the railroads were not able to carry the people and their household goods fast enough. There were, however, many who still refused to leave.

The garrison of Fort Wagner was made up of two or three regiments of infantry and a sufficient number of artillerists to man the guns, and was changed every three or four days. Some of the troops in and around Charleston had had more than one tour of duty in that fort. The Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers were in daily expectation of an order detailing them for the post of honor and danger, and were becoming impatient doing camp and picket duty, while the other troops were doing the heavy and dangerous work of the siege.

On the 26th of August the enemy on Morris Island attacked and carried the Confederate rifle-pits, constructed behind a sand ridge about two hundred yards in front of Fort Wagner. General Gilmore immediately commenced his fifth and last parallel, just two hundred yards from the walls of Wagner.

The long-expected orders for the Twenty-fifth to proceed to Wagner at length came, and we were to go on the 30th of August to form a part of the garrison. General Taliaferro, however, was of the opinion that we could not be spared from James Island, and had

influence enough at headquarters to get the order countermanded. Our disappointment was considerably mollified when, on the morning of the 31st, we heard that, on the night before, the steamer engaged in transferring troops had been mistaken by our batteries for a vessel of the enemy's and sunk with all on board. Fortunately, it was not in very deep water, and there were very few casualties. One man swam to Mount Pleasant, almost entirely across the harbor, another to Fort Sumter, and the rest were taken off by another boat.

September 1st, 1863.—Orders received this morning directing me to conduct the Twenty-fifth to Johnson, there to take steamer to-night for the purpose of being transferred to Morris Island to constitute a part of the garrison of Fort Wagner, relieving one of the regiments in that fort. These orders were not this time countermanded, and the regiment, in fine spirits, marched to Fort Johnson in the afternoon. There we found a row-boat large enough to carry one company. This boat was turned over to Company A, under the command of Lieutenant H. B. Olney, which embarked upon it and started late in the afternoon for Cummins Point. The rest of the regiment was embarked on a steamer about dusk. The changes of the garrison were always made at night to prevent the enemy from sinking our boats, as nearly the whole of the harbor was under the fire of their batteries. It was the custom to make a detail of boats from our naval vessels in the harbor to transfer the troops from the transport steamers to Cummins Point. The steamer, on which the Twenty-fifth was embarked, stopped near Fort Sumter. The usual detail from the navy failed to report, and the steamer was deficient of sailors to man the few boats which she had on board. One boat with a few men pushed off. The captain of the steamer offered me a scow large enough to carry about fifty men if I could find oarsmen. There was no difficulty in this. A number of men, mostly from the Beauregard Light Infantry and Wee Nee Volunteers, expressed their desire to go and ability to row. I soon had the scow full, and with Dr. W. C. Ravenel, our surgeon, Lieutenant F. J. Lesesne, acting Adjutant, and about fifty men and officers, started to Cummins Point. When about half way, the monitors came up and commenced to bombard Fort Sumter. The steamer, with the balance of the regiment on board, being in great danger, returned to Fort Johnson. The harbor was not very rough, the moon shone brightly, and spurred on by the expectation of a shot from the monitors, my oarsmen made rapid progress. We were soon wading out of the water under the guns of Battery Gregg. The boat drew so much water

that she could not get near enough to the beach to enable us to land on *terra firma*. Company A had reached Cummins Point, and, with the men brought with me, I had a command of eighty or ninety. There was no prospect of getting the remainder of the regiment before the next night. This detachment was marched to Fort Wagner, where I reported to General Colquitt, who was then in command. As I had not men enough to relieve any of the battalions or regiments in the fort, he ordered me to return to the sand hills, between Wagner and Gregg, and protect my command as well as I could. All that part of the island was under the enemy's fire, and their shell was continually dropping. We retired to what the soldiers called "private bomb-proofs." These were holes in the sand large enough to hold two men. There a man was safe, except from shell bursting immediately overhead or falling vertically. I did not find a "hole in the ground" very comfortable, and so Lieutenant Lesesne and I spread our blanket between two sand hills, and under the shelter of a small bush passed the balance of a very disagreeably cold night. The monitors bombarded Sumter all night. Battery Gregg, on Morris Island, Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan's Island kept up the fight, and did some excellent shooting. The monitors would belch out columns of flame from their 15-inch guns in their turrets. When the shot from our batteries struck them, they would seem to be covered by sheet-lightning. Fort Wagner and the enemy's batteries in front exchanged shots all night, but not very rapidly.

September 2d.—This morning the last parallel of the enemy, two hundred yards from Wagner, was nearly completed. Both the garrison and the enemy were working like beavers—the former repairing damages and the latter pushing forward their trenches. The garrison kept up a slow fire. My detachment was detailed as a working party for Battery Gregg, where another gun was to be mounted. I marched them down there and turned them over to the engineer officer in charge. Captain R. Press Smith, of the regular infantry, was in command. Lieutenant Edgerton, of the same regiment, formerly a sergeant in the Washington Light Infantry, Company B, was assisting him. The enemy poured their shell into Sumter, Wagner and Gregg all day. At dusk, as instructed, I reported with my detachment at Fort Wagner, and we commenced our tour of duty. By 10 or 11 o'clock the rest of the regiment arrived. The companies did not all come together, and they were stationed around the parapet as they reported, relieving a North Carolina regiment, which left the island by the same boats that brought the Twenty-fifth South

Carolina volunteers. The Twenty-eighth Georgia, a small regiment, occupied a part of the land face. The balance of the land face, all of the sea face and flank wall outside, running from the fort to the water, were occupied by the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers. Major Glover was assigned to the command of the flank wall and the sea face. I had command of the land face and the general supervision of the whole regiment. The two regiments mentioned, and several companies of the Second South Carolina artillery constituted the garrison inside the fort. The Twenty-seventh Georgia was kept in the sand hills as a reserve. Battery Gregg was garrisoned by a company of regulars. These troops constituted the whole Confederate force on the island. The fire of the enemy was not very brisk during the night, but there was very little chance for any rest on the part of our garrison. We were in our places on the parapet of the fort all night. I made the salient angle regimental headquarters. Major F. F. Warley, of the Second South Carolina artillery, was Chief of Artillery and had the general supervision of all the guns. During the night Colonel Lawrence M. Keitt, of the Twentieth South Carolina volunteers, came down and relieved General Colquit, who left the island.

September 3d, Thursday.—Enemy still approaching. One or two of our guns and one mortar keeping up a steady fire. The men of the Twenty-fifth were in high spirits, a great many of them went to work building defences with sand bags on the walls of the fort. They constructed loop-holes in these defences, through which to shoot at the enemy, whose works were provided with similar means of offense and defence. Firing from these loop-holes had become very dangerous, yet it was steadily kept up. As soon as light was seen through one of these holes the Federal sharpshooters fired, and not unfrequently succeeded in sending their balls through. Each side fired at the flashes of the rifles of the other. Our men, after firing, shoved their hats into the loop-holes to darken them before they drew out their muskets, which, when reloaded, were put carefully back and the hole covered by a man before the hat was withdrawn. One man, Private Wallace, of Company C, received a ball in his piece, which, happening to be of larger calibre than the enemy's gun, did not lodge. He took it out, put down a charge of powder and sent the ball back to its former owner. Musketry firing and hissing of balls were incessant. The enemy did not to-day use their artillery very briskly, but were hard at work in their trenches. Not a man could be seen, but a long line of spades was visible as they were lifted up

to throw the sand out of the trench on the side towards us. Our James Island batteries and Fort Moultrie were cannonading the enemy's trenches all day. The fleet came up, as was the custom, early in the morning, and opened fire upon us, throwing 11-inch and 15-inch shells. They were often thrown with small charges of powder, ricocheted along the water and striking near the top of the covered ways, fell nearly vertically, searching every part of our work. Some of the 15-inch shells were loaded with smaller shells, and when the large shells burst the fuses of these would ignite and explode, scattering their pieces in every direction, doing much damage. During the day from one-fourth to one-third of the men were kept on the parapet. The rest were allowed to remain in the bomb-proofs. At night-fall they were all turned out and kept at their places on the parapet all night. The enemy had gotten so near that they could hear us turning the men out. Their fire was then quickened, and shot and shell came, literally, like iron hail. The garrison had a great deal of work to do constantly repairing damages. It was soon apparent that this fort was near its last day. The exterior slope of the salient was drifting slowly into the ditch under the enemy's fire. When not visiting the rest of the command I was with that part of the regiment stationed in the salient.

September 4th, Friday.—The enemy commenced a lively cannonade this morning. Quite a number of our sharpshooters' stands were knocked down. Sharpshooters were still very brisk on both sides, and continued so all day. The United States flag was put up by the enemy at the head of their trenches now, about one hundred yards from the salient. It was the opinion of the engineer officers that the salient was the intended point of attack. My opinion was that the intention of General Gilmore was to pass the fort at low tide, and assail us from the rear. There was about fifty yards of hard beach, at low water, between our flank wall and high water line. This was one of the defects of the work. There was a time when a line of palisades might have been driven down to high water mark. The engineers thought that the salient would be the point of assault. This would have been in accordance with a scientific approach and assault. I expressed my dissent from the engineers, and urged Colonel Keitt to allow me to strengthen our force of two companies left on the outside behind the flank wall, to meet any effort that might be made to pass the fort. He agreed with the engineers, and did not deem it necessary to increase the force on the outside.

The batteries on James Island kept up an unrelenting fire and were

doing some excellent practice, particularly the one at Shell Point, called "Battery Simkins," in honor of the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Simkins, who fell during the assault on this fort on the 18th of July.

Major F. F. Warley was struck in the afternoon by a piece of shell, which made a painful flesh wound on one of his legs. He was soon after started to the city in Brigadier-General Ripley's boat, which came down to bring dispatches. An account of the condition of the fort was given Major Warley for General Beauregard. On the way up to the city, one of the enemy's boats, commanded by Lieutenant Charles Craven, of the navy, fell in with Major Warley and captured him and his boat's crew, who were greatly outnumbered by Lieutenant Craven's party. Major Warley had the presence of mind to tear open the envelope containing the communication for General Beauregard, and, after putting an oarlock inside, threw it overboard before he surrendered. The enemy were in the habit of sending boats from the creek between James Island and Morris Island, around Cummins Point and between Sumter and Gregg, and out towards the bar every night. Warley was captured by this boat picket. (I have met Lieutenant Craven and heard from him an account of the incident since the war.) Captain Thomas Huguenin, of the First South Carolina infantry, who had, with his company, relieved Captain R. Press Smith and the garrison of Battery Gregg, was ordered up from that work and made Chief of Artillery in Warley's place. One of Captain Huguenin's lieutenants was left in command at Gregg. A more worthy successor of Warley could not have been selected. Huguenin was without fear; had been trained at the Citadel Academy, and was thoroughly acquainted with all of the duties of an artillery officer.

Our working parties were hard at work all day repairing damages occasioned by the enemy's fire.

Corporal Newcomer, of Company A, was killed and several men wounded this afternoon. Several men were killed and a good many were wounded of the other regiments of the garrison. The enemy's fire slackened a little after nightfall. A calcium light was displayed, but turned on the creek, which was lighted up brilliantly. Captain Sellers and Company F (St. Matthew's Rifles) were with me in the salient for two nights. I had been directed to remain in there when my presence was not needed elsewhere. Both men and officers got so they could sleep under fire when permitted to take a little rest. The shells from Fort Moultrie passed directly over the salient, and as they were now timed to burst just two hundred yards beyond us,

the danger of a slightly premature explosion was great, when it is remembered that Moultrie was nearly two miles away. Besides this danger, and the danger from the enemy's shot and shell, the trenches were now so near that pieces from our own mortar shells occasionally came back into the salient.

September 5th, Saturday.—The last parallel of the enemy was now completed, and their guns and mortars behind it ready for action. In the bombardment of to-day shot and shell from seventeen siege and Cohorn mortars, and thirteen 100, 200, and 300-pound Parrott guns, all in the enemy's land batteries, were incessantly poured into the fort. These, with the fire of the 15-inch guns of the monitors, and the sixteen 11-inch broadside and 200-pound Parrott bow and stern guns of the *Ironsides*, added to the thunders of Moultrie, Johnson, and the batteries on James and Sullivan's Islands, made an artillery fight the fury and grandeur of which can hardly be conceived. It is beyond my powers of description, surpassing the most highly-colored accounts which I have ever heard. No words in the English language can exaggerate it. The mortar shells of the enemy, which could be seen throughout their entire flight, fell so fast that they could not be counted. The Parrott guns were so near that the explosion of their shells in the fort drowned the report of the guns. Many men were killed and wounded; some of them, without being struck, rendered for a while completely insensible by concussion. All of our guns in the fort were silenced. It was impossible for the artillerists to work them under such a fire. When directed to any one spot, as it was whenever our artillery opened, it became impossible for anything to live, and the working of the guns was, therefore, out of the question. It was impossible to stand even for a few minutes on any part of terreplein or parade of the fort, without being covered with sand thrown up by the bursting shells. The hats of the soldiers got as much as the rims would hold. Men could be seen ducking their heads and instinctively leaning in the direction from which the enemy's shot were coming, as in a hail storm. We kept about one-fourth of the infantry behind the parapet, without any other protection. The suffering of the men in the bomb-proofs from heat and want of water was terrible. The supply of water brought from the city was very inadequate. That got from the wells on the island was horrible. Extreme thirst alone drove the men to drinking it, and it was almost as much as a man's life was worth to visit a well for the purpose of getting it.

A great many sights, too horrible to relate, which will remain in

the minds of those of us who witnessed them as long as life lasts, were to be seen. Private Moses A. Rawlinson, of Company G (Edisto Rifles), was knocked from the parapet, where he was fearlessly doing his duty as a sharpshooter, to the middle of the parade, a distance of forty or fifty feet, going fully twenty feet in the air in his passage. The brave fellow never let his rifle go, but fell with it in his hands. Private Robert E. Dukes, of Company C (Wee Nee Volunteers), who was one of the litter-bearers for the day, was standing by me at the entrance of one of the covered ways. He and another member of the infirmiry corps (whose name I would like to mention, but I have forgotten it) started to bring Rawlinson into the bomb-proof hospital to the surgeon. I stopped them, because it seemed to me to be almost certain death to go to him till the iron hail slacked a little. I thought he was dead. In a few minutes he was discovered to move a little. I then told them he must be brought in. They did their duty fearlessly, but their tenderness to the poor fellow and their bravery was useless. He died in a few minutes after he was brought in. Lieutenant Henry Montgomery, Jr., of Company C, was killed about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. A piece of shell took off the greater portion of his head. A Christian gentleman, true-hearted patriot, and brave soldier was lost in him.

A good many of the mortar shells being visible, as they came hissing and spluttering into our works, could be avoided. The Parrott guns sent their shells without warning. The fort was now being so rapidly demolished that it soon became evident that it could not stand a much longer continuation of the bombardment. The parapet of the salient was gone, and the ditch at that point was filling with the drift. Other parts of the fort were going rapidly, and it seemed that the bomb-proofs would soon succumb to this destructive fire.

There were two guns still mounted this morning on the sea face of the fort. The one nearest the magazine was thrown from its carriage by the enemy's fire, and the mass of ruins, made up of the platform on which it had stood and the gun-carriage, was set on fire by the exploding shells. This gun was heavily loaded, and when it fell was pointing directly towards our magazine, in which a large quantity of powder was stored. For a while it seemed that the magazine was in great danger from the burning mass and from our own gun, which we expected momentarily would be fired by the heat. As I have already said, it was next to impossible for anything to live at any point upon which the fire of the enemy was concentrated. The extinguishing of the flames was, therefore, a work of difficulty and great danger.

It was, however, done in time to prevent any greater calamity. Private J. T. Barrineau, of the Wee Nees (Company C), distinguishing himself in his fearless and successful efforts to put out the fire. He was the first to reach the ruins and go to work in this hell of fire. Others, inspired by his example, went to his assistance.

The other gun, which Gilmore and Dahlgren seemed determined should stand no longer, was on the sea face, south of the bomb proof headquarters. The fleet and land batteries were crossing their fire over it and doing their best to strike it. One of the stands for sharpshooters was very near it. This stand had been occupied by Private W. A. Dotterer, of Company A, and Private M. Williams, of Company H. I regarded their destruction as so certain, that I did not think the injury they were doing the enemy with their rifles was sufficient to compensate for the loss of two such men, and allowed them to leave the post and take shelter from the terrible storm in one of the uncovered passages leading from one bomb-proof to another. They were by no means safe there, but the danger was not so great as on the parapet. It was not long before Major Bryan, the Assistant Adjutant-General, called my attention to the abandonment of the post. I told him that I had authorized it, as I did not think the damage done the enemy was worth the sacrifice of the men. The Major said that Colonel Keitt's orders were that the post should be filled. Dotterer and Williams were present and heard the conversation. I turned to them and said, "You have heard the orders." Said Dotterer, "Well, colonel, we will go, but our chance of returning is not worth ten cents." They both went immediately back without the tremor of a muscle, or the least appearance of fear. They kept up a steady fire through the day, and managed to live by leaving the post after firing, and returning when they had reloaded their guns. There was no want of promptness on their part, nor loss of time in driving down their cartridges when in a place not quite so much exposed as the stand from which they delivered their fire. With every precaution which they could possibly take, I deemed their escape little less than a miracle. [When we left the fort and returned to our camp, I considered it my duty to recommend both of these men for promotion. Captain Hammond made Williams a sergeant, and some months afterwards Dotterer was killed in Virginia while acting as a lieutenant. There was no vacancy, and consequently he was never commissioned.]

A portion of our Signal Corps had been specially detailed to observe the signals of the enemy. Every dispatch signaled between

General Gilmore, of the Federal army, and Admiral Dahlgren, of the navy, was transmitted by our signal officers to General Beauregard in the city, and such as he desired us to know were then sent to Colonel Keitt for his information and guidance. One of these dispatches, which was read by Colonel Keitt to a few of us who were in his confidence, detailed the plan of attack on Battery Gregg, which had been agreed upon between Gilmore and Dahlgren. An arrangement was made by which Dahlgren was to furnish the boats and Gilmore the men, and Battery Gregg, at Cummins Point, was to be surprised. But for this information, it seems almost certain that Gregg would have fallen, and the Confederates on Morris Island cut off from all hope of escape. The expedition was to come in boats, with muffled oars, from the creek which separates Morris from James Island, and when the keels of the boats struck the beach, the men were to jump out and charge the battery. Captain Martin A. Sellers, with his Company (F), and Company E, under the command of Lieutenant A. J. Mims, with a detachment of fifty men from the Twenty-eighth Georgia, under the command of Captain Hayne, were detailed as reinforcements for Battery Gregg. The whole detachment was put under the command of Captain Sellers. Company B, of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant R. A. Blum, was a part of the force in charge of the flank wall on the outside of the fort, and was nearest to the sally-port. When the Georgians marched out they missed Captain Sellers, and Captain Hayne halted his detachment and entered into conversation with Lieutenant Blum, expecting, probably, to be able to learn something of Sellers and the rest of the detail. The flank wall and the ground behind it were as much exposed to fire as any part of the interior of the fort, and upon this occasion there was a perfect storm of shot and shell. Blum and Hayne were both killed by the same shell, and at the same instant. The Georgians were left without a commander, and if they had not been men of the most indomitable courage would have sought shelter in the sally-port. I went out to see whether Captain Sellers had gone, and found these brave men seated quietly on the sand amid this terrific shelling. I did not at first know why so many men were sitting idly there, and inquired of one of them what it meant.

"We are the Georgians," said he, "sent to report to Captain Sellers, and we have missed him."

"Where is your officer?" I inquired.

"He has been killed, sir; and we have no one to command us."

"Well, you are certainly brave men," said I, "to remain here without a commander in this terrible fire, and if you will just stay where you are a little longer I will see that some other officer is sent to lead you."

I went into the fort and reported what had occurred. Another officer was sent, who led these brave men down to Cummins Point, where they joined Captain Sellers and the rest of the detail. It very seldom falls to the lot of an officer to witness such a display of heroism as those fifty Georgians that day showed.

We lost in Lieutenant R. A. Blum an officer who had no superior in the service. [When we were leaving the island, it was thought that it would not be possible to bring away our fallen heroes, and orders were issued forbidding any attempt to remove the dead. Lieutenant Blum's company showed their love for him by concealing his body, wrapped in a blanket, among them on the night of the evacuation, and safely delivering their sacred trust to the mother who had yielded up her noble son to our cause.]

The enemy came according to programme, but they were the parties surprised. As soon as their boats struck the beach they were greeted with a volley in their faces and a discharge of grape and canister from the 11-inch guns on the parapet of Battery Gregg. Not a man landed, and their boats pushed off in confusion, returning, as they left, a desultory fire. They were soon out of sight in the darkness. We lost one man belonging to Company E, who was killed by the sabot from one of the guns of Gregg fired over the heads of our men on the beach. It was very hard to depress these guns sufficiently to make them effective. The battery had not been constructed with the expectation of an attack from that direction.

It was apparent that it would not be practicable to keep the whole force on the parapet to-night as usual. It was determined to reduce it as much as at all consistent with prudence, and depend on getting the balance of the garrison out in time to meet an assault should the enemy attempt one. The men were directed to protect themselves as well as possible by keeping near the parapet, which afforded some shelter, except against shell bursting overhead. The salient angle became untenable, and only a small squad of Company F was left there. In making our arrangements for the night, a good many men were killed and wounded. I posted Lieutenant — Ramsay, of Company H (who had been before this time commissioned to succeed F. C. Jacobs), with eight men in the angle made by the face and flank of the bastion, and proceeded to make proper arrangements

for the balance of the land face of the fort. I returned in about ten minutes and found Ramsay at his post alone. I inquired where his men were. He said that they were all killed or wounded except one, and he had left him. I told him that I would send him another detachment. The cool courage of Lieutenant Ramsay filled me with admiration.

The bombardment was terrific and grand all night. The fleet withdrew at the approach of darkness, as was their custom. The fire of the Parrott guns slackened somewhat, but the mortars kept it up incessantly. Four or five shells could be seen to start from a battery behind their last parallel at the same instant of time. They would come flaming through the air like comets, or rather like meteors, bursting, as the enemy's gunners seemed to design they should, sometimes in the air, sometimes on the parade and sometimes on the parapet.

During the night it was reported that the enemy were advancing to charge our works. It was a relief to men and officers to believe that the last struggle was about to be made, and that this awful cannonade was about to be exchanged for musketry and a hand-to-hand fight with the bayonet. The enemy displayed a calcium light, and lighted up our works brilliantly. Except in the shadows, it was light enough to read ordinary print. To have tried the experiment, however, would have been certain death. The men kept in the shadows of the parapet and traverses. I made my headquarters at the magazine on the land face, about the centre of that part of the regiment under my immediate command. Lieutenant F. J. Lesesne remained with me and rendered invaluable assistance, promptly bearing my orders whenever and wherever required. Major John V. Glover had the supervision of two companies, and was charged with the defence of the sea face and the flank wall outside of the sally-port.

September 6th, Sunday.—Daylight came at last, and with it the quickening of the fire from the Parrotts of the enemy. The fleet came up again and joined in the bombardment, and it soon became as grand and terrible as it was on yesterday. The fort was going rapidly. A large working party was constantly at work, but the covered ways and entrances to the magazines and bomb-proofs could scarcely be kept open. The entrance to the covered way leading into the salient was entirely closed by the sand-drift caused by exploding shells. The bombardment was a repetition of yesterday's. Men fell on every side, and the litter bearers and surgeons had as much as they could do. It was the custom to send the wounded up to the

city at night. Our opportunities permitted us to remove very few of the dead from the island during the latter days of the siege.

The suffering of the men was somewhat allayed by digging wells in the bomb-proofs. Tolerably good water was thus obtained, but not in sufficient quantities. The heat was intense, and the air in the bomb-proofs became very foul and hardly supported life. The light of the lamps, kept constantly burning, could hardly penetrate the gloom. Rev. A. F. Dickson, our worthy and efficient chaplain, held the usual Sunday's religious services in the bomb-proof, and the voices of the men singing the praises of God could be heard amid the screaming of solid shot and bursting of shells.

To prevent as much as possible over-crowding of the reeking bomb-proofs, Companies C and E were sent out to the sand hills north of the fort. It must not be imagined that they were in a place of safety. The enemy were dropping their shells all over the island from Wagner to Gregg. When a message was sent from one work to another it was borne by a mounted courier, who rode at full speed. Whenever any signs of life were seen by the fleet, the *Ironsides* or the monitors would sweep the island with their guns, sometimes being near enough to use grape shot for that purpose. Private Hugh M. Pressley, of Company C, was wounded by a piece of shell thrown at him from one of the guns of the *Ironsides*. Major Bryan, A. A. General for Colonel Keitt, not only to-day, but on every day during the time he was in the fort, distinguished himself by his close attention to his duties, skill and valor. He is entitled to the gratitude of his country, and carried away with him the lasting admiration of both officers and men of the garrison. I think he deserves more credit than any other one officer of the garrison.

About 2 o'clock P. M., Colonel Harris and Captain S. D. Lee, of the Engineer Corps, came down from the city to inspect the fort and report its condition to General Beauregard. Colonel Harris was of the opinion that the fort could not be held longer. The work was, in his judgment, untenable. Captain Thomas Lee was the engineer in charge. He was completely worked down, but was still discharging his duties bravely. Under his direction, the damages done by the enemy's guns had been promptly repaired till the last parallel of the besiegers was completed. It was then no longer possible, and it was very hard to keep from being entirely buried by the sand-drifts occasioned by the bursting shells. Constant work was necessary to effect this. The parapet of the salient was entirely gone, and the ditch in front filled for a space of fifty feet or more.

At dark the enemy's sap reached the ditch at a point to the east of this fill.

About 4 o'clock, after Colonel Harris and Captain Lee had made their report, we received the order of General Beauregard, through the Signal Corps, to evacuate the fort. The plan of evacuation had been talked over and agreed upon by Colonel Keitt, Major Bryan, Captain Huguenin, Captain Crawford, commanding Twenty-eighth Georgia, Major Gardner, commanding Twenty-seventh Georgia, and myself. It was a joint invention. No one of us can claim for himself the honor of its arrangement. The order of General Beauregard did not fix the details nor change the plan that we had agreed upon in anticipation of its reception. In the event of its not coming, we had resolved to hold the fort while there was a man left. A sortie had been talked of, and would probably have been made if the general commanding had not come to the conclusion to make an effort to save the garrison, or rather to permit us to make an effort to save ourselves. The work could not have been held, but we were resolved to sell our lives as dearly as possible, and I have no doubt but that our resistance would have been a very honorable death struggle. In accordance with our plan of evacuation, I was to have the honor, with a part of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers, of covering the retreat of all of the troops from the fort, except a small party detailed under Captain Huguenin to blow up the magazine and fire the last gun. On the approach of night the Wee Nees and Beauregard Light Infantry (Companies C and E) were ordered to march in from the sand hills. This, no doubt, created the impression on the enemy that the garrison was being changed, and that fresh troops were coming in to take the place of those on duty. At dusk, Captain Crawford, with the Twenty-eighth Georgia, moved out of the fort. This regiment took with them a 12-pound howitzer to be used (if occasion required) by the Twenty-seventh Georgia in covering the embarkation of the troops at Cummins Point. This duty had been, at the request of Major Gardner, assigned to the Twenty-seventh. A breastwork was hastily thrown across the island not far above Battery Gregg, where they were to make a stand in the event of our being followed by the enemy. Our guns had been silent for thirty-six hours. We now re-opened fire from the only mortar which we had fit for use. The only other one in the fort was an old Revolutionary piece, which I recognized as having seen at the Citadel when I was a cadet. It had been spiked by the breaking of the priming wire, and had been useless for several days. (I thought that

if the fort had been better supplied with mortars it could have been held longer.) The firing was at irregular intervals. Besides this mortar, one gun was also used. As soon as the Twenty-eighth Georgia left, the portion of the wall occupied by them was covered by spreading out the Clarendon Guards (Company I), now under the command of Captain Joseph C. Burgess, who had been promoted upon the resignation of Captain Y. N. Butler. The sharpshooters were directed to keep up a steady fire, not so rapid as to create the impression that it was done for effect, nor yet so slow as to induce the belief that the garrison had been weakened. The firing was more spirited than it had been during the day or on the previous night. Fresh troops fired more rapidly than soldiers worn out by days and nights of constant service. We were anxious to make the enemy believe that this new life was occasioned by fresh arrivals. This firing was an innovation of my own on the plan of evacuation, not, however, inconsistent with it but rather an addition. The fire of the enemy was kept up briskly, and their shells were falling all around.

As soon as I had information that the Twenty-eighth Georgia had embarked and that the boats were ready for another detachment, I sent off Companies B, D, E, G and H. They, like the Georgians, carried a 12-pound howitzer. We tried to conceal the fact that we were evacuating the fort from our own men, and did all that we could to lead them to think that the garrison was only being changed. Great circumspection and caution was required. The enemy were in our ditch and not more than fifty feet from us. A panic among our men would have been at once fatal to the whole movement. No troops could have behaved better than the garrison of Fort Wagner during the evacuation.

Soon after dark, Lieutenant S. N. McDonald, of Company K (Ripley Guards), was mortally wounded while leading his company with unflinching gallantry. Captain W. B. Gordon had been wounded some time before, and First Lieutenant F. J. Lesesne was acting as adjutant of the regiment. McDonald was consequently in command of his company when he fell. He was carried away by his men. There was no time to amputate his crushed leg or possibly the life of this brave and valuable officer and good man might have been saved. About the same time Company K lost one man killed and several others wounded.

Lieutenant Lesesne was sent to command his company, and Lieutenant James A. Ross, of Company A, an intelligent, active, adven-

turous and brave young officer, was detailed as adjutant. He filled the place as perfectly and satisfactorily as Lesesne had done.

The St. Matthew's Rifles (Company F), Captain Martin A. Sellers, were posted behind the flank wall on the outside of the fort, after the company which had occupied that dangerous post had been dispatched to Cummins Point. While the events just narrated were transpiring inside of the fort, First Sergeant Carson of that company was killed. Company F was one of the best companies of the regiment. It was composed of men worthy of being commanded by the great captains of history (as indeed were many of the men of the other companies of the regiment). Sergeant Carson was one of the best non-commissioned officers in the service. He would have done himself credit in a much higher position, and, had he been spared, would certainly have attained a rank more suited to his abilities. His comrades, with their bayonets, dug a grave in the sand behind the flank wall and buried him there. The booming of the enemy's guns and bursting of shells were his funeral salute. Truly he was buried with the honors of war!

A courier arrived from Cummins Point with the information that the last detachment had embarked. I next sent off Companies A, C and K. Colonel L. M. Keitt and his staff left about this time. I had now with me inside the fort Company I only. Our suspense was very great. Every slack in the enemy's fire caused our hopes of escape to sink. The next shot was welcomed as the harbinger of success. We knew then that our movements were not discovered. Company I had been filling all the posts made vacant by the withdrawal of the others. Any unsteadiness on the part of the men would certainly have been most disastrous in its consequences. They behaved with great coolness and nerve during the whole time they were under my immediate observation, and it would be impossible to use words of commendation to which they were not entitled. Both they and the men of Company F, in the most trying position ever filled by soldiers (covering a retreat with the full knowledge that if pursued they must be overwhelmed by superior numbers), behaved with a courage that never was surpassed by the veterans of any army.

A messenger at length came with intelligence that the last detachment sent was off and the boats again ready. I led out Company I in perfect order, and was joined at the sally-port by Captain Sellers with Company F. Lieutenant F. B. Brown and ten men of Company I were detailed to report to Captain Huguenin. That officer,

with this detail and a few more men of other commands, was directed by Colonel Keitt to light a slow match communicating with the magazine, in which was a quantity of powder, and so timed that it would be blown up after he and the men with him had reached Cummins Point. The last firing was done by Captain Huguenin and his detachment after we left the fort. The journey to Cummins Point was a perilous trip. Shells were falling and bursting all around and over us. We kept in the shadow cast by the fort, which extended nearly to Cummins Point. The calcium light of the enemy lighted up the fort as brilliantly as on the previous night.

The sailors of the Confederate ironclad gunboats rowed the boats upon which we embarked, and we were carried to steamers in waiting just below Fort Sumter. An officer of the navy commanded each of the small boats. The skill of the oarsmen was surprising. The boats kept abreast, with the length of an oar from the gunwale to the end of the blade separating them. The oars, thus interlocked, never touched or interfered with each other. The bombardment of Wagner by the enemy was still going on after we reached the steamers. It had not then been discovered that the work had been evacuated. The boats returned for Huguenin and his party, but before they came back we heard firing of small arms in the direction of Cummins Point, and great fears were entertained that the brave captain and his detachment had been overtaken. In a few minutes, however, he and the officers left with him and nearly all of the men arrived. The boats which had returned from the steamers to Cummins Point for Huguenin's party were overhauled by the Federal picket-boats as they (the Federals) came out of the creeks and were making their nightly rounds. We lost fifty-seven prisoners, a few of them naval officers and the rest sailors and soldiers. Six of the men of Company I were among the missing. One sailor jumped out of one of the boats and swam to Fort Sumter. Sending so many boats back for so small a number of men was the only mistake made during the evacuation and retreat. I never heard to whose oversight the error was attributable. We reached Fort Johnson and disembarked in safety. As soon as the news was communicated to our batteries that the evacuation of Morris Island had been accomplished, they and the gunboats in the harbor opened with all their guns on that island. Three rockets were sent up, which was the pre-arranged signal for opening fire. I went to the quarters of Colonel R. F. Graham, of the Twenty-first South Carolina volunteers, near Fort Johnson, where I was entertained till the next morning.

September 7th, Monday.—Returned to camp and, when all of the detachments of the regiment had arrived, found that the killed, wounded and missing footed up one hundred and thirty-two, nearly one-fourth of the number taken to Fort Wagner. Besides six of the men left with Lieutenant Brown, three others were missing. When the men were all turned out of the bomb proof on the evening of the 6th, one man complained to me that he was sick and desired to remain in the bomb-proof. Ordinarily, he would have been excused from duty, but it was then impossible. I could not tell him why my orders were so peremptory that he should go with his company on the parapet, because it was not a part of our plan that the men should be informed that we were evacuating the fort. The poor fellow no doubt returned to the bomb-proof, and did not discover that I had not treated him with great harshness till he was captured. The other two could not be accounted for.

I heard to-day full particulars of the plan of attack that was to have been made on Fort Wagner at 9 o'clock this morning. Gilmore and Dahlgren's correspondence was interpreted by our Signal Corps as it was signalled between them. The fleet was to come up at the usual hour and join the land batteries in the bombardment, which was to continue with great fury till 9 o'clock, the hour of low tide. During the cannonade, troops were to be massed behind the last parallel. At the hour appointed for the assault the *Ironsides* was to run up a red flag. The batteries and ships were at this signal to cease firing. A brigade of infantry was to pass on the beach between the flank wall of the fort and low water and attack us in the rear, while another body of troops came over the last parallel and stormed us in front. The rear walls of the fort could be climbed in many places without much difficulty. Wagner was not constructed with the expectation that an attack would be made from the rear. The ditch in front of the bastion was filled by sand-drifts (the effect of the enemy's shot and shell) for a space almost wide enough to admit a company in line. General Beauregard did not inform us before the evacuation that he knew the enemy's plan of attack, but this knowledge, no doubt, hastened the order to evacuate. The attack from the rear was the plan which I told Colonel Keitt (on the 3d, when I asked him to allow me to increase the force behind the flank wall on the outside of the fort) the enemy would be likely to pursue. I subsequently expressed the same opinion to Colonel Harris, but neither of these officers agreed with me.

September 8th.—The enemy's ironclad fleet came up this morning,

and a tremendous artillery fight took place between these vessels and Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan's Island. A night attack was made on Fort Sumter, but the garrison was prepared and the attack was a most signal failure. As none of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers were engaged, it is not my purpose to describe this attack or to say more than that quite a number of the enemy were killed and captured with small loss to the Confederates.

September 9th to 30th.—We were allowed several days of perfect rest, which the men greatly needed. The enemy were very quiet during the remainder of the month of September. We heard that a deserter from one of the Georgia regiments went to the enemy about the time the evacuation of Morris Island was completed, and informed them that we were gone. The movement had been made with so much skill that the statement was not credited. He was told that he would be held as a hostage while a sergeant and a file of men were sent around to the sally-port of Wagner to ascertain the true condition of the fort. If the story proved false the deserter was to be shot. The sergeant found that we had gone, and entered the fort in time to extinguish the slow match which Captain Huguenin had lighted to blow up the magazine. The regiment resumed the routine of camp life, and one day was spent very much like the others. Drills and dress-parades, guard-mountings and picketing with monotonous regularity filled up the time.

One of the topics of interest in camp was the two great guns brought from England by a blockade-runner and mounted in White Point Garden (the battery) in Charleston. They were enormous pieces of artillery, about five feet in diameter between the trunnions and the base of the breech, and carrying an oblong shot of seven hundred pounds weight. One was badly damaged in firing some experimental shots and had to be strapped with iron hoops. It was found that the cracking of the metal was due to some mistake in loading, and when directions were received from the maker, it was said that they could be used without further danger of bursting. They were two useless pieces of ordnance. I never heard of their doing the enemy any damage.

October 1st to November 30th.—The regiment moved from "Camp Gadberry" to the field immediately in front of the Presbyterian church and on the opposite side of the road. The new lines, which ran from a point on the marsh south of the neck of the Secessionville peninsula to the Stono river above Dill's, were completed, and the woods between the church and Grimbail's, in which there had been

so many skirmishes between the pickets of the two armies, were being rapidly cut down. Wood was plenty, and the men were comfortable. There was some fever, but in the main the command was healthy. Private George Gist, of Company C (Wee Nees), got my permission to beat up volunteers to build me a house, and I soon had a shanty made of poles and clap-boards (split by these kind-hearted soldiers), with a good wide clay chimney, board bedstead and table, and was as comfortable as a soldier in the field ought to be. There were other shanties built by the men for themselves and some of the officers of the regiment. Our camp began to present quite the appearance of a village. We used the Presbyterian church as our chapel, and had some excellent discourses from Rev. A. F. Dickson, and occasionally from other ministers of the Gospel, who were either visiting the troops or connected with the regiments on the island. Captain Thomas, of the Twenty-first South Carolina volunteers, should not be forgotten. He was the pastor of the Baptist church in Bennettsville, Marlboro district, and went into service in command of a company composed largely of the young men of his congregation. His influence was highly beneficial to his regiment. His bravery as a soldier was equal to his eloquence and fervor as a preacher. Musician Mueller, chief of the regimental band, added much to the interest of the religious services. The performers on the brass horns, belonging to the band under his direction, made music surpassing the finest organ. The sound was much more like that of an organ under the hand of a first-class performer than anything else which I have ever heard, but the music was decidedly better. Every member of the band deserves special mention. The sweet music which they discoursed beguiled camp life of much of its tediousness.

Assistant Surgeon Dr. J. M. Warren was detached from the regiment and sent to another command in Virginia. Dr. Warren was a kind-hearted gentleman, able and intelligent, and thoroughly familiar with the mysteries of his profession. Our loss seemed irreparable, but we were exceedingly fortunate in having a gentleman, Dr. A. J. Beale, of equal ability assigned to us in place of Dr. Warren. Dr. Beale was a Kentuckian, and had been a lieutenant in Company D, Ninth Kentucky infantry. He was engaged with his regiment in the battles of Shiloh and Murfreesboro. At the latter place he was severely wounded. He took up a gun which had fallen from the hands of a disabled soldier, and dropping upon one knee to fire, was hit by a ball which made six holes in his body, passing through both

thighs and calf of one leg. He was taken prisoner, and confined in Fort Delaware. While there he was promoted to be captain, but when he was exchanged, finding his health much broken, he returned to his profession, was made assistant surgeon, and assigned to the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers. The place made vacant by the death of Lieutenant Blum, of Company A, was filled by the promotion of the next lieutenant in rank of his company, and Lieutenant Callahan was elected Junior Second Lieutenant. In Company K, after the death of Lieutenant McDonald, the organization was completed by the election of Charles Lesesne, Junior Second Lieutenant. S. I. Montgomery became a lieutenant in Company C, and J. R. China became junior second lieutenant of the same company. J. M. Felder had been promoted in Company I after the resignation of Captain Y. N. Butler.

December 1st to 7th.—Regiment moved to Secessionville, and encamped between the line of houses and the marsh towards the north. The field and staff-officers occupied houses. Headquarters were in the red-top house owned by Mr. Lawton. The post was under my command. The garrison consisted of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers, and two companies of the Second South Carolina artillery, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Brown.

This place had been greatly strengthened since we occupied it last July. Strong breastworks and formidable batteries had been built along the creek south of the peninsula, and just in front of the line of houses. A large bomb-proof had been constructed about one hundred and fifty yards northwesterly from Lawton's House. Battery Lamar, across the neck of the peninsula, had been put in first-rate condition; in fact, the post was in a thoroughly defensive state.

December 9th.—The quiet of the post was disturbed this evening. A steamer of the enemy's, going from the creek or river which separates Folly Island from Taylor's and James Island towards Folly Inlet, passed between this post and Long Island, opposite this place. I ordered fire on her, but think that she was not hit. The enemy returned our fire from a battery near Folly Inlet. The enemy used percussion shells from long-range rifled guns. Some of their shells passed over us and fell in the marsh beyond, some fell in our camp, but very few exploded, and no damage was done. It was very evident that the enemy's guns were of longer range than ours.

December 10th, 1863, to March 10th, 1864.—Some time before the assault of Fort Sumter, of 8th of September, Colonel Rhett and his command (the First South Carolina regular artillery) were re-

lieved from duty at that fort. Major Stephen Elliott (afterwards promoted to be brigadier-general) was placed in command, with a garrison made up of details from different regiments. No entire regiment or battalion was sent, because it was not the purpose of General Beauregard to send any officer there who would rank Major Elliott. The honor of commanding that post was to be left to him. For a considerable period of time details were made from the Twenty-fifth by companies to form a part of the garrison. Every company in the regiment had the honor of being at least once at this post of danger. Neither day nor night passed without the enemy sending their compliments to Major Elliott and his brave garrison in the shape of shot and shell. The Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers gave its share to the roll of the noble dead who gave their lives to their country on the spot where her flag first waved over captured works. Thirteen men, one Georgian and twelve of the Washington Light Infantry (Company A), were one night relieved from a tour of duty on the parapet (or rather where the parapet had been, for Sumter was now a shapeless mass of ruins) and allowed to take a little rest. They spread their blankets on the floor of one of the casemates towards the city; all, except one, were soon sleeping, and probably dreaming of loved ones at home. "Children in their low trundle bed," were no doubt in the visions of some. This restless one, finding that "Nature's sweet restorer" had departed his eyelids, got up and went out to the parade ground of the fort. A shot came ricocheting over the sea face, struck the key-stone of the arch which supported the roof of the casemate, and the whole structure fell. Twelve brave men answered to their names on—

"Fame's eternal camping ground."

When the ruins were removed the next day, they were found exactly in the position in which they went to sleep. I did not hear the name of the Georgian. The men of Company A were, Sergeants W. L. Owens and J. Adger Stevens; Privates S. W. Anderson, O. J. Burn, S. L. Burrows, F. M. Burrows, James Calder, W. S. Gibson, J. W. Jones, L. S. Lee, and W. N. Patterson.

The regiment remained at Secessionville all of the winter. For a long time we had daily artillery duels with the enemy. Whenever their steamers passed in reach of our guns we indulged in artillery practice. Our attentions were promptly returned with interest. In one of these fights Private Hugh M. Pressley, of Company C, had one of the bones of his hand broken by a piece of shell, and suffered

for a long time from the wound. Brigadier-General Hagood, to whose brigade we now belonged, came to the conclusion that the damage we were inflicting on the enemy was not worth the ammunition which we were using, and sent me an order not to fire on the enemy's steamers unless they came nearer than was their habit, or unless they first opened fire on us. This order stopped our diversion, and camp life sometimes became again a little monotonous. By way of variety, however, we had a great many battalion drills and inspections, and frequently marched about two miles and a half to a field near Freer's House and joined several other regiments in brigade drills. On the 7th of February, 1864, General Beauregard had a grand review of nearly all the troops on the island, and the day was ended by a drill in evolutions of the line.

Before General Hagood stopped our daily exchange of compliments with the enemy, an incident which, as such a thing has never, in the history of modern warfare, so far as my knowledge goes, occurred under fire, I deem worthy of special mention. Private Jack Lambert, of Company C (Wee Nee Volunteers), and Miss Scott, of Williamsburg District, were married. Chaplain A. F. Dickson performed the marriage ceremony. The bride and groom were happy, and the soldiers present enjoyed the occasion, though there were no great festivities. I am not sure that General Gilmore gave a ball in honor of the occasion, but he so often entertained us in that way that one sent us just then would not have greatly interfered with the hilarity of the wedding party.

Several times during the winter our supply of meat gave out, and for weeks at a time we were on dry rations. The men and officers, who were able to have supplies sent them from home, fared better than those who were not so well provided. I am not sure that any of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers got to eating rats, which were very numerous and large at the post, but some of the officers and soldiers of the artillery indulged in savory messes of those delicate rodents. A fat rat was worth ten cents. On the 11th of January Lieutenant-Colonel Brown and Dr. Thomas Grimke invited me to a rat supper. I went, but was not sufficiently hungry to partake of the viands. The Colonel and Doctor pronounced the repast excellent.

March 11th to April 14th, 1864.—The regiment was relieved from further duty at Secessionville and went into camp just inside the new lines, on the right hand side of the road leading from the Presbyterian church to Dills'. The new camp was about four or five hundred

yards from the church and a little further from the point where the new lines struck the Stono river, and in a field between the road and woods. Private George Gist again took charge of a volunteer detail and soon built me a comfortable shanty, with mud chimney and wide fireplace. Wood and timber were plenty and convenient, and a good many shanties soon went up. The meat ration was being regularly issued, and the command was as comfortable as we had been at Secessionville. Till within a short time before this period, officers were allowed to purchase supplies from the commissary at government prices. An order was then issued prohibiting purchases, and putting them on rations identical in kind and quantity as those drawn by the men. This order worked great hardship to commanders of regiments and posts, and officers of higher rank; because such officers frequently found it absolutely necessary to entertain visitors, both official and private. Major Glover and I often wished, upon days of inspection and other official visitations, and no doubt our guests did also, for as many sweet potatoes as Marion set before the British officer. The opinion was often expressed that the sacrifices made by the patriots of the Revolution were very much overrated, especially in the matter of rations. The new order worked such hardships that it was soon countermanded, and we were allowed to purchase in limited quantities as previously. We found, while we were on short rations, that orange leaves were a pretty good substitute for tea, and young and tender shoots of the common chainey-brier ate a little like asparagus. Sugar could seldom be had.

An act of Congress was passed giving the color-bearer of regiments the rank of first lieutenant. Our Color-Sergeant, J. M. Pendergrass, was promoted, as he well deserved to be. As lieutenant, he bore the regimental colors as gallantly as he had done while a sergeant. He was supported by as brave a color-guard as ever stood under the folds of the "Stars and Bars." (The lieutenant was the only one of the guards who survived the war, and he would probably have laid down his life had he not been wounded and unable to bear his flag through the streams of fire poured upon it in Virginia.)

To those who have no experience as soldiers, war and festivities seem very incongruous. Yet nothing relieved the tedium of camp life more than an opportunity in pleasant intercourse with ladies, to forget for awhile that perhaps on the morrow carnage begins. Many of the officers of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers, and of other commands on James Island, had such opportunity, through the kindness and hospitality of Major J. J. Lucas and his excellent wife.

Mrs. Lucas gave an entertainment in Lawton's House, at Fort Pemberton (which the Major commanded), of the most *recherche* kind. The band of the regiment, under Muller, furnished the music. A good many ladies from Charleston ably sustained Mrs. Lucas. I have never been a society editor of a newspaper, or I might be able to do justice in a description of the scene. A brilliant assemblage of brave men and fair women filled the Major's parlors. [The names of the ladies present and a description of their dresses would no doubt interest their daughters, who are now the leaders of fashionable society in Charleston, and would be an interesting reminiscence of the war, but unfortunately I am unable to give either.]

The enemy were not at this time on James Island, but were occupying Taylor's, Battery and Cole's Islands. The narrow creek, which separates Taylor's from James Island, constituted the line between our forces and theirs. Our pickets were made up of details from different commands, and a field-officer of the day was charged with the supervision of the fort.

April 15th.—Had charge of the picket line. The details to-day consisted of a part of the Second regiment South Carolina volunteer artillery. A gunboat went up the Stono, a little above Battery Island, and opened an enfilading fire of time-fuse shells on my line. At the same time a brisk fire was opened with rockets from Taylor's Island. Two sizes were used, and for about a half hour the firing was very rapid. I am inclined to think that on this occasion they were trying experiments with some new kinds of rockets. The larger ones would have weighed about forty or fifty pounds, and were about two feet long. The smaller were about half the size. It was rather interesting, but not so comfortable, to see an illustration of the "fable of the boys and the frogs," we being in the place of the frogs. However, we did not need to make the complaint which the frogs did, for none of us were hurt. I think the experiment was not satisfactory, as no more rockets were fired at our troops while the regiment remained at James Island. Very few of them exploded. They went in all sorts of zigzag and curvilinear directions and, failing to explode, fell harmless. I got one or two of each size and sent them to headquarters in the city.

April 16th to 30th.—In the spring of 1864, it became the purpose of the Confederate Government to transfer a large portion of the forces commanded by General Beauregard, and that General himself, to the Army of Northern Virginia. Towards the close of the last week in April, Hagood's brigade had orders to move. As soon as

I ascertained that we were going to Virginia, I got permission to march up to the city and wait there for transportation.

General Taliaferro, commanding on James Island, signified his desire to retain Colonel Simonton. It was represented to him that his promotion, which had been recommended, would now surely come. He was told that it would be reported to the War Department at Richmond that his services were so necessary that it was thought best to send his regiment to Virginia without him. The colonel consulted freely with me, and as it seemed that both his promotion and mine would probably be the result of his remaining, I concurred in opinion with him that it would be proper for him to consent to remain on detached duty.

May 1st, 1864.—The regiment took up the line of march and reached Charleston in the afternoon. We went into camp on the Citadel Green. After posting a camp guard, I allowed all the men, whose homes were in Charleston, to visit their families. Many of the officers, and a large number of the men, when night came on, started out with Chief Musician Muller and his band to serenade General Samuel Jones, who was then commanding in the city. Captain James M. Carson, of Company A, Lieutenant F. J. Lesesne, of Company K, Assistant Surgeon A. J. Beale, and one or two others, were the speakers at the general's quarters. After a merry time at headquarters, the party went on a general serenading tour. Music and gaiety were the order of the night. I did not accompany them, but learned from the doctor upon their return that they had "a rousing good time." As it was certainly the last opportunity that many of the officers and men would ever have of enjoying the freedom of the dear old city which, for the last three years, they had so bravely defended, I thought that for one night there would be no impropriety in releasing them from the restraints of the rigid discipline to which they had learnt to submit without complaint or murmur. They had well earned such relaxation. I knew full well that when Galway, our bugler, sounded the assembly, pleasure-seeking would be laid aside, and the men would be found in ranks. I also knew my brave men well enough to feel assured that they would do nothing to tarnish the fair fame of the Twenty-fifth. I had no cause to regret the liberty which was allowed them. [I think the breast of every surviving officer must, as mine does, swell with pride when he thinks of the grand old regiment which we led out of Charleston. How sad the thought that so many of these heroes never again returned, but gave their lives for their country's liberties, a useless, precious sacrifice.]

May 2d, 1864, Sunday.—A large number of the men and officers availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing our former Chaplain, E. T. Winkler, D. D. The Citadel Square Baptist church was nearer full of gray coats than it had ever been before (or ever has been since). The presence of the men with whom he had served and who never ceased to love him, together with the certainty that he would never again look into the honest, war-worn faces of many of them, seemed to inspire the speaker. His last exhortation and words of love and advice were delivered with earnestness and eloquence.

May 3d.—We took the cars of the Northeastern Railroad for Wilmington. Two companies of the Twenty-first were attached to my command and went with us. In passing through Williamsburg a few of the men, but, I am glad to say, in comparison with the number of absentees from other regiments, very few, could not be restrained from stopping at their homes to bid their families farewell. It would have been one of the very greatest pleasures of my life to have had it in my power to permit them all to say "good-bye" to loved ones, but duty forbade, and I felt compelled firmly to refuse every application for such indulgence. It was painful to refuse brave men permission to look into their homes when passing in sight of the smoke from their own hearth-stones, around which wife and children were sitting talking of father and husband, not knowing that they were so near. Before we got beyond Marion Courthouse, we lost nearly all of the men constituting the two companies of the Twenty-first South Carolina volunteers. The men of the Twenty-fifth, in a very few days, saw the necessity of the stringency of the orders in relation to furloughs.

May 4th.—We arrived at Wilmington and marched out of the city to a field outside of the lines, to the west or northwest of the race-course and went into camp. The Twenty-first regiment and Brigadier-General Hagood and his staff had preceded us. The Twenty-first was encamped not far from us and nearer the city. The Twenty-seventh, Eleventh and Seventh battalion constituted the balance of the brigade, and were coming from Charleston as rapidly as transportation could be furnished. The men of the Twenty-first and the few of the Twenty-fifth, who left us while on our way from Charleston, began to come in by the next day after our arrival here.

The brigade was moving to Virginia as rapidly as the Quartermaster's Department could furnish transportation. Some of the companies of the Twenty-first had already gone under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan. Major Glover, with companies F,

G and —, by order of General Hagood, reported to Colonel R. F. Graham, who, with these companies and three of his own regiment, started on the cars of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad.

May 5th.—On the morning of this day the following order was received by me :

HEADQUARTERS EAST LINES,
JAMES ISLAND, *May 5th, 1864.*

Lieutenant-Colonel PRESSLEY,
Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers :

Have the rest of your regiment at the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad depot at 12 M. to take transportation to Richmond.

By command of

Brigadier-General HAGOOD.

P. K. MALONEY,

A. A. G.

[This was the last written order ever received by me from our gallant assistant adjutant-general, and I have therefore kept it, and now insert a copy in these reminiscences. His own State was always uppermost in the mind of this noble Carolinian, and the force of habit caused him to forget that he had left her borders ; hence the mistake in dating his order "James Island" instead of "Wilmington."]

This order was promptly obeyed, and before the appointed time the remaining companies of the Twenty-fifth were at the station near "Camp Cobb," a place from which we always moved with pleasure. The recollection of that camp brings to mind nothing but discomfort. We were not detained very long. General Hagood and his staff went on the train with us. We had one car attached for their horses and for one horse for each regimental commander of the brigade. The rest of our horses and all of our baggage, except such as the men could carry and our camp equipage, were left to come on by wagon train in charge of Captain J. Elison Adger, our Quartermaster, and Captain R. Press Smith, Sr., Quartermaster of the Twenty-seventh regiment. There was no more efficient officer in the service than Captain Adger. Had every quartermaster in the Confederate army discharged his duties with as much promptness and fidelity, there never would have been any complaint of that department. Captain Smith, of the Twenty-seventh, was also a most excellent officer.

May 6th.—At a point between Goldsboro and Weldon, we heard of the landing of Butler and his army at Bermuda Hundreds. Gen-

eral Hagood received a dispatch directing him to report to General Pickett at Petersburg. Before the end of the day we heard that our three companies, with Graham, had met Butler's forces.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan, with the part of the Twenty-first which first arrived at Petersburg, had been sent to Drewry's Bluff. He was soon ordered to leave that place and proceed at once to Walthall Junction, a station on the Richmond & Petersburg Railroad, about six miles from Petersburg. There, about 1:45 P. M., he was joined by Colonel Graham and the companies under his command. The colonel discovered that the enemy were in heavy force in his front, and at once selected a position and formed line of battle along a road on the edge of a field, about three hundred yards east of the railroad. I extract from the report of Colonel Graham as follows: "I had hardly formed my line of battle, when I was attacked by a force estimated to be at least two brigades with several pieces of artillery. They were driven back in confusion. They again formed for an attack and attempted to turn my left flank. Perceiving this, I sent all my force that could be spared to this point. They (the enemy) were met with such a deadly fire that they retreated in confusion from the field, leaving some of their dead and wounded on the field.

"I cannot fail to mention the gallant conduct of both officers and men. The right of the line was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Dargan and the left by Major Glover, Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers.

"I lost in this action thirty-five men (two killed and twenty-eight wounded of the Twenty-first South Carolina volunteers, and five wounded of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers)."

The train which bore us went into Petersburg and stopped in front of Jarratt's Hotel as the sun was setting. Both sides of the railroad were lined with men, women and children, who cheered us as we passed them. General Hagood went to report to General Pickett, and we were left to wait at the place where we disembarked. We had had nothing to eat since leaving Wilmington, except hardtack and raw bacon, and our appetites were unusually good even for soldiers. A genial gentleman came among the men inquiring for the officer in command. When he found me he told me that his supper was ready and that I was the person he was looking for. I told him that I could not go with him, as I was momentarily expecting the return of the general, and it would not do for me to be absent when he came back. He insisted, and upon his assurance that he would not detain me long, I found that inclination had so far mastered duty

that, after putting Captain E. W. Lloyd, of Company B (who, since we left Charleston, had been acting as major), in command, I went with Mr. John Kevan to his house near by, where, around a table loaded with good things, were seated some charming ladies. I soon dispatched the last meal to which I sat for many a day thereafter, and hurrying back, sent Captain Lloyd with Mr. Kevan to make way with some more of the good things of that excellent gentleman.

Soon after night-fall General Hagood returned, and the command was put in motion. We marched first to the commissary's store, where our haversacks were replenished, and crossing the Appomattox river on the iron bridge took the road toward Walthall. The full moon made it almost as bright as day. General Roger A. Pryor, who had resigned his commission and was acting in the capacity of a scout, and one or two mounted couriers, had been sent to act as our guides. They soon created the impression on my mind that they were not well acquainted with the roads. By direction of General Hagood, I made a detail of eight or ten picked men as our advanced guard. These were followed by myself in company with the general and his staff and our guides. A few paces behind us came the seven companies of the Twenty-fifth. Our march was slow and cautious. We did not know but that at any moment we would be fired upon by the Federal pickets. We were not certain of our way, nor whether the enemy might not be between us and our point of destination. The light of Butler's camp fires could be seen on our right, but at a considerable distance off. Once or twice we halted and sent our guides in advance to reconnoitre.

May 7th, 1864.—Reached Walthall Junction about two hours before day. Here we found General Bushrod R. Johnson with a small brigade of Tennesseans, and Colonel Graham and his command. The battalion under my command was put into line of battle in a wheat field east of the railroad and a little to the right of Craig's House, and not far in rear of the line occupied by Colonel Graham's command on the 6th. Soon after we reached Walthall, the Twenty-seventh regiment joined us, having reached Petersburg during the night, and been sent immediately forward. When daylight came no enemy was to be seen in our front. The companies which had been in the fight of the 6th took their places in the regimental line, and the Twenty-fifth had full ranks once more. We found ourselves in a wheat field. On our right was a wood. In our front a road with a growth of trees on each side, and a field on the further side. To the left of this field were some densely wooded hills. There was con-

siderable evidence in the field of the effectiveness of the fire of our men.

We remained in line of battle till about 8 o'clock A. M., were then put in motion and marched across a field and running stream to the hills in a northeasterly direction from railroad station. The Twenty-seventh led our forward movement, the Twenty-fifth followed, and the Twenty-first brought up the rear. General Bushrod R. Johnson ranked Hagood, and had directed him to go into the woods and feel for the enemy. The object of the movement was not made known to the men, not even to the regimental officers. The men consequently moved off with their knapsacks on their backs, but soon discarded them and left them piled in the field before we reached the woods. There was a considerable interval between the regiments. We were not long in the woods before the Twenty-seventh was lost to sight. The Twenty-fifth had proceeded about one-half or three-quarters of a mile when brisk firing was heard in our front. The Twenty-seventh had struck the enemy and the fight had commenced. It was soon ascertained that Butler was advancing to attack us, and General Hagood determined to fall back before him to the line of the railroad. I was directed to halt the regiment and throw out three companies as skirmishers. I detached Company B (Washington Light Infantry), Company C (Wee Nee Volunteers), and Company K (Ripley Guards) and led them forward. The firing soon became very brisk in our front, though, owing to the density of the woods, we could not as yet see the enemy. Their balls were striking the trees all around and about us. As soon as I got our skirmish line well established I put it under command of Major Glover and rode back to where I had left the other seven companies. They were gone, and for awhile I was on the field without a command. I was not long in doubt, however, till I met an officer who informed me that General Hagood had withdrawn my seven companies towards the railroad. I soon overtook them marching back by the same route which we had come. The men recovered their knapsacks as we returned. I was directed by General Hagood to take post on the railroad with my right resting a little to the left of Craig's House, and to remain there till directed to move by him. During all of this time the firing in the woods, from which we had come and where our three companies and the Major were left, was very lively. We found ourselves in an excellent position, the battalion which I now commanded being in a railroad cut, the sides of which were about breast high. The Tennesseans were on our right and the Twenty-seventh

and Twenty-first South Carolina volunteers on our left, but, owing to the character of the country, not in sight. The enemy's artillery came up and took post in the field in our front, where their line of battle had been on the 6th, and just beyond the road which I have mentioned. Some of their pieces could be seen by us, though a good view of their batteries could not be obtained because of the two rows of trees and bushes on the sides of the road. I am unable to say how many guns were pouring their fire upon us. Our artillery (six pieces) was in our rear. None of the enemy's infantry could be seen in our immediate front, and as their artillery was not in effective range of our rifles we were for several hours spectators of the fight. Their artillery did not pay my battalion much attention, but kept up an incessant fire directed against the battery in our rear, which sent them shot for shot. Both the enemy's shells and our own were passing over our heads. One or two men were struck by pieces of the sabots, I think, probably of our own shells. The enemy's battery being further off, the sabots from their shells were likely to be lost before reaching our line. One of their caissons was exploded by a shot from our artillery. The Confederate battery suffered but little damage.

We had not been in our position very long before we could see long lines of the enemy's infantry coming in splendid order from the woods in which the fight had commenced, and moving to our left with the design, as it transpired later in the day, of turning our flank. As these lines had passed over the ground where Major Glover and our three companies had been left, and as I had not seen them since we fell back, I became very uneasy for their safety, and for awhile seriously feared that they had all been killed or captured. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the firing on our extreme left became perfectly furious. The fight was raging there and it became very evident that one side or the other must soon give way. General D. H. Hill, whom I had observed riding over the field and displaying the utmost coolness and disregard of danger, came up in my rear and inquired for the commanding officer of the troops before him. I told him that I was in command. He said: "Colonel, your brigade is getting the worst of it on the left and I think you had better move with your regiment in that direction."

"Well, general," said I, "my brigadier directed me to remain here till directed by him to move, but if you will take the responsibility of my moving without his orders I will go at once."

I knew that he had no command, having been relieved of his com-

mand of the western army and not having been assigned any other. He was acting as a volunteer aid of General Beauregard, and that general had not as yet reached Virginia.

"I will take the responsibility of your moving," said he.

I at once started the battalion, marching by the left flank along the railroad. We had not moved very far, till, greatly to my relief, we found Major Glover and our three companies on the railroad track. The pleasure of meeting our comrades, for whose safety we had felt so much solicitude, was very much marred by learning that they had sustained some loss. Private Tharin, of Company B, a brave and highly estimable young man, was lying on the track shot through the head. There had been other casualties. When our skirmish line was driven in the major and his command were posted where we found them, and had held their position since. He was not at liberty to leave his post, and he and the companies under his command could not accompany us. About the time that I found Glover I met Captain Mazyck, of General Hagood's staff, coming with orders for me to move towards the left. Hagood's orders had been anticipated by General Hill's advice. The ground over which we had been passing was of such a character that I could not have used my horse, and he had been sent in charge of a man to the rear. Mazyck directed me to leave the railroad, turn to the left at an acute angle, and after marching about a couple of hundred yards further to take position in the edge of a field, our line being parallel to the railroad, with the woods about thirty yards in our rear. The enemy had gotten possession of the railroad, and both the Twenty first and Twenty-seventh had suffered severely. As soon as we got in line in our new position we opened fire on the enemy on the railroad in our front. I soon perceived that while the enemy's shots were passing through our ranks and telling on our numbers, ours were doing them no harm. The railroad cut and the embankment (where the cut left the hill and reached the lower ground) effectually protected them. Besides this, quite a number of men belonging to the Twenty-first and Twenty-seventh were coming from the left, and passing in confusion immediately in our rear. I concluded, under these circumstances, that there was danger of disorder in my ranks, and that we might be swept back to the woods in our rear. The surest way to prevent such a disaster was to move a force towards the enemy. I gave the command, and the men moved forward with a yell. There was no wavering or hesitation. [I was under the impression, till long afterwards, that my forward movement was without orders from General

Hagood, but that officer has informed me since the war that he had sent one of his staff to bear an order to me to move, and that at the same time he ordered the Twenty-first and Twenty-seventh forward. The order never reached me. Probably the officers seeing my command in motion concluded that I had anticipated the general's wishes, and that it was unnecessary to deliver the order. It was not known to me nor (do I think) to the regiment that the Twenty-first and Twenty-seventh were moving upon the enemy.] The men were somewhat exhausted by the rapid march to the left. About half way from where we started in our advance we came to a ravine which afforded shelter from the enemy's bullets, then making sad havoc in our ranks. I ordered a halt, to enable the men to take breath. It then occurred to me that the enemy might make a counter movement and charge us from their cover in the railroad. I happened to be in the part of the line filled by Company G. Desiring to have a look out kept on the movements of the enemy while we rested, and knowing that such service was hazardous in the extreme, I called for volunteers to go up the banks of the ravine and watch. Sergeant M. V. Izler, and private J. T. Shewmake, of Company G, at once responded. I had little expectation of seeing either of them alive when we again moved forward up the slope of the ravine. I have never seen minie-balls fly thicker than the shower poured upon us from the time we commenced the forward movement till the enemy left the railroad, and when it is remembered that for a few minutes these two men were the targets for all of Butler's line in our front, their heroism in exposing their lives to prevent surprise can be appreciated. I recommended both of them for promotion. The whole command behaved as gallantly as it was possible for men to do. I know many of both officers and men deserve to be specially mentioned, but I could not observe the deeds of daring of each one. I called on the men and officers to move forward, and if there were any who were disposed to be laggards I did not see them. The Beauregard Light Infantry, by their impetuosity, first destroyed the correctness of our alignment. Before they were seized by the fervor of battle our line was well preserved. But these gallant Irishmen seemed determined to be the first to reach the enemy in their advantageous position on the railroad track. That company soon got into the shape of a V, with the apex towards the enemy. Lieutenant V. Due was in the lead, and for a time was considerably in advance of the battalion. The rest of the men were inspired by the same spirit which moved the Beauregards, and all seemed determined that the

honor of being first upon the enemy should be claimed by no particular company.

My attention was particularly drawn to Private R. D. Zimmerman, of Company F. He was pressing nobly forward and passed me several paces when I saw him turn back. As I passed him I noticed that the brave fellow was endeavoring to stop the flow of his heart's blood, which was spouting from his breast. His struggle was fruitless, he could follow us no further. Captain G. H. Moffett, our Adjutant, showed himself every inch a soldier and behaved with his usual gallantry. While we were moving forward, Lieutenant F. G. Hammond, of Company H (Yeadon Light Infantry), informed me that Colonels Graham and Dargan and Captain W. E. Stoney, of General Hagood's staff had fallen, and that I was in command of the brigade. I told him that that did not put me in command as General Hagood was still there and unhurt. The lieutenant went back to his company, and I never saw him again. (He fell at Swift Creek two days afterwards.) Before we reached the railroad the enemy broke and left in confusion. When we reached the track we swept the field in our front with a murderous fire. We did not rest long. I saw a line of bushes that I took for a hedge growing on the bank of a ditch about two hundred or three hundred yards beyond the railroad, and I concluded that it would afford excellent shelter for my men. The battalion again ordered forward, with a view of getting nearer the enemy. We had not gone more than fifty or sixty yards beyond the railroad when my sword fell from my hand. I became conscious that I was struck. Ascertaining the extent of my injuries and seeing that I could lead the brave men, who were all willing to follow even into the jaws of death, no further, and that I must leave to some one else the pleasure of finishing the day's glory, I directed Sergeant W. V. Izler to pick up my sword and assist me to the rear. I got back to the railroad, but was able to go but a few steps further. By my direction Sergeant Izler left me and went in search of the litter-bearers. While I was waiting for the return of Izler, General Hagood passed me going towards the front. I asked him to look after the regiment, as I was no longer able to command it, and I directed the men who were with me to go to the front. They all obeyed except one or two of the Twenty-seventh regiment, who assisted Sergeant Izler to bear me further to the rear, where we met Dr. A. J. Beale, our assistant surgeon. He administered some restoratives to me, which, but for the fact that I was unable to walk, would have made me forget my wound. A kind-hearted minister of

the Christian church (a Mr. Wellon), in a spring wagon, looking for wounded men came up, and, with the assistance of Sergeant Izler, took me to the South Carolina hospital in Petersburg. As we were leaving the field we met Lieutenant Shuler, of Company F, in charge of some men who had gotten off the cars when we were on the way to Wilmington and remained temporarily behind to bid their friends adieu. The last order which I ever gave to any part of the regiment was that these men be released from arrest and join their companies at once. We lost in killed and wounded in this the last engagement in which I had the honor of commanding the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers, the regiment which I loved so much, and the men of which, I feel sure, had as high a regard for me, the following officers and men.

Lieutenant-Colonel John G. Pressley severely wounded in shoulder.

Company A. Killed: Privates, J. J. Small and D. A. Mahoney. Wounded: Sergeant W. D. Cochet, severely in wrist; privates T. B. Chapman, slightly in the head; W. B. Cowperthwaite, severely in the head; J. M. Mellichamp, slightly in arm; C. Provost, slightly in shoulder; W. H. Steinmeyer, severely in shoulder; L. B. Lovegreen, slightly in head.

Company B. Killed: E. B. Tharin.

Company C. Wounded: Private D. S. Wilson, slightly in arm and breast.

Company D. Wounded: Private W. D. Beverly, severely.

Company E. Killed: Privates Thomas Ryan and R. W. Owens. Wounded: Sergeant J. F. Sanders, slightly in two places; Corporal John Manning, severely in leg; privates John Boyce, slightly; A. Vocelle, slightly in thigh; S. Wetherhorn, slightly in abdomen.

Company F. Killed: Private R. D. Zimmerman. Wounded: Captain Martin A. Sellers, slightly in arm; Color Corporal J. W. Myers, mortally in abdomen; Corporal John Pritchett, mortally in abdomen; Corporal T. W. Ulmer, severely in temple; privates H. F. Dantzer, slightly in leg; H. Griffin, slightly in breast; J. Jones, slightly in breast; E. B. Stroke, slightly in arm.

Company G. Killed: Sergeant J. E. Rast; private L. W. Jenkins. Wounded: Privates E. E. Inabinet, severely in leg; J. M. O. Holman, slightly; E. Ott, slightly in head; S. R. Hall, severely in leg.

Company H. Killed: Private G. M. Howard. Wounded: Sergeant R. A. Horton, severely in hand; J. H. Prickett, slightly in head; W. H. Matthews, slightly in thigh.

Company I. Wounded: Sergeant R. F. Ridgway, severely in

arm; W. A. Lowder, severely in hand; privates Jesse Tobias, severely in hip; P. W. Tobias, severely in chest; J. B. Hodge, severely in abdomen; J. H. Evans, slightly in face; Isaac Haily, severely in chest; John Pelt, severely in hand.

In this battle the Confederate forces, besides the artillery already mentioned, aggregated twenty-six hundred men, of which fifteen hundred were of Hagood's brigade, and the rest Bushrod R. Johnson's. The Federal army greatly outnumbered us. Northern papers published lists of killed and wounded from five brigades. The estimated loss of the Federals was one thousand men, though prisoners captured (of which there were twenty-one) put it much higher. The Confederates lost twenty-three killed, one hundred and thirty-eight wounded; and twelve missing. There were of these one Tennessean killed and six wounded; all of the rest were from Hagood's brigade. General Butler's inefficiency is the only conceivable reason for his not turning our right flank and cutting us off from Petersburg. There were no troops between us and that city. The credit of saving that place belongs to the brigades of Generals Hagood and Bushrod R. Johnson.

At 10 o'clock on the night of the 7th of May these two brigades and the artillery fell back towards Petersburg, and before daylight on the 8th crossed Swift Creek. Captain James F. Izler, of Company G, Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers, was left in command of the pickets to protect the Confederate rear in this retrograde movement. On the morning of the 8th the Captain withdrew his pickets and rejoined the regiment. On the 9th of May the enemy advanced and took position on the north side of Swift Creek, in front of the Confederates.

I am unable to give an account of the desperate reconnoissance led by General Hagood on the 9th of May in order to ascertain the strength of the enemy in front of the Confederate position. The general took with him the Eleventh and Twenty-first, and a detachment of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers, composed of Companies A, C, H and K, under the command of Captain James M. Carson, of Company A. Nor can I detail the incidents of the fighting near Drewry's Bluff on the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of May. The regiment, in these last-mentioned engagements, was commanded by Major John V. Glover, an officer in every way most worthy of the veterans of the Twenty-fifth. He furnished me with a list of the killed and wounded in these battles, and I here give them, with the hope that some "survivor" may put on record an account of these

operations as well as of the various other battles in which the Twenty-fifth took part till it was captured at the surrender of Fort Fisher in North Carolina. There was a small remnant left, some of whom fell or were captured at New Town Creek, below Wilmington, and the rest laid down their arms at the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston. Would that I could have shared the dangers and hardships which fell to the lot of my comrades till our flag was folded forever; but God willed it otherwise.

The casualties at Swift Creek on the 9th of May, were as follows:

Company A. Killed: Private W. L. Jeter. Wounded: Corporal J. H. Dickerson, slightly in the head and arm; private E. F. Cross, slightly in the face and arm; P. Gowan, slightly in thigh; W. S. Lanneau, slightly in thigh. Missing: Corporals T. W. Miller and F. W. Locke.

Company C. Wounded: J. K. Gamble.

Company H. Killed: Captain T. L. Hammond; Second Lieutenant F. G. Hammond; Corporal W. A. Rochester; privates J. Goin and W. Cunningham. Wounded: Sergeant E. W. Rush, slightly in hand; Privates P. C. Dobbins, by concussion; J. A. Carmichael, severely in hand; P. P. Hodgson, severely in thigh. Wounded and captured: Sergeant J. H. Fagin and Corporal K. Lamb. Missing: Privates A. Thompson and L. D. Murphy.

Company K. Killed: First Lieutenant F. J. Lesesne, Corporal J. J. Ard, privates P. H. Lesesne, F. J. N. Dennis, J. D. Wilder, John Davis, J. G. Player, E. Ard, E. Browder, J. E. Cubstead, W. D. Duke, W. R. Byrdick, W. V. Stukes. Wounded: Second Lieutenant Charles Lesesne; Corporals S. Mitchum, severely in shoulder; W. E. Mitchum, slightly in arm; C. M. Matthews, slightly in thigh; privates J. H. Hodge, stunned; W. Byrdick, severely; W. W. Thorn, severely in hip; B. R. Ard, slightly; J. C. Hodge, severely in thigh; J. B. Tanner, slightly in thigh; S. Wilder, slightly.

Casualties in the trenches near Drewry's Bluff on the 13th, 14th and 15th of May:

Company A. Killed: Private John Hall. Wounded: Captain James M. Carson, severely in arm.

Company C. Killed: Sergeant S. Montgomery. Wounded: First Lieutenant C. Logan, severely in leg; privates William Guess, severely in leg; M. A. Brown, severely in thigh (found with thigh amputated by Federal surgeons); H. J. Brown, severely in arm and breast; J. H. Bradham, slightly in nose; H. L. Grayson, severely in arm and side; J. F. Montgomery, severely in thigh; B. E. Dukes,

severely in breast; J. A. Feagin, mortally in breast. Wounded and missing: R. B. Walters, severely in thigh. Missing: R. E. Duke, F. J. Duke, J. A. Bradham, J. W. Joyroe, H. S. Garner, J. M. Owens, S. W. Browder and J. H. Reagin.

Company D. Killed: Private B. Johnson. Wounded: Sergeant W. D. Currav, severely in side; privates S. H. Read, slightly in hand; N. N. Tart, slightly.

Company G. Wounded: Private O. J. Syphred, severely in side.

Company I. Wounded: Corporal H. V. Haily, severely in hand; privates T. M. Teats, mortally in abdomen; R. W. Burgess, mortally in temple.

Company K. Wounded: Private L. Player, slightly in arm.

Casualties in battle near Drewry's Bluff on May 16th:

Field and Staff. Ensign J. M. Pendergrass, severely in shoulder.

Company A. Killed: Corporal F. M. Kellers; private W. A. Dotterer, while in charge of a piece of artillery and displaying great gallantry. Wounded: First Lieutenant H. B. Olney, severely in shoulder and jaw; Sergeant D. H. Jones, slightly in leg; privates J. L. Honor, severely in side and arms; P. H. Seabrook, slightly in leg; J. B. McNamee, stunned.

Company B. Killed: Second Lieutenant J. E. Bomar; private R. Blakely. Wounded: First Lieutenant S. J. Burger, leg fractured (afterwards amputated); Second Lieutenant R. M. Taft, mortally (died on 18th); privates J. S. Caldwell, slightly in hand; J. J. Boyce, slightly in head; J. F. Grady, slightly in breast.

Company C. Wounded: Captain Thomas J. China, mortally (died on 18th); privates Isaac Montgomery, severely in head; D. M. Smith, mortally (died on 19th); J. Wilson, severely in side; H. Tyler, severely in leg; S. A. McClary, slightly in leg; D. S. McClary, severely in thigh; E. S. Ellis, slightly in head; J. H. Young, slightly in head.

Company D. Killed: Private R. Freman. Wounded: First Lieutenant P. B. Bethea, slightly in leg; Second Lieutenant M. L. Smith, severely in leg; Corporal G. Turbiville, severely in leg; privates G. Moore, slightly in arm; P. Turbeville, severely in face; M. Turbiville, stunned; M. Allford, stunned.

Company E. Killed: Private J. Callahan. Wounded: Second Lieutenant V. Due, slightly in head; Second Lieutenant G. M. Lalane, severely in shoulder; Sergeant J. E. Prince, severely in wrist; Sergeant S. H. May, slightly in leg; Sergeant G. R. Dunn, severely in leg; Sergeant John McLeish, severely in ankle; privates

M. Broderick, slightly in leg; H. Hodson, slightly in foot; John Martin, slightly in hand; L. Vocelle, severely in hand and hip.

Company F. Killed: Private L. Shurlmite. Wounded: Second Lieutenant F. E. Shuler, mortally (died on the 19th); private O. S. Davis, mortally (died on the 17th); B. A. McIver, mortally in hip; J. E. Heaner, J. W. Wannamaker, severely in nose; E. Speigner, slightly in hand; R. Smith, slightly; C. Felder, slightly in ear, and S. Ott, slightly in head.

Company G. Killed: Second Lieutenant G. H. Elliott, Corporal J. R. Kennerley, Color Corporal M. L. Austin; private G. W. B. Fairy. Wounded: Sergeant B. P. Izler, severely in leg; Sergeant J. H. Hook, severely in arm; Corporal F. Kohn, severely in arm; private J. Ash, severely in leg (amputated); B. H. Sanders, severely in thigh; E. H. Irick, severely in the shoulder and arm; F. S. Inabinet, mortally; J. H. Avant, slightly in shoulder; H. Brown, slightly in leg; M. Robinson, slightly in head, and H. Bailly, slightly in neck.

Company H. Killed: Private H. W. Matthews. Wounded: Corporal F. W. King, slightly in leg, and Private S. E. Son, slightly in arm.

Company I. Killed: Privates W. M. Rodgers and J. M. Bell.

In the engagement at Drewry's Bluff (16th May) the regiment again covered itself with glory. In one charge it captured many of the men, all of the guns, horses, and entire outfit of a battery of field artillery. It paid for its fame with some of its noblest officers and men. If Major Glover were writing this, he would, no doubt, make special mention of many who distinguished themselves by their deeds of daring on that bloody day. But he sleeps in the bosom of the State for which he fought so gallantly, and as fate denied to me the glory of participating in the events of that memorable occasion, I am not able to designate any who may have distinguished themselves beyond their fellows. I cannot close these reminiscences, however, without mentioning three young men, one of whom fell on the 9th and two on the 16th of May. There were other equally noble spirits in the regiment, but I found these three young men so congenial, and they were so often around the camp-fire of regimental headquarters, that I became very intimate with them. It was impossible to know them without entertaining the highest regard and admiration for them. I allude to Lieutenants F. J. Lesense, J. E. Bomar and R. M. Taft. It would be hard to fix the limits of their usefulness to their country had they been spared.

The following list of casualties in the engagement at Clary's Farm was also furnished me by Major Glover, but the memorandum is without date.

Company A. Wounded: Privates D. C. Marsh, slightly in elbow, and J. W. Carter, slightly in arm.

Company C. Wounded: Privates F. R. Parsons, mortally in leg, and W. E. Graham, severely in hand (amputated).

Company D. Wounded: Privates A. Owens, and S. A. Owens, slightly in hand.

Company F. Wounded: Privates J. W. Rucker, slightly in thigh; C. Stroman, severely in the arm.

Company I. Killed: Private G. F. Gibbons. Wounded: Private J. H. Richbourg, severely in side.

Major John V. Glover and the other mounted officers of the regiment procured remounts from the horses of the battery captured on the 16th of May at Drewry's Bluff. A few days afterwards the major was kicked on the leg by his vicious horse. Though lamed, he continued to lead the regiment with his accustomed ability and gallantry for two or three weeks afterwards, till a shot from the enemy's lines took off his little finger. I am unable to state the place or date, but it was near Richmond, where the command was fighting behind breastworks. The major was sent to the hospital, where erysipelas supervened on his wounds, and South Carolina lost another of her brave sons, and the Twenty fifth South Carolina volunteers an officer, honored, respected and loved by every officer and man of the regiment.

Pegram Battalion Association.

The following addresses were delivered on the 31st day of May, 1887, on the occasion of the dedication of a memorial window, erected in memory of the dead of the Pegram Battalion Association, and the depositing of a register of the same, at the Chapel at the Soldiers' Home at Lee Camp. The following companies constituted the battalion: "Purcell" Battery, of Richmond, Virginia; "Crenshaw" Battery, of Richmond, Virginia; "Letcher" Battery, of Richmond, Virginia; "Fredericksburg" Battery, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, and "Pee Dee" Battery, of South Carolina—commanded by Colonel Wm. Johnston Pegram until he fell mortally wounded at Five Forks, April 1st, 1865:

ADDRESS OF REV. H. MELVILLE JACKSON, D. D.

Religion an Element of Strength in the Soldierly Character.

When Aeneas related to the enamoured Queen of Carthage the story of Trojan woes, he could say that no inconsiderable part of those sufferings were borne by himself. And so, it seems to me, that one who is entitled to speak on an occasion of this sort, should have been a participator in the deeds whereof he speaks, a fellow-sufferer with those who suffered and a fellow-reaper with those who gathered glory on the fire-swept fields of war.

And, although I have not this title to speak, yet I yield to none in devotion to the principles which were then submitted to the arbitration of arms, in grateful veneration for those who survived and loving reverence for those who died. They endured no hardship which does not enlist my sympathy, they won no glory which does not excite my enthusiasm and command my admiration. If this constitutes a title, I feel that I am not altogether unworthy to appear in your presence to-day and undertake to perform the duty which you have assigned me.

In the years which have ensued since the God of Peace breathed peace on this torn and distracted country, we have had time to make up our estimate of the Southern soldier. We have thought, and do verily believe, that neither the phalanxes of Macedonia, nor the legions of Rome, nor the disciplined battalions of Prussia, nor the sturdy brigades of Britain, nor the war-intoxicated soldiery of France, surpassed either in endurance or in valor the veteran armies which contested the long series of battles from Manassas to Appomattox. The estimate of the Southern soldier has been formed, has already passed into history, and will be perpetuated on her page.

There is, however, one element of strength in the soldierly character, contributing no little to the achievements of the armies of the Confederacy, which the historian is liable to overlook. The deep religious sentiment which pervaded the Southern armies, and animated alike both officers and men, will scarcely be included by the annalist among the contributory elements of success in war. And yet it is that element which I propose to emphasize to-day. Two distinguished chaplains of the war, Dr. W. W. Bennett in a book entitled "The Great Revival in the Southern Armies," and Dr. J. Wm. Jones in a work, "Christ in the Camp," which I understand is

shortly to appear, have treated this subject at large; but I am very sure that neither will resent the appearance on the field of an humbler ally in the laudable effort to present the Southern soldier in his noblest aspect—as a Christian warrior.

I shall allow myself large latitude to-day. I shall endeavor to refute what is perhaps the popular impression, that a soldier is a reckless dare-devil, fearing nothing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. I shall endeavor to show that Cromwell was right when he said: "Truly I think he that prays and preaches best will fight best. I know nothing that will give like courage and confidence as the knowledge of God in Christ will."

It were easy to make out an *a priori* case. It were easy to show that the religion of Christ enters into the individual, enhances and exalts the faculties and powers of mind and soul, supplies him with new and stronger motives for doing everything that is right, and therefore, all other things being equal, a man should be a better soldier, as he should be a better farmer, merchant, physician, lawyer or artisan, because he is a Christian.

But I shall approach this subject from another standpoint. I shall lay down the proposition, that the annals of religion have given us the best exemplars of generalship, of heroic action, and of personal bravery which, in all ages of the world, the history of war contains.

I am aware that on the first statement of this proposition it will be questioned, if not denied. The objector will point to the heroes, whose deeds have been preserved in classic literature, and whose faith was in false gods; he will point to an Alexander, a Hannibal and a Cæsar; he will point to the intrepid valor of the Spartan and the irresistible courage of the Roman, and say, "These men owed nothing to a religious faith; produce, from any quarter, names worthy to be compared with them."

In matters such as these we are very much controlled by traditional estimates. The splendid literature of the Greeks and Romans has immortalized the deeds of their heroes, the battles won by their armies, and the victories achieved by the strategy of their generals; and that literature has moulded the thought of the world. The estimates thus formed have become fixed; and Alexander and Cæsar and Hannibal have become the world's standard in generalship, and the Spartan and the Roman have become the world's standard in courage and intrepidity. It may be rank heresy to question the unbroken tradition of the centuries; but, for my part, I have never regarded these estimates as final.

For instance, have you ever seriously asked upon what grounds the world-wide fame of Julius Cæsar rests?

Mainly upon the conquest of Gaul and Germany, does it not? And while no sane man will deny the military skill and strategy and resource of the Roman commander, yet, after all, it was the conquest of an undisciplined rabble of badly armed and half naked savages by the superbly equipped, mail-clad, and disciplined legions of Rome. And I would venture to put over against the campaigns of a Cæsar, the achievements of a Joshua, who, at the head of an army composed of the escaped slaves of Egypt, with no weapons except such as they were able to forge in the desert or wrest from the hands of their enemies, undertook the conquest of the powerful nations of Moab and Ammon and Philistia and Canaan.

I understand very well that one may say that the Jewish commander had divine assistance, which the Roman had not. I do not deny that; but I distinctly affirm that the student of military history, considering the human elements alone, will find in the great captain of the Hebrews, whose soul was on fire with zeal for Jehovah's cause and whose dauntless faith was fixed on the Lord his God, the peer of any captain of any age.

And I will ask you to suppose for a moment that the heroic action of Gideon had occurred on Grecian soil, and had been preserved in classic in place of sacred literature? Who does not know that it would have passed into history as one of the world's exemplars of heroism, and occupied a place beside Thermopylæ of ancient and Balaklava of modern times? But, alas, being recorded in sacred history, its fate has been to degenerate into a joke, and the name of that gallant border chieftain can scarce be mentioned without exciting a smile.

In the hill country of Benjamin, where the mountainous region falls away to the valley of the Jordan, there is a deep gorge or fissure, caused by some convulsion of nature, called the Valley of Michmash.

Over against each other, across this yawning and precipitous chasm, stand opposing cliffs. On yonder side of the chasm an army of the Philistines, numbering many thousands, has pitched its tents; on this side a little band of Hebrews, numbering about six hundred, occupy a strongly entrenched and fortified camp. It seems only a question of time when this gallant band must succumb to an overpowering force. Jonathan, that noble prince and superb soldier, is in command of the little army of the Israelites. He gazes across the intervening chasm upon the outstretched camp of the Philistines, and meditates

a project of surpassing bravery. He has determined to scale that cliff with his drawn sword in his hand, and attack that mighty host single-handed. What utter madness! A single sword against an armed multitude! No matter. The Lord God of Israel will nerve his arm; and if it be madness, it is just such madness as a religious faith is capable of inspiring. To-morrow, at the dawn of day, we see the valiant young prince scaling that craggy steep, and behind him steals his courageous armour-bearer. Now he draws himself up on the summit of the rock, and in an instant his terrible sword strikes the sentinel posted there to the earth. On he goes toward the camp of his enemies, like a young god infuriate; and as he goes he slays. Twenty Philistine warriors fall before him, and his armour-bearer slays after him. He reaches the camp, and the sleeping enemy start up from slumber and come forth from their tents in dazed and stupid amazement, while the sword of Jonathan deals wide havoc. Confusion seizes the Philistine host. In the uncertain light of the dawn each man takes the other for an enemy, and treacherous allies embrace the opportunity to break a hated allegiance and turn their swords against their late comrades.

The confusion grows wider, and grows wilder. Utter panic and rout ensue. A great army, lately flushed with victory, is in full flight, and on its rear, reaping a harvest of death, flashes and gleams in the morning light the single sword of Jonathan.

I search in vain the annals of war for an action parallel with that in the superb audacity of its conception and in the splendid valor with which it was executed. And yet, not one in ten of you all ever heard of it before. There it is, recorded on the page of Holy Writ, but it never arrested your most casual attention. If Herodotus had told the story, or Plutarch, or Walter Scott, you would have heard it a thousand times in your childhood, and you would have told it again and again to your children after you.

A distinguished divine, recently speaking in this place, said of a certain Psalm upon which he was commenting: "This is the soldier's Psalm." He might with equal propriety have said of the whole book of Psalms: "This is the soldier's book." How full it is, from beginning to end, of allusion to the camp, the battle and the weapons of a warrior. We read these glorious old hymns of antiquity, and we need no man to tell us that they are the devotional expressions of the mighty heart of a soldier. The Lord God, to him, is one who teacheth his hands to war and his fingers to fight.

His prayer is the prayer of a soldier: "Fight against them that

fight against me. Take hold of shield and buckler and stand up for my help." His conception of a protecting providence is expressed in such terms as "fortress" and "defence" and "a shield upon my right hand."

Beyond all doubt the soldier-king of Israel was a great warrior. His earlier history, when hunted through the mountain fastnesses from cave to cave, reads like the romantic story of a Wallace or a Bruce; his later history, when his victorious armies established the supremacy of his little kingdom over surrounding nations, and held in check the rising power of Syria on the east and the mighty empire of Egypt on the south, will place him in the front rank of the captains of war.

But the greatest soldier which Israel ever produced was the renowned Judas Maccabeus. I will go even farther. I will say that I do not believe the whole world ever produced his superior. To my mind there is no grander figure in history. In him were united the bravery of a Julius Cæsar, the military genius of a Napoleon Bonaparte, and the religious enthusiasm and fiery energy of a Stonewall Jackson. Taking up arms at a time when his country was a Grecian province, all its fortresses garrisoned by Grecian armies, his countrymen corrupted by Grecian luxury, he collected a little band from the number of those who were yet jealous for the Lord of Hosts and for the honor of His name, and won a series of victories unparalleled in the annals of war. City after city was reduced by his invincible arms, and their garrisons expelled, until the last shackle was struck from Israel. Mighty armies under experienced generals were sent to crush him, but were defeated in detail and driven back with disaster.

I have no intention of wearying you with an extended account of these wonderful triumphs. I think one memorable engagement will suffice. An army of forty thousand men, under the Generals Gorgias and Nicanor, had penetrated into the very heart of the devoted province, and were encamped at Emmaus. To oppose this formidable force, Judas had a little army of six thousand patriots encamped at Mizpeh, by the Eben-ha-ezer, "the stone of the helper," which Samuel had erected centuries before.

The disparity of force was great enough one would think, but the indomitable Jewish leader assembled his army and made proclamation that all who had built a house, or planted a vineyard, or married a wife in the past year, and all who were afraid, were at liberty to withdraw from his standard. Three thousand left the ranks; three thousand stood in their place; three thousand now against

forty thousand. Tremendous odds ! But these men are fighting for God, and they know no fear. "In God is our help," was the battle-cry which went up from that devoted band.

The army of the invaders divides; one part remains encamped at Emmaus under Nicanor; the other part, under Gorgias, makes a detour through the mountains to surprise Judas and destroy him in his tents. This is his opportunity, and with the instinct of genius he seizes it. With the celerity of movement for which he was famous, and in which he is unequalled in ancient or in modern times, except, as I think, by the "foot-cavalry" of Stonewall Jackson, he descended upon the camp of Nicanor, and when Gorgias had reached the mountain top, where he expected to find his victim, he could behold the conflagration which proclaimed the rout and destruction of the main body of the invading army.

Nor is he left long to brood over his disappointment. Before night-fall of that eventful day, and before he could extricate himself from that mountainous region, he is attacked in one of its defiles with such impetuous fury that his army melts in a moment, and flees in terror, with the avenging swords of the patriots driving them like the scourge of God. The discomfited generals return to the regent Lysias, and declare that "the God who fought for the Jews is indeed mighty, and it is worse than useless to attack them."

Now it seems strange to me that this great general, who fought a score of battles, and always at the odds of about one man against ten, but yet who never lost an engagement, who achieved the independence of his country, and who wrested freedom from the mighty power of the Grecian Empire, has not been accorded the place in the estimation of the world to which his signal prowess and military genius entitle him. I know no reason except that which was alleged by Tacitus in a similar instance, when he says of the Greeks, that they "never admire any exploits but their own." Grecian literature is silent respecting Judas Maccabeus, and Grecian literature has moulded the thought of the world.

Surely it is not enough to do deeds of glory. Their formative influence, their inspiring example, is lost to the world unless they are embodied in an imperishable literature. And I assert that no more imperative duty lies before the South than to secure the preservation of the records of our recent war. I do not mean so much the records of extended campaigns, which I have no doubt the military historian will faithfully chronicle, but the personal acts of devotion and deeds of prowess, which shed the light of a higher glory on the dark page

of war, and which will be the pabulum of inspiration for generations yet unborn.

My proposition is : That religion is an element of strength in the soldierly character. My proposition is : That the annals of religion will afford the best exemplars of heroic action. In support of this proposition we are following those annals down the centuries, and noting the conspicuous figures of history; and we pass now from Judaic to Christian times.

I shall not weary you with instances ; but my discussion would surely be incomplete without passing notice of that outburst of religious fervor, which moved all Europe to war, sent army after army against the Mohammedan power of the East, and was the occasion of such abandon of devotion, such prodigies of valor, and such hardly-won meed of glory as the world has scarcely seen the like, before or since.

The beginning of the Crusades was farcical enough. I know of no more ludicrous spectacle than Peter the Hermit, clad in his monk's cowl and astride of a diminutive donkey, leading a motley host of men, women and children, armed with sticks, stones, hammers and pitchforks, and other such weapons, across Europe to exterminate the Turk. An expedition farcical surely, if its termination were not so tragical. Cut off to a man ; the whole host of them slaughtered in heaps by the remorseless scimitar of the Saracen ; the spot where they fell marked for long years by their whitening bones.

But, if the beginning was ridiculous, the sequel was glorious ; when the flower of the chivalry of all the nations of Europe gathered to the standard of Godfrey, an army of the choicest spirits that ever assembled on a field of battle, sworn on the red cross of the Crusade to recover the sepulchre of the Son of God, or die in the effort.

Twenty thousand men, each man of them a hero in battle and an expert in arms, stormed at the walls and tower and gates of Jerusalem, reputed impregnable, and defended by an army of seventy thousand Saracens. The besieged more than three times the number of the besiegers. When was it ever heard that a walled and fortified city was carried by assault on such terms ? And yet Jerusalem was taken ; how, no man knows. The Arab chroniclers dismiss the whole matter curtly, saying : " It was the will of God that the city should be taken, and so the Christians, rushing on as one man, took it—God curse them."

I have often tried to picture to myself the scene which a battle-array, in the times of the Crusades, would present to the eyes of a

spectator. No dense clouds of sulphurous smoke hung over a field of battle in those days, enveloping and concealing the action.

There was no refuge in rifle-pits, and no long-range batteries dealing death across the interval of miles. Doubtless the spectacle was imposing and inspiring.

The sunlight gleaming on the burnished armour of the steel-clad knights; the gay trappings of the caparisoned steeds; the standards of the chieftains unfurled to the breezes, resplendent with armorial bearings; the blare of the trumpets sounding defiance and uttering the signal of battle; the evolutions of the glittering lines; the fierce onset of the knights with lances couched and bodies bent to the pom-mel; the swords leaping from their scabbards and clashing on shields and helmeted heads; the terrible crash of the battle-axe—oh, it seems to me that a man must needs have been a man, with a heart that knows not how to tremble, with a frame of iron, and with sinews of steel, to engage in such warfare as that. Give me, then, a man whose physical frame has been developed as befits a frame which enshrines an immortal soul. Give me a man who is endowed with all the natural qualities of a true manhood. I will baptize him with the fire of a religious enthusiasm; I will kindle in his soul the zeal which is born of faith in the everlasting God; I will send him forth on such a field, armed in a righteous cause, and he will be invincible.

Gentlemen, religion is a force which enters the innermost recesses of the heart, and stirs the deepest powers of the soul. There is many a fool who thinks it a fit thing for women and children, but somehow detrimental to manliness and incongruous with the most exalted types of character, as they are manifested in the stirring action of life. It is this idea I combat. Believe me, religion strengthens, ennobles. It gives bones of iron and sinews of brass. In every righteous cause it enters as an ally heaven-born, and endowed of heaven with the heroic virtues of the archangels about the throne. It is no weak, nerveless, effeminate thing. It tones the tension of the soul to a pitch of heroism which earth-born spirits may strive in vain to reach.

It is night. It is the eve of the battle of Hastings. To-morrow shall be fought the fight upon which hang the destinies of England. I stand on the area between the embattled hosts, the area which shall to-morrow be contested with stubborn valor, and which shall run red with brave blood. The moon sheds her sweet light, as though she were shining on human loves, and happiness, and sweet peace, and the stars blink and twinkle in the skies. Yonder is the camp of the Normans, and there the tents of the Saxons. I stand between. Upon

mine ears, from this side, comes the noise of revelry, the music of the dance, the merriment of men who linger long with the cup; from that side there steals upon the night air the low chant of devotion, and I hear the murmur of a multitude in worship of the Lord God of Hosts. Do I need one to tell me how the battle will go on the morrow? Ring down the curtain. Spill no human blood. The destiny is forecast and fixed. The devotee will conquer the reveler as surely as the trumpets shall sound the onset of battle.

Oh, Religion, what deeds of valor hast thou inspired! What names of glory, unsurpassed, unequalled, hast thou dictated to fame that their deeds should be blown upon the four winds and heralded to the ages!

The long catalogue runs synchronously with the centuries. The record is not closed, the record is never closed. Our own times, our own century, adds its resplendent quota; heroes worthy to be catalogued with the patriots of Thermopylæ and the chivalry of the Crusades. We nominate a Havelock, we nominate a Gordon, we nominate a Lee, we nominate a Jackson, we nominate a Pegram, as names worthy to be inscribed on the immortal scroll which bears the record of the lives whose sacred fires were kindled at the altar of a religious faith.

The historian, when he formulates for posterity the estimate of the Southern soldier, is liable to overlook the religious element as one of the factors of strength in the almost invincible armies of the South.

He will not understand that the training which should fit him to do deeds of glory was not in the manual of arms, nor in the evolutions of tactics, but in the inculcation of the principles of a religious faith.

A mother's knee seems a strange place to train a soldier, but I tell you that there is the school of the heroes of all the ages; wanting that, the schools of war and camps of instruction will never suffice to train a race of patriots or develop a nation of warriors. Thanks be to God, the people of the South are still in the main a religious people. Festering and pestilent scepticism has made no considerable inroad among us, destroying faith, corrupting morals and tainting virtue. Still for us there is a God in the heavens reigning over all; still a right and a wrong; still a commanding respect for all that is noble and true and good. And when mothers sent their sons to battle, they sent youths whose souls had been made stalwart by the strengthening principles of a religious faith.

This is not the estimate of a prejudiced and partial judge. After

the battle of Gettysburg a Federal chaplain, preaching to Federal soldiers, paid this high tribute to the Southern armies:

"The Southern army," said he, "is one which, from its commanding generals to its lowest privates, is pervaded with the sense of dependence upon God. The highest councils of its military leaders are opened with prayer for His divine guidance and benediction. Every battle is planned and every campaign conducted in the spirit of prayer.

"More than this; every soldier is taught to feel that the cause in which he contends is one that God approves; that if he is faithful to God, His almighty arm will protect, and His infinite strength ensure success. Thus believing that God's eye of approval is upon him, that God's arm of protection is thrown around him, the Southern soldier enters the field of battle nerved with a power of endurance and a fearlessness of death which nothing else can give.

"You may call this fanaticism, enthusiasm, or what you will, but remember, you are fighting an enemy that comes from the closet to the battlefield; that comes from its knees in prayer to engage in deadly strife; that comes in the belief that its battles are the battles of Jehovah; that His smile is resting upon its banners and will ensure success.

"With what indomitable strength," said he, "does such a conviction, whether true or false, endue men? What power it has to make every man a hero, and every hero, if need be, a martyr."

I want no higher encomium than that; I want no better testimony to the truth of the position I assume. Far be it from us to assert that the armies of the South were armies of saints.

I do not assert that; but I do affirm that, perhaps, never in the world's history were gathered together such large bodies of men who were so generally pervaded by a deep and strong religious spirit.

How many of its leaders were great whole-hearted Christian men. Polk was a bishop; Pendleton, a clergyman, and D. H. Hill a religious author. Call the roll of brigadiers, and you will be astonished to find how large a proportion of them were God-fearing men.

Joseph E. Johnston, eminent for military skill, consecrated his talents to the service of God. Lee is the noblest type of a Christian warrior that our century has produced; nay, stands peerless among the sons of men of every nationality and of every age. In the crisis of many a fight the right arm of Stonewall Jackson was seen uplifted in prayer to the God of battles, and many a long night

that stout-hearted soldier was putting forth in petition all the energies of his indomitable spirit which on the morrow would be thrown into action.

As with the leaders, so with the rank and file. Soldiers, veterans of many a bloody field, as your memory goes back to those days, what are the scenes which you love to recall in your tenderest moments? Are any pictures graven deeper in your recollection than the evening prayer-meeting, the group around the camp-fire singing the grand old hymns of the Christian religion, and the Sunday services, when your faithful chaplains told you of the love of Jesus, and exhorted you, by all you held most dear, to patient endurance and valiant bearing? I do not know; but it seems to me those are the things which would outlive the memory of the charge and counter-charge of stern resistance and fierce fight.

Let me show you a scene. The battle is raging far and near. There, in an advanced and exposed position, is a line of sharpshooters thrown out to check the onset of a furious charge. The ammunition of one of those men is exhausted. He can fight no more. He lies there with the storm of shot and shell bursting over his head, and he takes from his pocket a little Bible and reads. He shuts the book and his eyes close in prayer. Storm on, ye fiends of war! rage on, ye hurtling hurricanes of battle! Behold there, in the midst of your din and turmoil and wild uproar, the unshaken heart of a soldier is communing with his God—communings low and softly as the sweet prattle of a child in twilight prayer!

Where was it? At Frasier's Farm, was it not, that a passing officer saw a soldier kneeling? He approached him, touched him, when, lo! he was dead, stark and cold, and stiffened in the attitude of prayer.

Tell me, O thou sainted spirit, what was the swift petition which winged its way from thy dying lips?

I know it was brief, terse, incisive: "O God grant victory to our arms this day: O God bless the loved ones far away in the home on the hillside: O God receive my spirit;" and the brave head fell forward, and the lips that never quivered were stilled forever, and the light was quenched in a dauntless eye.

Ask the devoted priests of this religion, who ministered in camp, in hospital, and under the shade of the trees where the wounded were borne out of the thick of the fight; ask a Jones, a Bennett, a Duncan, a Granbery, a Quintard, and the host of kindred spirits who went up and down through the armies of the Confederacy preaching

the Cross of the crucified Christ; ask them what was the message they received from the lips of the dying? Was is not something like this: "Tell my mother I died for my country, in the fear of God and in the faith of Jesus Christ. Go, messenger; go tell her, who gave me my being, that the lessons I learned in the long ago at her knee, nerved my arm in battle and comforted my soul in death. Go tell her that hers is the honor I won, hers the glory I reaped, and mine the proud consolation that I have been true, in life and in death, to my God, my country and to her."

And now, does one need to ask will such men fight? I tell you that is the stuff of which heroes are fashioned and martyrs made. I tell you that there is no deed of high emprise they will not dare; there is no peril in the presence of which their cheeks will blanch; there is no foe before whom their hearts will quail.

And standing here this day I charge the historian of these times that he shall not fail to tell to future ages that the Southern soldier was a Christian warrior, and that he was brave, he was irresistible, because his faith was in God and in the justice of his cause. But that cause was lost, that faith was apparently misplaced.

Gentlemen, the beautiful window which we are here to dedicate this day to the memory of our dead, is veiled; a curtain shrouds it from your view. Presently that veil shall be withdrawn, and you will look upon it as it came from the hand of the artist. It is an allegory. There is a veil over it all. But I look on. The hour shall surely come when God will draw it aside, and we shall see the wonders of His ways and the glorious vindication of His providence.

And I know not what legend you have inscribed upon that window, but I would write there to-day, memorial though it be of those who fell in a cause that was lost: "In the God of battles is the soldier's trust."

H'DQ'RS PEGRAM BATTALION ASSOCIATION,
RICHMOND, VA., *June 1st, 1887.*

Rev. H. MELVILLE JACKSON:

DEAR SIR—The Pegram Battalion Association return their sincere thanks for the beautiful address delivered on the 31st ultimo, at the dedication of their Memorial Window, erected in the Chapel at Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, and most earnestly request a

copy of same, that it may be published and thereby handed down to future history.

Very respectfully,

THOMAS ELLETT, *President.*

300 W. FRANKLIN ST.,
RICHMOND, VA., *June 4th, 1887.*

THOMAS ELLETT, *Esq.,*
Pres't Pegram Battalion Association :

DEAR SIR—I thank you for the kind expressions which your letter of the 1st contains, and in accordance with the wish you express, I herewith send you a copy of the address delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the Memorial Window at the Soldiers' Home.

Very truly yours,

H. M. JACKSON.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN FITZHUGH LAY, LATE COLONEL OF CAVALRY,
CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

To you, Major Randolph, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and to you, gentlemen, the authorities of Lee Camp, the Soldiers' Home, and of this beautiful Chapel, and as such, the custodians of its records, I address myself:

The "Pegram Battalion Association" have conferred upon me the proud distinction of delegating to you a valuable trust in the presentation of this register. As the "Vestal Virgins" kept the sacred fires at the Temple of Vesta at Rome, so are you to keep and guard this. Remember, it embodies the names and memories of some of our "household gods." Gratefully I have accepted the duty, not that, when so many voices more eloquent than mine were easily to be had, I saw any fitness in the selection of myself. Yes, one perhaps. When I recall the eventful scenes of the memorable day of the battle of First Manassas, let me briefly recall some of them pertinent to my subject.

It was a lovely Sabbath morn, all the surroundings of Nature in perfect harmony, nothing in them to portend the coming storm; each

soldier as he arose in the early morn, and gazing around, could say
in the language of the good old missionary hymn,

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Nothing but the passions of man were to disturb its solemn quiet. This was not long to last. Soon the bugle-call, the tap of the drum, the strains of martial music, the tramp of heavy bodies of moving troops broke upon the stillness of the air, and gave evidence of a coming strife. With elastic step, and with the proud confidence of new troops, we marched into position; we not only thought that we were invincible, but that we could whip "the world." We had read and believed—

"To hearts that the spirit of Liberty flushes.
Resistance is idle—numbers a dream!
They burst from control, as the mountain stream rushes
From its pillows of ice in the warmth of the beam!"

Later in the day we reflected that this was pretty poetry, embodying a noble sentiment, but somehow had so far not prospered us. Many, and I among them, found ourselves a mile in rear of the position we had assumed in the early day, and with no brilliant prospect of recovering our lost ground (we did so subsequently); and I tell you from the standpoint of that day things were very doubtful; my heart, and the hearts of the stoutest, almost quailed with silent apprehension—the scales of battle so hung upon an equipoise, that a breath might disturb them. We expected reinforcements—we hoped for them—we prayed for them—eagerly we sent for them—as Elijah of old from Mount Carmel sent his servant to watch for the coming cloud, even if "no bigger than a man's hand." They came at a late, but most opportune hour. There dashed upon the field in gallant style a battery, at the time engaged under orders from General Joseph E. Johnston, in rallying some broken troops. I was ordered by him to guide this battery into action. I did so; but here let me pause to say a word descriptive: This battery, subsequently, but not then, a part of this military organization, had its origin and existence in the loyal heart and generous purse of one of my oldest and best esteemed friends, then and now one of your oldest, most valued and valuable citizens, from whom it took its name—John Purcell. It was commanded by my almost life-long friend, Lindsay Walker, as gallant a soldier as

ever carried a gun into action, and next in command, the "boy" soldier, Willie Pegram, whom I had known and loved from his babyhood, and who in the beginning of the war, seemed like "Minerva," to have sprung armed from the god-king of war. I do not unsex him in the simile, for with all the manliness of any man, he had all the gentleness and tenderness of a woman. As charged against King David of old by his brethren, I could not resist, in the "haughtiness of my heart"—and though temporarily absent from my own command—resting upon my horse to see this "battle." Rapidly they wheeled into position; I saw the boy soldier leap from his horse, and with a comrade (I wish I could give his name) sight the first gun and fire it; I saw its first shot surge through the advancing column of the enemy, and then like lightning flashes, shot after shot ploughing through their ranks, like some "cyclone of desolation" through a narrow valley, leaving carnage in their tracks and aiding far to produce the demoralization which resulted in the memorable panic of that day. I can never forget—I do not wish even to forget—this scene, and when I recall it I feel there may be fitness, perhaps, in my voicing them, at least, in the solemn ceremonies of this day. Called, with his equally gallant and lamented brother to distant scenes of war in the west, I only once again saw this gallant hero and Christian warrior. Sad, is it not? to think that at the early age of twenty-three years—almost a bud, but a bud which had wonderfully blossomed—he should lay down his life, a sacrifice upon the altar of his country, but not before he had given his name to this "battalion," and it and himself to history; not before he had thrice been recommended for promotion by gallant corps commanders, and with an endorsement from General Lee of which any man might well be proud: "I would approve, but I cannot spare him from my command!" Better than promotion—better die a *colonel* with this encomium, than the *generalship* he had earned. Peace to thy ashes, brave and gentle comrade and friend.

Time forbids that I mention other names. I would love to mention them—the "Crenshaw," the outcome of another loyal and brave heart from our midst—the Letcher and the Fredericksburg batteries, with their noble men and officers—and last, but not least, the Pee Dee Battery from our gallant and plucky little sister State, South Carolina. We will never forget any of you, and this register enshrines your noble dead.

But the shadows of the coming evening warn me that I must not linger. I can only present you this record as a whole—the register

of names and memories to be treasured—of those, many of whom gave their lives, and all risked them, for a holy cause.

To us, the survivors of the war, the Confederacy as a government is dead—as our buried heroes—beyond the power of human resurrection, even if we so willed it; but, though dead, it liveth to us in its memories, so sad, yet at times so joyous, in its regrets mingled, but never remorseful. No true heart that ever wore the gray will ever apologize for so doing. We regret nothing that we did. Our regrets are, naturally, that we failed to accomplish that for which we hoped, for which we fought, and for which these brave men died. Our regrets are for desolated homes and hearts, for so much blood and treasure seemingly shed and expended in vain. Did I say seemingly? Yes. The gifted and eloquent orator who has just addressed you, and whose words linger in our ears, has given you a beautiful allegory in that window—a moment since obscure and dark—now unveiled, a radiant thing of beauty. So some of these days when the veil is taken from our eyes we may see and understand the "Divine" wisdom which hath ordered it all. I thank him for the thought (comforting, as beautiful); and our memories, how they brighten at the remembrance of scenes, of comrades and camp. Why I can quicken the blood of these old soldiers here if I tell them of the camp, the bivouac, the march, the simple jest, the song and the buttermilk raid. Then the excitement of the battle, softened by the memory of some comrade, our "chum," who, with light heart and merry eye, called out, "Good-bye, old fellow! take care of yourself till I see you again." He never saw us again. We saw him a few hours later, cold and stiff, with lifeless eyes upturned to heaven; and then we remember that some of them left widows and orphans—a sacred legacy to be treasured; and comrades, many dependent in advancing years. I thank God this home, where day by day earthly wants and comforts are supplied to these time-worn and war-scarred veterans (their earthly refuge), this sacred building, in which each recurring Sunday they may worship and listen to the words of heavenly wisdom (to prepare them for their final march and eternal encampment) speak aloud the fact that we have not forgotten to remember them, nor will our children after us.

My comrades! this is not a roll of the living but of the dead. It is not the only roll of honor. There is another, of mingled staff, infantry, cavalry and artillery, of officers and privates. Upon this may be found the names of Lee, Jackson and Stuart, of Sydney Johnson, Zollicoffer and Forrest (names we have honored), and some

of whose memories we almost worship. Neither of these rolls are yet complete. As the years glide by other names will be added. Sooner or later you and I must appear before the one or the other. It may not be a pleasant thought, but it is a fact in the future, which should remind us so to live, that when we are enrolled our comrades will not be ashamed of our companionship.

And there may be a third roll of honor of which I love to think. When the "Mother of the Gracchi" was asked for her jewels, she pointed to her sons; when the sons of the Confederacy were asked for their jewels, little of diamonds, pearls, sapphires, silver or gold, could they show from the wreck, but with proud confidence they could point to the mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and sweet-hearts of the Confederacy, more precious than all the crown-jewels of the combined kingdoms of the world. If the men fought the battles, who encouraged; nay, armed and uniformed them for the fray? Who toiled for them, suffered and wept for them? Who nursed them? Go to the bed-side of yonder soldier-boy, far from home and loved ones, fever-tossed, or with suffering wound, talk to him of diamonds, and he will turn his face to the wall. What interest has he in them? But let him but hear the gentle voice, or feel the soothing hand of the ministering angel standing by his hospital cot, he will turn his softened glance, and say of diamonds—

"About her neck, they gleam in lustre bright,
Like stars that shimmer on the zone of night!
But more than Afric's flawless gems I prize,
Soft pity's jewels! in her loving eyes."

There is such a roll—not perhaps on parchment, but engraved with diamond pen, and hung upon the tablets of our hearts "like apples of gold, in pictures of silver." God bless, and may we cherish the memories ever, of the "Women of the Confederacy."

One closing thought and I am done. The war is over—we gaze back down an avenue of nearly twenty six years—"Distance but lends enchantment to the view"—but so should all unpleasant memories recede—all bitterness of feeling should pass away—peace and fraternal feeling exist now with soldiers once opposed. As we were good Confederates then, so now we should be good and loyal citizens of a common government which affords us its protection, and to which we have given our allegiance. We were brethren before the war (it was an internecine war), we are brethren again. There were not desolated homes with them, because the scene of war was con-

finied to us, but there were desolated and anguish-torn hearts, sad memories, vacant chairs, voids created, never again to be filled on both sides. We should sympathize with each other, as the brave soldier of either side felt for and gave the last drop of his canteen to a wounded or dying opponent. The household before the war, and after the war! both sides! a gifted divine and poet of South Carolina, in his elegant essay "God in history," has sweetly sung. I give you his words:

"Fair faces beaming round the household hearth,
 Young, joyous tones in melody of mirth,
 The sire, doubly living in his boy,
 And *she* the crown of all that wealth of joy!
 These make the home, like some sweet lyre given
 To sound on earth the harmonies of heaven.
 * * * * *
 A sudden discord breaks the swelling strain;
 One chord has snapped—the harmony again
 Subdued and slower moves, but never more
 Can pour the same glad music as of yore;
 Less and less full the strains successive wake,
 Chord after chord must break—and break—and break!
 Until on earth, the lyre dumb and riven,
 Finds all its chords restrung to loftier notes in heaven."

Upon some quiet summer evening you may gaze upwards and see the tints of the blue and gray so commingled in the sky that human vision, at the immeasurable distance, fails to separate them, and may it not be a happy speculation that departed spirits of the blue and the gray—once opposed in angry contest, now in blended harmony—inhabit those airy mansions; and the spirits of our own departed comrades, where are they? (I am not of those who would "rashly climb where angels fear to tread," or seek unduly to penetrate into mysteries not revealed.) May it not be that in a time like this, in a place like this, apart from the bustle and din of the busy and social world, in the "quietude of silence," may we not think—dream, if you choose—in reverence that they hover around us, that we seem to hear the rustling of their wings in the air, and gentle whisperings of their voices:

Comrades! you are thinking of us; we are watching over you, waiting for you; and the utterances of a prayer like this:

"Teach them, dear Father, their vices to shun,
 Teach them to worship, that when life is done,
 They may cross the dark river, Thy judgment appease,
 And rest (with us) 'neath the shade of unwithering trees."

And inspired by such thoughts, may not here to-day the living blue and gray, or wherever hereafter assembled, in heart and voice unite in the anthem of "Glory to God! on earth peace, good will," which, swelling in one grand diapason of harmony, may rise above earth and find its echoes amid the stars and planets, thence caught up higher by angel voices and wafted across the "sea of glass," sink in sweet, declining cadence before the "throne of God."

To you, sirs, I deliver this register. I know I commit it to worthy hands.

RESPONSE OF MAJOR NORMAN V. RANDOLPH.

Mr. President:

It is with mingled feelings of sorrow, pleasure and pride, that I accept the register of the dead so eloquently tendered by Judge Lay. Sorrow for the gallant men who laid down their lives for their country and the cause they believed to be just. Pleasure in being able to participate in the ceremonies to-day, which tell us that time has not dimmed our love and admiration for our dead comrades. Pride in the remembrance of the glorious deeds won by Pegram's Battalion on sixty-three hard-fought battlefields.

I am sorry that one more gifted by nature than myself has not been chosen to respond. But, sir, no one could have been selected who reverences the name of Pegram more than I. Willie Pegram was my school-mate. I knew him as a boy; I knew him as a man; I knew him as a soldier. It was my good fortune to serve part of the war on the staff of his knightly brother; and there I learned to know him better as a soldier than I had as a boy.

To you men who served under him, nothing I can say will add to your love, respect and admiration in which you held him. As a Christian, as a gentleman, as a soldier. Brave as he was generous, generous as he was just. Young men and old, think of it; twenty-three years of age and a colonel of artillery. The commander of twenty guns that belched forth defiance in every general battle in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged, and every gun captured from the enemy. And, sir, after four years of constant fighting, he had the proud pleasure of saying to his commander, "I have never lost a gun."

This certainly is a glorious record for a soldier; but while I give willing praise to the young and gallant commander, my admiration

and respect goes out to the brave men who, in the presence of death, served his guns, and on more than one occasion turned defeat into victory, and by this matchless courage won for him the stars he wore and praise from Stonewall Jackson.

As the star of the Confederacy set behind the hills of Appomattox and victory no longer perched on the tattered banner of his battalion, the soul of the commander took its flight; and standing before the throne of his Maker, amid the hosannas of the angels, received the reward of the just, "well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Mr. President, the memorial window you unveil to-day in this house, dedicated to the service of God, to William Johnson Pegram and the two hundred gallant men who died by his side, is a fit testimonial of the respect and love we will ever bear them.

H'DQ'RS PEGRAM BATTALION ASSOCIATION,
RICHMOND, VA., *June 1st, 1887.*

Judge JOHN F. LAY:

DEAR SIR—The Pegram Battalion Association return their sincere thanks for the beautiful address delivered on the 31st ultimo, at the presentation of the register to the Chapel at Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, and most earnestly request a copy of same, that it may be published and thereby handed down to future history.

Very respectfully,

THOMAS ELLETT, *President.*

Notice of Chew's Battery.

FORT YATES, DAK., *February 17th, 1887.*

Editor Southern Historical Society Papers:

SIR—Having read much of your valuable history of the war, giving battles, heroic charges and repulses by different commands, I have never seen mentioned one battery, viz.: it was organized in Charlestown, Jefferson county, Virginia, in the early part of 1861, by Captain John Chew, with James W. Thompson as First Lieutenant, Tuck Carter Second Lieutenant, and John J. Williams Third Lieutenant, and was assigned to Ashby's (afterwards known

as Rosser's) brigade, as a light battery. After the battle of New Hope, Virginia, Lieutenant Thompson was promoted major on Fitzhugh Lee's staff (he was afterwards killed at the battle of High Bridge and interred at Stonewall Cemetery, Winchester, Virginia), Carter Captain, Williams First Lieutenant, and Yancy Second Lieutenant. After our misfortune at Woodstock or Tom Brook, in October, 1864, losing part of our guns, we moved in the vicinity of Staunton, feeling the loss of our guns and being laughed at by our comrades in the cavalry. The men of the battery talked of making independent raids and trying to recapture their guns, or gain new laurels, but they had not long to wait. General Rosser started on that famous raid which resulted in the capture of General Kelly and his entire army of four thousand men at New Hope, West Virginia, including a large number of animals, wagons, arms and ammunition, and other valuable property. Lieutenant Carter and fifteen men of the battery volunteered to join in the raid. Many others would have joined but could not for want of mounts. The morning the attack was made, Lieutenant Carter and his fifteen men were ordered to charge and take a battery inside the enemy's works, and well they did it too, Lieutenant Carter himself shooting down No. 4 as he was in the act of pulling the lanyard. The guns were turned on the enemy and used with good effect. It is the only time during the war that I ever heard of a battery charging and taking a battery. It was a glorious charge and, in my opinion, worthy of publication.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LEWIS BRADY,

*Late Private Chew's Battery,
Breathed's Battalion, Stuart's Horse Artillery.*

Terms of Capitulation of the Command of Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor.

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T ALA., MISS. AND E. LA.,
MERIDIAN, MISS., May 6, 1865.

General Order, No. 54:

I. The surrender of General Lee's army, on the 9th of April, and of General Johnston, on the 26th of April, included all Confederate forces east of the Mississippi, excepting the small army under my command, and virtually ended the war, so far as any

promise of ultimate success east of the Mississippi was concerned. With the Mississippi impassable for troops, it was impossible to withdraw towards the west, and we could accomplish no good by prolonging a useless struggle here, against overwhelming numbers. Once convinced of these facts, my duty, as Departmental Commander, was to stop the further loss of life and devastation of States already impoverished by war; and, whilst still in my power to do so, make such terms for my troops as would preserve their honor, and best protect them and the people generally within my Department from the further ravages of war. That duty has been performed and the terms of surrender are appended. All was conceded that I demanded. I demanded all that was necessary or proper. We preserve in the strictest sense what are technically known as "Military Honors." The troops will turn in their arms to their own ordnance officers. They are to be paroled by commissioners selected for that purpose. They are to be subjected to no humiliation or degradation. Both officers and enlisted men are to retain their private horses. Troops will preserve their present organizations, officers remaining with their commands, until paroled and sent home in a body. They will have transportation and subsistence to their homes furnished at public expense.

The intelligent, comprehensive and candid bearing, pending negotiations, of Major-General Canby, U. S. A., to whom I have surrendered, entitle him to our highest respect and confidence. His liberality and fairness make it the duty of each and all of us to faithfully execute our part of the contract. The honor of all of us is involved in an honest adherence to its terms. The officer or man who fails to observe them is an enemy to the defenceless women and children of the South, and will deserve the severest penalties that can disgrace a soldier.

II. Memorandum of the conditions of the surrender of the forces, munitions of war, etc., in the Department of Alabama, Mississippi and East Louisiana, commanded by Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor, Confederate States Army, to Major-General Edward R. S. Canby, United States Army, entered into on this 4th day of May, 1865, at Citronelle, Alabama:

1. The officers and men to be paroled until duly exchanged or otherwise released from the obligations of their parole by the authority of the Government of the United States. Duplicate rolls of all officers and men surrendered to be made, one copy of which will be delivered to the officer appointed by Major-General Canby

and the other retained by the officer appointed by Lieutenant-General Taylor; officers giving their individual paroles, and commanders of regiments, batteries, companies or detachments, signing a like parole for the men of their respective commands.

2. Artillery, small arms, ammunition and other property of the Confederate government to be turned over to the officers appointed for that purpose on the part of the government of the United States. Duplicate inventories of the property surrendered to be prepared—one copy to be retained by the officer delivering and the other by the officer receiving it—for the information of their respective commanders.

3. The officers and men paroled under this agreement will be allowed to return to their homes with the assurance that they will not be disturbed by the authorities of the United States, so long as they continue to observe the conditions of their parole and the laws in force where they reside, except that persons resident of Northern States will not be allowed to return without permission.

4. The surrender of property will not include the side-arms or private horses or baggage of officers.

5. All horses which are in good faith the private property of enlisted men will not be taken from them, the men will be permitted to take such with them to their homes to be used for private purposes only.

6. The time and place of the surrender will be fixed by the respective commanders, and will be carried out by commissioners appointed by them.

7. The terms and conditions of the surrender to apply to the officers and men belonging to the armies lately commanded by Generals Lee and Johnston, now in this Department.

8. Transportation and subsistence to be furnished at public cost, for the officers and men after surrender, to the nearest practicable point to their homes.

(Signed) R. TAYLOR,
Lieutenant-General.

(Signed) ED. R. S. CANBY,
Major-General.

III. To settle all doubt or difficulty hereafter as to the meaning of the term "Northern States" in paragraph 3, Major-General Canby has applied to the War Department at Washington for full instructions. Until he receives an answer, Major-General Canby agrees

that all officers and men whose positions may depend on the construction placed on said paragraph shall remain together at any point within his department they may select, and be there provisioned and cared for at public expense.

IV. In negotiating with Major-General Canby for terms for my troops, I called his attention to the necessities of the people of the States and parts of States commanded by me. He will be found liberal and just—animated by an honest desire to do all in his power to prevent unnecessary hardship and suffering. My advice, therefore, to all is to yield to the circumstances which surround them, and to honestly and faithfully perform those duties as citizens upon which must depend their future prosperity and happiness.

R. TAYLOR, *Lieutenant-General.*

Official :

W. F. BULLOCK, JR., *A. A. General.*

The Merrimac and Monitor.

[Speech of the Duke of Somerset, first Lord of the Admiralty, in the British Parliament on the battle between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. From the *Delta* of May 15, 1862.]

The great naval set-to in Hampton Roads has set all Europe in motion. The navies of that portion of the globe are all demonstrated to be no better than old lumber. The British Parliament, in both branches, has had the question up, and the following speech from the Duke of Somerset, first lord of the Admiralty on the subject, will be found interesting and instructive. The duke said, in reply to inquiries in the House of Lords, that—

He was much obliged to the noble earl for having brought this subject before the House. In the summer of 1859, the Legislature was very anxious to have the navy increased, and to augment the number of line-of-battle ships. Such was the state of things when he came into office, when he found the programme of the former government included two iron-cased ships. So far from his not following that programme, he had found it necessary to increase the number of iron-cased ships from two to six. The first that was constructed was the *Warrior*, and then the *Black Prince*. He was not quite satisfied with those vessels, and he therefore called upon the

department to reconsider the question, with a view to a smaller kind of vessel. In consequence of that, the *Defense* vessels were laid down. Those vessels were half the tonnage of the *Warrior*. He was not quite satisfied even with those vessels, as their plates, he thought, ought to be carried further round, and then vessels of the *Resistance* class were laid down. All these vessels were built by contract; but it had been found impossible to build such vessels in a specific time. With regard to the armament of the vessels, the Admiralty, seeing what was coming, gave orders last summer to build three ships of upwards of six thousand tons each, that would carry any sized guns. They would have forty guns each, protected all round with plates. That made ten vessels built and building, five of which would be afloat and effective in the course of the present year. He had also, in the course of last year, ordered five ships to be cut down to carry thirty-two guns each, protected all round. These vessels would be four thousand horse-power, five of them would be completed this year, giving ten iron ships completed this year. Still he did not think our ports were sufficiently defended, and therefore he ordered a cupola-vessel on Captain Cole's plan. The experiments that were made in that case had been attended with the most satisfactory results. It was, first of all, found that the firing was much more rapid from the cupola than from the ordinary ship; and it was afterwards ascertained that the cupola has an extraordinary power of resisting any fire directed against it. The test to which it had been subjected was such as hardly any vessel would have to undergo in an action. There had first been fired at it eight or ten 40-pounders, then sixteen or twenty 68-pounders, and finally about forty 100-pounders, and yet the cupola sustained little or no injury. Only one of its plates had been injured, and it was afterwards found that that plate was constructed of bad iron. Those experiments had been made last Autumn, but he had not thought it necessary to commence at once the construction of a vessel with a cupola; he had delayed any action in the matter until the assembling of Parliament; and in the estimates a vote was inserted for the building of such a ship. That vote has been passed, and the construction of the vessel was to be commenced in the course of a few days. The length of that vessel would be about two hundred and fifty feet; its tonnage would be a little over two thousand tons, and it would not draw twenty feet of water. He believed that it would be found to be a ship of a very effective description. It was to be an entirely new vessel, but he believed that the principle of its construction might be applied to

some of our ships, by cutting them down for the purpose. It was a vessel that could go all round the coast, but it had neither masts nor yards, and he felt persuaded that it would be found very effective for the protection of our shores. The Admiralty were at present constructing six different kinds of plated vessels, but he was not quite satisfied with any of them, because the iron-plating hung heavily on all their sides without giving them the utmost conceivable amount of strength. We could cut down twenty of our line-of-battle ships, and adapt them, with iron plating, for coast and shallow water-service, and that change could be effected at a comparatively small cost, while we should, during these alterations, still possess a powerful fleet of about forty vessels. He believed, therefore, that if we were compelled to engage in a maritime war, in which we should have to fight with iron ships, we should be quite prepared for the contest. He would next proceed to say a few words with respect to the recent sea-fight in America. It had been said that that fight altered everything in maritime warfare. He was not of that opinion, and he should state what he thought it left unchanged. He believed that it in no way changed the opinion, which all naval authorities had already held, that a timber-ship could not resist an iron ship. But it made this great difference in our case, that hitherto we had only wooden ships to encounter on distant stations, while we must henceforth be prepared to encounter iron vessels. We should certainly have to meet that altered state of things: but he believed that the cost of meeting it would not be so expensive to us as many people seemed to imagine. There was another point which he wished to notice. He perceived that many persons in this country had come to the conclusion that those iron ships were invulnerable. But he should say that he had arrived at a different opinion. He believed that they were very far from being invulnerable. As against wooden ships they were "invulnerable"; but his belief was, that when iron ships met iron ships then invulnerability would not be found so secure. They were told that an iron ship could run down its opponent. Now, the *Merrimac* was a vessel of three thousand tons, and it had run down a sailing vessel that was at anchor. But he did not think that fact was conclusive. He believed that many of our wooden ships would have done the same thing, and it would necessarily not be so easy to run down a steamer, as such a vessel would be much better able to avoid the collision. It appeared, too, that the *Merrimac* had been injured in that operation. He would next proceed to notice the other vessel, the *Monitor*. That was a vessel of a very curious form.

Mr. Ericsson, if he was the author of a communication which had been attributed to him, stated that she was quite a new vessel, and that he had built her partly as an admonition to the British government. He (the Duke of Somerset) was obliged to the people of America for their admonition, and still more obliged to them for their experiments. If they would only make a few more of these experiments they would save the naval authorities in this country a good deal of trouble in firing at their target at Shoeburyness. The *Monitor* appeared to be something between a raft and a diving-bell. She was only two feet above water when the water was smooth. It was impossible to stand on her deck, and except in a calm sea her deck would be under water.

Her crew, therefore, had to live under water, and to breath through a pipe that came down through the deck. She had a cupola that was plated with layers of iron of one inch of thickness over another; and it was found that such a plate was much less solid than iron of the same thickness formed of one mass. He also learned from an account published in a Montreal paper that the *Monitor*, in her voyage from New York, was very near being lost; that the waves broke over and extinguished her fires, and that but for a steamer which was employed to tow her, she must have gone down; and further, that her crew narrowly escaped suffocation during the fight; that living in such a vessel was a sort of Calcutta Blackhole existence, and that the eyes and nose of nearly every man at the guns literally shed blood. Another important question was the nature of the armament which these vessels carried. All the American guns were Dahlgren, or shell guns, and every one knew that shells were wholly ineffective against iron plates. The force, too, with which a projectile struck depended on its velocity, and it appeared that the velocity of the shells fired from the Dahlgren, which was a rifled gun, was only nine hundred feet per second, while our 68-pounders gave a velocity of fifteen hundred feet per second. The velocity of a projectile from a smooth-bore gun, at a distance of only two hundred yards, was much greater than that of a rifled gun, and amounted to seventeen hundred feet per second. Now his belief was, that those American vessels would not have withstood such a shock as that, and in all probability, before the lapse of two years, much larger guns would be constructed and we should have to come back to smooth-bore guns for firing at near objects. We should require three classes of vessels. There must be fast sailing ships as well as heavily armed vessels. It was said recently, when a force was sent to Canada,

"Why do you not convoy the ships?" Why, that was like saying, "Why do you not set a pony to catch a race-horse." Our heavy ships could not possibly catch up with the fleet merchantmen of the present day. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, that we should have vessels that could cruise at sea. With regard to wooden ships, he thought we ought to hold out our hand. No new line-of-battle ship of wood had been laid down since he had been in office. With regard to the vessels on Captain Coles' plan, he believed if we had many of those vessels it would make the approach to Portsmouth harbor almost impossible. Considering, however, that forts could carry any sized guns, we ought not hastily to give up the forts. [Hear, hear.] With reference to the action between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, he might say that it was anything but conclusive, because the *Monitor* was so low in the water that the guns of the *Merrimac* could not be brought to bear on her opponent. He had now, to the best of his ability, stated what the views of the Admiralty were on the subject which the noble earl had brought under the consideration of their lordships.

Heroism of James Pleasants, of the Goochland County Cavalry.

[Extract.]

In Goochland county court 21st March, 1864. On motion of Walter D. Leake, Esq., the following preamble and resolutions offered by him were unanimously adopted by the court and ordered to be spread upon its minutes:

"WHEREAS, In the savage war of invasion waged against us by our cruel and implacable Northern foe, the defence of our wives and children, our homes and firesides, depends upon the patriotism and prowess of our citizen soldiery, and the country ought to hold in sacred remembrance the deeds of heroism and bravery of the privates in the ranks, therefore—

"Resolved, That the cool bravery and patriotic ardor of Private James Pleasants, of the Goochland cavalry, in killing one of the enemy and capturing thirteen others and sixteen horses in the recent raid of Dahlgren in our county, were in keeping with the character which this young soldier has won in the army, and the court orders these proceedings to be put upon the records of this court as a

memorial of its appreciation of genuine courage and unshrinking patriotism.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be transmitted by the clerk of this court to Private James Pleasants, of the Goochland cavalry, and also to the editors of the Richmond newspapers, with a request that they publish the same in their respective papers.

"A copy—Teste:

"WM. MILLER, *Clerk.*"

Account of the Skirmish at Swift Creek.

By Lieutenant-Colonel GEORGE C. CABELL, Eighteenth Virginia Infantry.

About the 9th of May, 1864, the Eighteenth Virginia, temporarily attached to Corse's brigade, was ordered from Kinston, North Carolina, to Petersburg. On the 10th, we reached Stony Creek late at night and left the train at that point, finding that the track had been torn up by the enemy. The regiment marched from this point, and about daylight on the 11th reached Meherrin depot and river, a point some fifteen or more miles from Petersburg, where we were met by a train of cars and taken to Petersburg. On the 11th we reached Petersburg; remained there a few hours, drew provisions, marched out in the direction of Richmond and bivouacked on side road. On the 12th, resumed march in the direction of Richmond; had been marching an hour or two when a violent storm arose, succeeded by a remarkably heavy rain; troops were halted just after crossing Swift Creek in direction of Richmond—storm abated. On the Petersburg side of the creek our rear guard was very heavily attacked by some regiments of the Yankee general, Baldy Smith, of Butler's command. My regiment was sent to the creek, and just below the ford, to reinforce our rear guard and to check the enemy. The enemy came up in large force and made a number of efforts to cross the creek, but were as often repulsed; the skirmishing, or rather fighting, along this line was, at times, very heavy. Our troops were well posted and were able to inflict much more loss on the enemy than they could on us. Every effort to cross the creek by the enemy on the evening of the 12th, proved fruitless. Firing ceased about nightfall. At 9 P. M., I was ordered quietly to withdraw in the direction of Drewry's Bluff, which I did, retiring to our fortifica-

tions. The next day, the 13th, the enemy followed us up, and there was heavy skirmishing, with occasionally hard fighting on this day and the 14th. At this time General Hoke seems to have had command of the division with which I was acting. On the 14th, manning the fortifications to our right was Ransom's (Matt.) brigade. About 11 o'clock on this day, Ransom's brigade was outflanked and driven from their position. This necessitated a change in our position. Corse was moved to the right to aid Ransom. After some fighting Ransom got again into line some distance in rear of his former line. Corse moved again to his left and had heavy skirmishing the entire evening. On the night of the 14th, we retired to our inner lines of fortifications. All day of the 15th, in front of and around our lines, the skirmishing was very heavy and the artillery practice most severe. I lost a number of my men on each of the days, viz: 13th, 14th and 15th. At night on the 15th a considerable force of the enemy stealthily approached our works in front of the Eighteenth regiment; whether for scouting and reconnoitering purposes, or to attack, I never knew. They were discovered and driven off with considerable loss.

Charge of Black's Cavalry Regiment at Gettysburg.

By P. J. MALONE, of its Color-Guard.

ORANGEBURG DISTRICT, S. C., January 6th, 1867.

Colonel JOHN LOGAN BLACK,
Ridgeway, South Carolina:

DEAR COLONEL,—I have taken the earliest opportunity to attend to your request, and trust that the sketch herewith given, though hastily drawn from materials only in memory, may fully comprehend the object you contemplate. You may find that I am occasionally led into the recital of facts irrelevant to the matter of inquiry, but they are concomitant facts, and serve to illustrate the statement I desire to make more fully than could be accomplished did I avoid all digression.

It is the history of a single charge that I propose to write, but no leaf in the history of any revolution bears record of a prouder heroism, a more invincible courage, than was on that day exhibited

along our depleted ranks. I find it impossible to speak with certainty of our arrival on the field of Gettysburg, or of our position at the fatal hour of encounter.

The more prominent incidents of the terrific scene are still pictured on my mind; but it is rather with the vividness of a strange, wild dream, in which much has faded from the waking memory, than as any past event of real life that I now contemplate them.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of July 3d, 1863, our brigade moved to its position on the left of the army. There was one incessant roar of artillery and the ground was shaken, while to the north-west cumulous clouds of smoke rose above the unbroken thunder of six hundred guns. For a time the tremendous reverberations rendered it difficult for one at a distance to determine the direction of the battle, but knowing the position it was easy to divine that, as the din became less distinct, we were steadily forcing the enemy at every point. At the time our brigade was thrown from the serried form of the phalanx across the field which was so soon to become our battleground, it seemed the resistance of the enemy became more stubborn, the smoke became denser and darker, and curling up filled the immense sky.

We were in ignorance of the juxtaposition of the enemy's cavalry, but anyone without risking his dexterity might have ventured to predict that the quietude of this part of the field was soon to be broken by the clash of sabres, the shout of triumph and the agonizing cry of death.

The quick eye of our stalwart leader, his rapid movements from regiment to regiment, his hurried, yet confident, tone of command, and above all his frequent anxious glances towards a certain dense oak forest one mile away, were indications sufficient of this even before the skirmishers had engaged one another on the intermediate ground. Soon a battery opened upon us from the enemy's line. They managed their guns with admirable precision, and although branches of trees were rifted from their trunks and shells exploded in our very ranks, little damage was done. At this time our regiment was calmly awaiting orders for the engagement. The battle had opened. I was of the color-guard on the right of J. H. Koger, the bearer of the standard, whose heroism in keeping it proudly in the face of the enemy, and afterwards in bearing it in triumph from the field, where he had narrowly escaped death and capture, became so well known. On my right was Sergeant T. P. Brandenburg, whom you will remember as a peerless soldier and truly imperial spirit.

We were not long left quiet. General Fitz. Lee encountered the enemy on our right, and being overwhelmed by numbers it became necessary for us to attack them at our front, to divert their attention from his brigade. General Hampton proposed to lead our regiment. We started out in fine style, and one continued shout arose from the charging column. The enemy now appeared in a black compact line, and at a casual view appeared rather a continuation of the forest. The intervening ground over which we were passing was so crossed and seamed with fences and ditches as to greatly impede our progress, and the sharpshooters, concealed wherever concealment was possible, found in the moving mass of beings an excellent mark for their rifles. It was, no doubt, by one of these chance balls that I was wounded. We had not advanced beyond two hundred yards from the cluster of trees where we had taken shelter, when I was struck, the ball entering my right side, penetrating into the abdominal cavity and lodging against or in the region of the kidneys. Believing it to be no more than the fragment of a shell, which had struck without breaking the surface—an impression strengthened by the fact that these missiles were bursting all around—I kept on with the regiment. We were soon at the sabre-point and fighting desperately. The color-guard, from some mysterious circumstance, became precipitated from its posture to the head of the column and met the enemy at a small opening in a fence, which soon became so blockaded by the regiment as to prevent those in the rear coming to the assistance of the few who had first entered the enclosure, or any of us who might be wounded to secure our escape to the hospital. General Hampton, I was informed, here engaged a number of the enemy, and cut his way through them with Achilleian valor, bearing upon his noble form the marks of cruel wounds.

At this critical juncture my right side and arm became paralyzed, the sabre fell from my hand, and large cold drops of sweat collected upon my face. Surgeon Joseph Yates, seeing my unfortunate condition, rode up and assisted me over the fence. Having my blankets rolled up and fastened to the front of my saddle, I fell upon them, being no longer able to sit erect; while my horse, infuriated by the crash of cannon, the explosion of shells, and sight of blood, rushed desperately to the rear. Before I reached the temporary hospital established on the field, I overtook Private W. D. Shirer, of Company E, whose right arm had been broken. He was in the very acme of pain. This unfortunate young man died from the effects of the wound, about three weeks afterwards, at Gettysburg. I have no

recollection of my arrival at the hospital. Sinking into a state of insensibility, I was carried thither by those appointed for that purpose. When aroused to consciousness Corporal H. L. Culler, of Company E, Private Ch. Franklin, of Company B, and Private —, of Company A, and Private —, of Company H, were around, with hundreds of others, friends and foes, receiving medical attention. I would mention the conduct of Surgeon Joseph Yates as worthy of the highest admiration. Nor should the admiration be confined to his conduct on this occasion. Temperate, humane, untiring in his energy, unflagging in his zeal, he was still as brave as Julius Cæsar. My last recollections of him on that ill-starred field place him at the head of the regiment, cheering it on with the most gallant bearing. Indeed this was the only objection that could be urged against him, and even then it was rather that he endangered his own life than that he neglected the lives of others.* I certainly do not derogate from the medical branch of the late Confederate army when I say that, after an extensive acquaintance with medical officers, I have found none worthy to take rank with him. I would not that my admiration for the merit merge into flattery of the man. I have therefore given an expression to what I know of a young man who promises to become eminent in his profession, and who stood up like a man and a hero at a time and in a station when it was hardly discreditable to appear otherwise.

Upon inquiry of a surgeon as to the probability of my recovery, I was candidly but kindly informed that the "chances were against me." The medical opinion was opposed to the performance of an operation, as such would render the "chances" of recovery still more precarious. I was utterly prostrate, and sank from sheer exhaustion if any effort was made to raise me up. The next day we were informed that our army was retreating, and that, as we could not be removed, our capture was certain. Surgeon Yates remained with us. When taken, we were sent to Gettysburg Hospital where our treatment, though kind, was rendered repugnant by the flippancy of some of the United States surgeons. One, for instance, passed where Corporal Culler and myself were lying and remarked that we "must die in any event." Culler was shot through the body and, though expecting this announcement, his spirits sank and

*The rare occurrence of a man being arrested *for fighting the enemy* was presented after this battle. Surgeon Yates was soon released, however, on account of the circumstances of the case.

he groaned heavily when he heard it. In three days he was a corpse. We were then removed to New York, where we received the most considerate attention. Here I made the acquaintance of many excellent ladies and gentlemen from the Southern States. My health improved slowly and, as I was young at the time, I have so far outgrown the misfortune as to feel no inconvenience from it. My regret is that thousands were less fortunate. It may not be inappropriate to speak a word of the friends of our soldiers in New York. They have been known to perform much in the face of contumelious detraction worthy of historic note. I left New York impressed with the idea that the heroism of the soldier is not the highest attribute of the man. True, they were among our enemies, but from this very circumstance they were enabled to render us most important services. This they did with an enthusiasm truly Spartan. Never shall I forget them, and I am proud to know that this sentiment is reciprocated by thousands who have shared in their kindnesses, and left for their homes wondering at a nobility of nature, which increases the estimate of mankind, and an identity of hope they had little thought to find in a land which echoed with curses against them and their cause.

In conclusion, Colonel, I have the honor to be,

Yours respectfully,

P. J. MALONE.

Letter from General R. E. Lee to General W. N. Pendleton.

HEADQUARTERS ORANGE, *September 15, 1863.*

Brigadier-General W. N. PENDLETON :

GENERAL,—Your letter of the 8th instant, inclosing one from Major Page, reached me at a time when I was pressed by business that had accumulated during my absence. I cannot now give the matter much attention, and have only been able to read partially Major Page's letter. I think the report of my dissatisfaction at your conduct is given upon small grounds, the statement apparently of your courier, upon whom I turned my back. I must acknowledge I have no recollection of the circumstances, or of anything upon which it could be based. The guns were withdrawn from the heights of Fredericksburg under general instructions given by me. It is difficult now to say, with the after-knowledge of events, whether these instructions could at the time have been better executed, or

whether if all the guns had remained in position, as you state there was not enough infantry supports for those retained, more might not have been captured.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

P. S.—I return Major Page's letter and the copy of your report.

R. E. L.

Lieutenant-General Polk's Order on Assuming Command in Mississippi.

HEADQUARTERS MERIDIAN, MISS.,
December 23, 1863.

The distinguished General, who has been in charge of the Department of the Southwest, having been relieved, the undersigned, by order of His Excellency, the President, assumes command.

While it is a cause of regret that we are to lose the services of so experienced an officer, whose high military qualities have so long given a feeling of security to the Department, and commanded the confidence of the troops, yet as these services are to be transferred to a more important field, we shall all without doubt submit to the sacrifice with cheerful acquiescence.

In taking charge of the Department, the Lieutenant-General commanding is not insensible to the importance of the duties devolved upon him, or the difficulties by which he is surrounded.

The extent of the territory embraced in the command; its geographical position, its seaports, its river coast, its resource in men and material—still untouched and available—constitute it a field of the highest importance to the Confederacy in its military aspect.

Its difficulties and embarrassments, whatever they may be, are not inherent nor insurmountable. Chargeable mainly to the fortunes of war, they are to be regarded as trials of our fidelity to the cause we have espoused, and tests of the sincerity and depth and earnestness of our devotion to its final triumph. Reverses as well as successes are the allotments of war. Let us hope that the future may be more generous than the past. And when we consider the high soldierly qualities of the army belonging to this command, and call to mind the lofty traits of character which have ever distinguished the population comprised within its limits, we cannot but feel that the

time has come when for us there is to be a more favorable turn of the wheel of fortune. We may, nevertheless, remember that it was a maxim among the religion of the heathen that the gods helped those who helped themselves—a maxim which the teachings of a purer and truer faith have served to confirm and establish.

Our cause is not less the cause of truth, of honor, and of God, now than it was the first day we took up arms against the barbarous horde of fanatics and of Puritan and German infidels who have for three years sought to despoil us of our political rights, rob us of our property, destroy our social life, and overturn and crush our altars. The hate of these men has not been abated by the plunder and desolation and bloodshed upon which it has fed, but has rather been deepened and intensified. From them, should they succeed, we are to expect nothing but universal confiscation of our property, abject social degradation or death.

The Lieutenant-General commanding, therefore, confidently trusts that under a sense of such a hopeless future, the inspiration of our just cause, and the encouragement and example of our noble women, who everywhere regard our invaders with loathing and abhorrence, all past grievances among ourselves, real or supposed, may be forgotten; and while the gallant men who compose our army in the field will resolve afresh to renew their vows of undying resistance to our enemy, those who have not yet taken up arms will come forward promptly to swell the ranks of our battalions, and share with their countrymen the duty and the honor of breaking the power of the oppression. The vigorous employment of our own resources, with unity, harmony, and an unflinching determination to be free, cannot, under God, but crown our efforts with triumphant success.

L. POLK,

Lieutenant-General Commanding.

The Thirty-eighth Virginia (Steuart's Brigade) at Battle of Five Forks.

By Colonel GEORGE K. GRIGGS.

The regiment with the division was relieved from the trenches on the night of the 4th of March, 1865, and proceeded on cars to Farmville, Virginia, on the 10th to intercept the forces under General Phil. Sheridan, of the United States army. The regiment remained in the vicinity of Farmville until the 13th, when it left for Richmond.

Arriving on the 14th, it proceeded to Atlee's station, and continued to follow after Sheridan until he crossed to the south of James river, when, on the 26th of March, the regiment proceeded to Battery 45, south of Petersburg, and threw up fortifications, but left on the 30th to meet Sheridan again, who was approaching from Dinwiddie Courthouse, acting as rear-guard for the division. It continued to skirmish with the enemy during the day, and bivouacked at night at Five Forks. The division moved on the 30th at 8 A. M., and engaged the enemy about 2 P. M., driving him until dark stopped operations. The regiment did not become actively engaged. The enemy bringing up a heavy force of infantry at night, the command commenced falling back at 4½ A. M. on the 1st of April; halting at Five Forks, it proceeded to throw up rifle-pits. The enemy attacked in the evening, first with cavalry, but finally bringing his infantry into action. Every front attack was successfully repulsed, but with Pickett's and Johnson's divisions of infantry and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, to oppose thirty-five thousand infantry and all of Sheridan's cavalry, the contest was too unequal. Early in the action Colonel Griggs (with the Thirty-eighth) was ordered from his brigade, and to go to the left of Brigadier-General Ransom, which he did at a double quick. Finding no troops but a few cavalymen, who left to join (they said) their command, he deployed his regiment into single file, and opened a destructive fire upon the enemy, who were marching in view, to the rear of their line of battle, in three columns to our left. Colonel Griggs dispatched a courier to brigade and division headquarters to report this movement of the enemy, and continued to deploy his regiment and fire upon the enemy, and kept his front in check; but there being no troops on his left, the enemy's column soon passed to the rear of his line and opened upon his front and rear. Many of the men having expended all their ammunition, and the enemy rapidly closing all means of escape, the few men left were ordered to retire. After cutting through the lines of the enemy, Colonel Griggs reported in person to General Pickett the condition he was in. The general replied, "He knew it, but could not help it—had done all he could." The regiment fought odds of about ten to one, in full view of the enemy, where each private could see for himself the odds against him. Yet there seemed no unusual excitement or fear among them, and some were seen to club their muskets after they had fired their last round of ammunition.

GEORGE K. GRIGGS,
Colonel Thirty-eighth Virginia.

Confederate Humanity—An Incident.

By Rev. HENRY M. WHITE, D. D.

WINCHESTER, VA., *April 29th, 1887.*

Editor Southern Historical Society Papers :

The following fact may be worthy of a place in the historical papers of the "War between the States," and I send it to you as my personal testimony. It took place under my eye when *acting* as chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia. I say *acting*, for, although in the service for several years, I never held a commission.

At the battle of Pole Green church, on the 1st day of June, 1864, Lieutenant John W. Diuguid, of the Salem Flying Artillery, was severely wounded in the thigh and taken, with others, to the Central railroad to be sent on to a hospital in Richmond. When I saw those in charge sending off many Federal soldiers and leaving him, I protested because he was a Confederate soldier. Their reply was, "our orders are to send on first the most severely wounded, *irrespective of uniform.*" He was kept the greater part of a day in the hot sun, and died soon after reaching Richmond.

Very sincerely yours,

H. M. WHITE.

The Lost Cause.

A MASTERLY VINDICATION OF IT BY JUDGE J. A. P. CAMPBELL.

In an Address Delivered at Canton, May 1, 1874, on the Occasion of the Decoration of the Graves of Confederate Soldiers.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—We have assembled to commemorate the day set apart among us as a memorial of the Confederate struggle for independence. The observance of memorials of great epochs is proper and sanctioned by custom. People usually celebrate their successes—we, our grand effort for freedom and right, which deserved, but did not achieve success. There is danger that, with the lapse of time and change of circumstances amid the cares of life, the survivors of the Confederate cause may forget, or neglect, the duty they owe to those who fell victims to the contest and to themselves.

It is right to keep alive, by repeated consideration, the spirit of patriotism which inspired our Southern movement and led to the sacrifice of the brave soldiers of our cause, whose graves we will this day decorate with flowers in token of affectionate remembrance of their sacrifice and the cause for which they died. This is not inconsistent with our present relations to government, but shows only a just appreciation of that spirit of patriotism which animated our people, and will ever inspire them under any government. Fond recollection of the dead implies no want of affection for the living. Fidelity to the Confederate government by its citizens in trial and danger, is an earnest of the same to another. He, who being of it was not loyal to the Confederate cause, may well be doubted in his profession of fidelity to another.

Sad, indeed, is our situation, and dark and gloomy the prospect before us as a people. There is everything in our present surroundings to call for the display in the peaceful walks of civil life, of the virtues which found exemplification for other objects during the late war. Our best commemoration of the heroes of the Confederate struggle will be an imitation of their example of self denial, patient endurance of evils, courage in contending with adverse circumstances, industry and economy. These virtues, which accomplished so much in war, will bring their reward in time of peace. During the war it was not alone on the march, in camp or on the field of strife that patriotism was illustrated or heroism displayed. Fortitude, courage, heroism and patriotism were exemplified outside the lines of martial hosts. In the enthusiasm of patriotic devotion to our cause, our people vied in common efforts for its welfare. Hands unused to toil were busily employed in its behalf. Luxuries were dispensed with before necessity required it—even necessities were restricted. It was esteemed a badge of honorable distinction to be able to do most to render one independent of the adverse circumstances upon us and advance the general welfare. Beautiful female forms were seen arrayed in the tidy workmanship of their own tender hands and never appeared more lovely. We were knit together by a sense of common interests and common danger. We were called on at home as well as on the march, in camp, or on fields of blood to exhibit the highest virtues of the soul; and while the more striking and captivating exhibitions were found on the battlefield in the perilous hour—

"For Fame is there to see who bleeds,
And Honor's eye on daring deeds"—

we should, in doing homage to these, cultivate a holy affection for those less striking virtues which found exhibition at home.

"The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder;
Doomed nightly, in her dreams, to hear,
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

"The mother, who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses;
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!"

It is well for us to recur to the principle underlying the Confederate movement. Never was a cause apparently less understood or more maligned. The history of the world furnishes many instances of revolutions, rebellions and wars for insufficient causes. The maintenance of the claims of an individual or family to supreme authority, trivial complaints, trifling affronts, desire for aggrandizement, pride and ambition, have been prolific causes of popular uprising or national contests. But none of these actuated our movement. It sprang from a spirit of independence, which is hereditary and part of our being; a belief in the right and a sublime determination to maintain it. If successful, it would have been pronounced right. *Failure don't make it wrong.*

The impelling cause was far greater and more justifiable than led to the American Revolution, and the different result can't change the dictates of justice and the decision of right reason. The spirit which has ever animated and will ever inspire the resisters of oppression, impelled the Southern people. To judge fairly and determine justly, their action must be estimated from their standpoint. This is the rule applied to individuals and is applicable to masses. We must transport ourselves to their situation, circumstances and surroundings, see as they saw, believe as they believed, feel as they felt, and consider the justice and reasonableness of their apprehensions from what they saw and felt. Doing this, it is discovered that the movement

sprang from the principle of self-preservation—the mainspring of human conduct, innate in the soul. For many years a bitter contest of words had been waged between North and South, originating in conscience and sentiment, gathering force as it progressed, and quickened into fervid zeal by union with party efforts, until it culminated in party triumph in the election of a president on a platform of hostility to an overshadowing interest of Southern society. Then it was that apprehension of insecurity was aroused, and the momentous question arose: what should be done to secure safety and obtain protection to great interests, ramifying society and deemed to be seriously imperilled. The determination was to seek safety by withdrawing from a union, which it was thought was about to be made an engine for the destruction of our rights. There was nothing unnatural or unprecedented in this; there was no hostility to the people of the North; there was no dissatisfaction with the Constitution, which had been left to us, as to them; there was no objection to the union of the Constitution; war was not desired nor sought by us, but was deprecated, and tried by every peaceful means to be averted. War resulted; a long, a fierce and terrible war, waged by the United States for subjugation and by the Confederate States for existence. For a long time the contest seemed doubtful, but finally victory was declared for the United States and the Confederate flag was furled forever, and in its folds were enclosed the hopes of millions who had proudly gazed upon its stars and bars and fondly hoped that it would wave forever, an emblem of the right of self-government—the banner of a free people. No national standard was ever raised more justly nor rallied to by a nobler band of brave hearts; no contest was ever maintained more gallantly; choicer spirits were never sacrificed at any shrine; fairer hands never toiled for any object; sweeter voices never were heard in prayer for any effort; purer hearts were never enlisted in any cause. But still it failed. Sacrifices and prayers and efforts were, all combined, insufficient to bring final victory to our standard. Splendid battles were fought and victories won—all for naught as to the result. While recent history suggests to the thoughtful observer that the day is not distant, if not at hand, when even ardent votaries of the Union cause may well doubt if the subjugation of the South, with its consequences, was altogether beneficial to the cause of human progress and Republican government, the misrepresentations of current history are such that there is danger that the Confederate cause, so overwhelmingly just and defensible before the tribunal of truth and impartial history, will be so covered

with obloquy from distortion of facts and suppression of truth as to be misjudged by posterity. It devolves on the survivors of the Confederate period to preserve the truth of their history, and hand down, from generation to generation, a correct account of the impelling cause of the unfortunate struggle, in order that the cruelty of injustice to our motives shall not be added to the pangs of defeat. The world has done justice to Southern valor, but the just meed of merit has not been awarded to the motives of the Southern people.

If the apprehension of danger did not justify our movement, surely the anticipation of the result of subjugation, as practically illustrated in its consequences, has furnished ample vindication of the heroic effort to avert it! What just historian of the future, with the experience of the Southern people since the war, will blame their movement for independence, if he shall grant their prescience to anticipate what has befallen them at the hands of the government of the United States? Who can view the wreck and ruin around us, the subversion of society, the ascendancy of ignorance, the elevation of incompetency, the depreciation of virtue, integrity and intelligence, and the cruel exactions from industry, as exemplified in the reconstructed States, as the direct effect of the policy of the victorious government, without according the highest praise to the statesmanship which foresaw, and the valor which struggled to avert such dire calamities?

It is a truth that the Southern movement sprang from just such anticipation. The oft-repeated charge that ambition incited the movement is false, and proceeds from ignorance or malice. The course of the Southern people was that by many illustrated by a single individual, who seeks to avoid injury by withdrawing from an association, the continuance of which he considers to be fraught with evil to his interest.

It was an exercise of the right inherent in every people to change their governmental relations when government ceases to effectuate the object of its institution.

Government is not itself an end. It is but a means to an end, and that is for the welfare of the people for whom it has been instituted, and, failing in this, it has no sanctity. The doctrine of the Divine right of Kings and the sanctity of government in itself is an exploded fallacy of the past.

The movement of the Southern people, impelled by a sense of danger, and animated with the determination to avert it, presents one

of the sublimest spectacles ever exhibited in the world's history. Born to an inheritance of freedom ; jealous of the glories of the Union, of which the South was so large and important a part, and to the formation of which her people had contributed so much, her sons revered the Constitution of their fathers and the Union it formed, and shrank with awe from the idea of being deprived of either. Proud of the historic memories of the fortitude and heroism of the men and women of the South in the Revolution, their descendants were full of admiration of the structure they reared ; and taught to view the Constitution these patriots had made as the palladium of their rights, the Southern people clung to its plain provisions, and rendered the homage of devoted hearts to the Union it formed.

So strong was Southern devotion to the Union, that the idea of dissolving it had for a long time to be endured before it was embraced, even after thoughts of danger to the rights of the South were associated with its continuance. The resources of the brightest intellects and most patriotic hearts of the statesmen of the South were exhausted in devising expedients to save the Union, by staying the march of aggression, which threatened to endanger it. The various compromise measures which for a time allayed excitement and quieted apprehension are an evidence of this. The suggestion of a dual presidency was a device of the great intellect and patriotic soul of America's greatest statesmen to protect the South, and yet preserve the Union. The idea of nullification sprang from the same desire. The non-preparation of the Southern States for the necessities of war is an evidence of the hopeful trust of her people in fancied ability to preserve the Union and enjoy their rights. If hostility to the Union, and desire to break it, were felt by the people of the South, their course was marked by inexplicable and unexampled folly, for it is part of history that no preparation whatever had been made by the South for war when it was found to be imminent. Neither military organization, nor armaments, nor provision for them, existed. The truth is, that disunion and war were a surprise to the South, and were accepted as a dire necessity to avert what seemed to be a greater evil. The charge that the Southern people were hostile to the Union, and desired to overthrow it, is a groundless calumny, falsified by their history. Her sons were foremost in the Revolutionary struggle, her statesmen conspicuous in the councils of the government. The banner of the Union was never unfurled on land or sea, where danger was to be encountered and death endured in her service, when Southern men did not rally around it. The brightest laurels of the wars

of the Revolution, of 1812, and of 1846, were plucked on fields of carnage by Southern soldiers, while the whole people of the South rendered the homage of patriotic hearts to the glories of the American Union. That it might be perpetual was the fervent wish of every Southern soul. It was in large measure the work of Southern minds and hands. The Declaration of Independence itself was the offspring of Southern intellect. Southern valor contributed largely to maintain it. The Constitution was, in a great degree, the work of Southern men. Southern statesmen shaped and moulded the policy of the government, and the whole South felt just pride in the triumphs of the Union, so largely their own. It was not until the mournful conviction forced itself on the great Southern soul, reluctant to accept it at last, that this Union of States, created by the conjoint efforts of South and North, was about to be employed as an engine to destroy the South, that affection and reverence for it were weakened, and a determination made to abandon the Union and *save the Constitution*; and when the Union was abandoned by the Southern people, they immediately formed a union of their own, and built it upon the Constitution they had so long revered.

They thus evinced, unmistakably that Union was desirable, and that the Constitution was acceptable, and among the first acts of the Confederate government, thus formed, was to try to establish terms of friendship with the United States, thus showing that no hostility was felt to the people, or to the government of the United States.

A calm retrospect of the history of the United States affords just grounds for wonder that the sectional controversy, which culminated in attempted separation and war, was not terminated in their favor by the Southern States in the day of their power. The philosophic historian of the future, who, from the lofty eminence of truth, far removed from the impure atmosphere of prejudice and hate, by the clear light of the collected facts of history, shall view the course of events in the United States, will discover and record the solemn truth, that a reverential love for the Constitution and the Union, alike formed by our fathers, caused the people of the South to cling to the Union to their own peril, *with a fatal delay*; and that when a sense of danger proved stronger than sentiment it was too late. It was in the power of the South to have established a separate government, and assumed the guardianship of its own peculiar interests, for years after it became manifest that this alternative or despoilment would be forced upon it. As the Southern States had borne a full part in achieving American independence, and formed the Constitution and

Union, their people felt a just pride in the Union to which they had contributed so much, and shrank from the abhorrent thought of abandoning it until affection was lost in the realization that danger was imminent.

Content with their institutions, and willing to allow others the full enjoyment of all their rights, the South sought not to meddle with the affairs of others, and asked only to be let alone in the quiet enjoyment of their own. But they were denied this, and continually were offended by the querulous voice of opposition to their peculiar institution and threatened with aggression.

The feeble cry, which at first was uttered to unburden tender conscience, awakened by an imaginary responsibility for fancied sin committed by other people, oblivious of, or inattentive to its own, became at length the triumphant shout of a victorious host, arousing the too confiding South from its fancied security in the Union in which it was thus exposed; and then, when it was too late, was attempted what might sooner have been easily accomplished.

The Southern people had beheld with painful solicitude the growth of a sentiment hostile to their interests from small beginnings to a vast political power, which at last exhibited strength sufficient to control a Presidential election, and culminated in a party triumph, hostile to their dearest rights.

What were they to do? Were they to sit still and look supinely on and take no step to avert threatened injury? Were they to imitate the simple, who passeth heedlessly on, and is punished; or the prudent who foreseeth the evil, and avoideth it? The suggestion is readily and tauntingly made; they did not avoid it, but aggravated the evil they feared by the course pursued. The declaration is more easily made than proved. Who can say what would have been the result of quietly waiting the course of events? Has power ever been known to curb itself? Have enthusiasm and fanaticism ever placed impassable bounds to their excess? Would sentiment and religious fervor, quickened into zeal, and pressed into partisan service, have been contented with moderation in the exercise of official power?

Would not the progress made and triumph gained soon have demanded greater? Let history answer.

It is probably true that delay of action by the Southern people would have left them for a time in enjoyment of their rights; but how long, no one can tell or plausibly conjecture. We might have escaped the contest, to be precipitated upon our children or theirs; but a time surely would have come when the alternative would have

been presented of despoilment or resistance. How long it would have been postponed no one can tell. Whether our people acted wisely in doing as they did, or would have been gainers by delay, or were culpable in loving the Union so well and deferring action so long, must forever remain unanswered because unanswerable.

All I seek to maintain is that, whether wise or unwise, the course of the South was justified by well-founded apprehensions of danger of great injury, as indicated by demonstrations apparently hostile and threatening on the part of the North; and that the indictment against the Southern people for wantonly and capriciously surrendering the ties that bind them to the Union is calumnious and unmaintainable.

The false view so often urged, that mad ambition incited prominent leaders, who misled the Southern people, is wholly groundless. Never was the enthusiasm of the masses more nearly universal. History records no instance of greater approximation to unanimity among a people than characterized our Southern movement. True, there were differences of opinion as to what was best to be done, but the apprehension was general and the conviction universal that danger was imminent and that something must be done, in some way, to avert it. Surely the universality of the apprehension was an indication of some just ground for such widespread concern. All classes and conditions shared the feeling. The non-slaveholder of the day, most generally, was found in the front rank of the advocates of action, while those who hesitated and were disposed to delay were oftentimes most largely interested in the great institution supposed to be directly imperilled by the crisis upon the country.

When the mists of prejudice which now, to some extent, envelop it shall have been dispelled, and our cause shall be seen as it was by the unobstructed view of impartial history, full justice will be done to the motives of the Confederates, as has already been done to their valor.

The valor of our people compelled recognition, for it was so conspicuous, so tangible and manifest it could not but be seen, admired and acknowledged. But motive is not thus capable at once of securing recognition, and the subjection of our motives to persistent misrepresentation has partially succeeded in obscuring from view the true impelling cause of our action; and besides this, we encountered the prejudices of the civilized world in our struggle for the maintenance of an institution which had received its condemnation.

It devolves on us, who were part of it, to vindicate the truth of our

history and preserve our self-respect in the same spirit in which we render true allegiance to our present government.

I will not be understood as counseling the cherishing of a feeling of bitterness to the government of the United States. Far from it. I affirm that the same principle which animated the ardent Confederate in expounding the cause of the Confederacy will inspire his devotion to any government of which he is a citizen. In both cases it is love of country—an extension of the principle of self-love, born in every heart and going forth to family and country in its enlarging circle. A man loves his country, partly because it is his, partly from association, and partly from sentiment and duty in return for its benefits and protection. The government of the United States, in return for justice and kindness and trust, could find no truer, braver, more attached people than the late Confederates. If there has been backwardness on the part of the people of the Southern States to accept in full the results it was because they involved a complete revolution of all their thoughts and feelings and sentiments—that their traditional ideas were shocked, their pride mortified, their sentiments offended, their sense of propriety disregarded—that their whole moral nature has been violently outraged in what they have been called to endure. No wonder they were not ready to sing pæans to the Union which called them to submit to so much that is distasteful, when they had so recently mourned the cause they loved so well and for which they had endured so much. Surely, enlightened statesmen can properly appreciate and tolerate a feeling like this! and can realize the truth that they who were faithful, amid the terrible troubles of war, to the cause they espoused, will in time of trial prove equally faithful to another.

It was natural, after the war had ended, by triumph on one side and defeat and subjugation on the other, that the ecstasy of delight on the one side should produce corresponding depression and bitterness on the other side of those chafing under defeat and goaded by the harassing taunts of the victors, as well as suffering under their inflictions. It is hard for the human mind to forget or forgive injuries, and between North and South there were mutual crimination and recrimination of real or imaginary grievances. Each party considered itself right and the other wrong, and had all the intensity of self-justification and condemnation of its adversary incident to such belief. The part of true wisdom and statesmanship is to accord to each a belief in the right, from its standpoint, and to do justice to

the impelling motives of both, and without wrangling over the no longer practical question of right, to admit the high qualities exhibited in the contest wherever found.

I presume, if we had been in the North with the sentiments, ideas and interests incident to that position, we would have been in favor of war to maintain the Union, but being in the South, with the views, feelings, ideas and interests of that section, we yielded to them and were Confederates. I don't think a Northern man is to be blamed for going with the North, and *vice versa*. Locality has very much to do with our views and actions.

"There lives in the bosom a feeling sublime,
Of all it is the strongest tie;
Unvarying with every change of clime,
And only with life does it die:
'Tis the love that is borne for that lonely land,
That smiled at the hour of our birth;
'Tis the love that is planted by Nature's hand
For our sacred native Earth."

We are to a large extent creatures of education and the victims of circumstances.

I would have been ashamed of any of my kindred if, being of the South, they had not united with the South in her heroic struggle, and am willing to accord to the people of the North the propriety of the same conduct I claim to have been right here.

It is a great misfortune that the clearing away of the smoke of the last battle of the war was not the signal for the subsidence of the passions it excited; that statesmanship did not rule and guide the councils of the victorious government, and that the idea of merely preserving the Union, which had rallied all classes at the North in support of the war to that end, did not find its fulfillment in the disbandment of armies and the resumption of the former relation of the Southern States to the Union. It is sadder still to reflect on what might have been our condition, if passion and prejudice had not exerted their baleful influence and prevented us from the wise use of our opportunities. But it is not wise to repine, though it is a dictate of wisdom to profit by experience and adopt the salutatory suggestions of the past in our present and future. Animated by these sentiments I cherish devotion to the memory of the Confederate cause, for which so many gave their lives, and which is hallowed to

most of us by the recollection of dear ones sacrificed in its struggle. I would preserve, fresh as the flowers of spring, the recollection of all the virtues displayed in the Confederate contest.

Though a lost cause—though branded by authority of the victor as treason, and its followers as traitors, I, for one, am not ashamed of it. My holiest memories cluster around it. No power can storm the fortress of a resolute heart. When the Confederate banner was furled, we, as Confederates, in sadness accepting the result, while weeping bitter tears of unfeigned sorrow, and experiencing the poignancy of keenest grief at the termination of our efforts and disappointment of our fond hopes, in good faith assumed allegiance to our present government, and have maintained it; but it would be hypocrisy to pretend it was by choice, as it is treason to the memory of our gallant dead to confess the heart-condemned falsehood that our cause was not just. Our cause was just, our purpose honorable and upright, and attempted to be maintained by as noble a band as ever struck valiant blows for freedom and right. Falsehood cannot blacken it, malignity and calumny cannot disgrace it, misapprehension cannot dishonor it. It can never become odious until the men and women of the South forget what they owe to the memory of the gallant dead. Can this day ever come? Never, while the highest virtues of manhood find worshippers. Patriotism will always command respect. It is a principle inseparable from ourselves as social beings. Heroism excites admiration wherever displayed. It demands and receives tribute from the human heart, even though exhibited by the savage Modoc. When beheld in upholding the right, admiration swells into enthusiasm. We but do honor to the nobler impulses of the soul in cherishing with grateful and affectionate remembrance the memory of our sleeping heroes, and are only true to ourselves, in annual commemoration of their sacrifices, by decorating their nameless graves. They were patriots. They loved their country and died for it. They were heroes, and displayed their heroism in gallantly striving to maintain the right.

Then let choicest flowers be thickly strewn by fair hands and pure hearts above our sleeping heroes, and if the unbidden tear shall drop, betokening awakened sympathy with a cause for which they fell, let not carping envy sit in judgment on the sacred grief of the heart and call it treason. Let us ever preserve a memorial of our struggle and its patriot heroes. The rainbow which spans the heavens amid the cloud, and with its varied hues of unrivalled brilliancy ravishes with its beauties all beholders, is a memorial of the covenant made

by God with all flesh to spare the earth from devastation by another flood. The Passover, so scrupulously observed every year by the children of Israel, by command of God, is a memorial of their great deliverance from Egyptian bondage. And the Lord's Supper, instituted by Christ for the observance of His followers, is a memorial of His sufferings and death, to show them forth until He comes. And though your Memorial Day is designed to commemorate no covenant, nor deliverance, nor salvation, it is becoming the fair women of this land to observe with annually recurring punctuality a memorial of the privations, hardships, perils and deaths of the noble martyrs to a cause they deemed right and loved unto death. Greater love can no man have for any cause than to be ready to die for it, and whether right or wrong we need not stop to inquire, for he is in truth a martyr who believes himself right and seals his faith with his life. Then let this Memorial Day be a permanent ordinance of Southern society, to be observed, with appropriate ceremonies, from generation to generation, as preservative of the memory of the heroic men who gave their lives for their country. And as the children of Israel when, annually commemorating the Passover, memorial of the greatest event in their national history, they were in after years asked by their children "What meaneth this?" recounted the sublime history of their great deliverance by the direct interposition of Jehovah, and thus kept fresh in the minds of every generation the wonderful event, as well as testified their grateful appreciation of it before those far removed from it in point of time; so let us, as a people, with each returning spring, celebrate the day chosen as a reminder of our heroes, and thereby preserve the memory of their struggle and sacrifice, as well as testify our grateful remembrance and just appreciation of the cause for which they died. And when our children shall inquire, what mean these things? though we cannot with pride point to national deliverance, let us with fearless courage vindicate the memory of our dead from the aspersions of malignity, and narrate the true history of our Confederate struggle. Let us tell them that their fathers were impelled by an apprehension of danger seriously threatening momentous interests, and a natural desire to avert it; that they were aroused by a conviction of the necessity of action to avert calamity and obtain security to valuable rights; that their fathers of 1776 asserted independence of interference with their local interests and took up arms to sustain their course, and that the people of the South were more seriously threatened, and had far greater interests imperiled, and saw a government made for

common defence and general welfare about to be wrested from the purpose of its institution and employed as an instrument of their oppression and destruction ; and thus situated, and thus believing, they imitated the example of the patriots of 1776, and sought, in peace and quiet, to assume the management of their own matters; that they declared their withdrawal from a Union that threatened the safety of their rights and institutions ; that they formed a confederate government, taking the Constitution of the United States as its construction, with slight changes, and thus showed beyond dispute that their dissatisfaction in the Union was not with the Constitution, but with its threatened perversion ; that by duly accredited agents they sought earnestly to avert the calamity of war with the United States; that these efforts were unavailing, and in spite of all their peaceful overtures, war did come, a long, devastating and calamitous war ; that its shock was met with firmness and sustained with enthusiasm ; that men rushed to arms ; mothers surrendered sons, and wives their husbands, to the call of patriotism ; that the sound of the fife and drum was heard in every village, and hills and dales resounded with the notes of martial music and echoed with the soldier's measured tread, while fair hands were busy in every household with preparation for the soldier's outfit, and Heaven's throne was besieged with importunate prayers from pulpits and altars for blessing on the youthful Confederacy, in which were centered the hopes of millions of trusting hearts ; that after well sustained efforts, through four years of the varying fortunes of war, after ten thousand heroic deeds and deaths, the sun of the Confederacy set forever, in gloom and darkness ; its bright banner, all covered with glory and renown, was furled on land and sea ; its gallant soldiers dispersed ; its music hushed ; its votaries smitten with sadness and grief. But though lost it was not dishonored. Its history, though brief, was dazzling with brilliancy. Its arms, though unsuccessful, filled the world with their renown. Its struggle though a failure, showed the world how a brave people could dare and suffer and toil and die to maintain their rights ; and recreant to the high trust committed to them will the survivors of the sad contest be, if the time shall ever come when the dead heroes of the struggle shall be forgotten, or their memory permitted to be tarnished with the uncontradicted slanders of ignorance or *hate*.

Address of Colonel Edward McCrady, Jr.

Before Company A (Gregg's Regiment), First S. C. Volunteers, at the Reunion at Williston, Barnwell county, S. C., 14th July, 1882.

It is with divided feelings, my comrades, that we meet upon this occasion. It is indeed doubtful which emotion is the stronger, that of pleasure in once more grasping the hands of those of us who survive, or of sadness in missing those who are not here to answer to our roll-call. And so it must be with us on all such reunions as this. Our bands are daily becoming smaller and smaller. No volunteers nor recruits can now be enrolled in our ranks; nor any conscripts sent, unwillingly, to join us. In a few short years the coming generation will look with curiosity, at least, if we may not bespeak reverence, upon any one who may live to say that he fought at Manassas or Gettysburg, who can tell how he marched with Jackson to victory, and perchance how at last he laid down his arms with Lee at Appomattox. Is it not natural, then, that we should draw closer together while we live, and that we should sometimes meet, as we have done to-day, to recall the times when together we offered our lives and shed our blood for our State, and suffered cold and hunger and thirst and sickness for the faith in which we were reared, and for the cause which we still maintain to have been righteous—even though lost?

For what, then, did we fight? It is well, my comrades, that we who survive should take such occasions as this to tell to those who are growing up around us what were the great causes which impelled the young and the old of that time, the rich and the poor, the learned and ignorant, to take up arms and risk their lives in battle.

It has been said by a great historian that "a man who risked and lost his life for a cause he believed a just one, though he was mistaken in so believing, is not among those whose fate deserves the most compassion, or whose career is least to be envied." But *we* were not mistaken in the cause for which we fought. We did not fight for slavery—slavery, a burden imposed upon us by former generations of the world, a burden increased upon us by the falsely-pretended philanthropic legislation of Northern States, which legislation did not emancipate their slaves, but forced them to be sent to the South and sold here—was not the *cause* of the war, but the incidents upon which the differences between the North and the South, and from

which differences the war was inevitable from the foundation of our government, did but turn.

That it was not slavery in itself for which we fought, is shown by the thousands and thousands of volunteers who owned no slaves, and yet who were the first to hasten into our ranks. Take the instance of our own State. The census of 1860 shows that there were but 26,701 slaveholders in South Carolina, and yet she gave 44,000 volunteers during the first eighteen months of the war. Supposing, then, that every slaveholder went into the service, we would have over 17,000 volunteers from the State who owned no slaves. But as you and I, my comrades, well know, the slaveholders, as a class, were by no means more prompt in offering their services than those who did not own slaves; and, you recollect, there was a provision in the Conscrip Act actually exempting from service those who owned and worked a certain number of slaves. I think we may safely assume that two-thirds of the volunteers owned no slaves.

I say it was not for slavery for which we fought, but that it was for the sovereignty of our State and for the supremacy of our race. The instinct of our people felt that the one was involved in the other.

We fought for State's rights and State's sovereignty as a political principle. We fought for the State of South Carolina, with a loyal love that no personal sovereign has ever aroused. But more, you and I, my comrades, whether owning slaves or not, could not but foresee, with the conviction of certainty, the calamities that would, that must follow, that *have* followed the emancipation of the negro by the fanatical party which, by a mere minority of votes, obtained possession of the government in 1860. We of this generation had no part in the establishment of slavery in this country—as early as 1741 South Carolina unsuccessfully endeavored to check the importation of slaves with which the mother country was crowding the province; but we were born to the question: what was to be done with an institution which we had inherited from England, which had been augmented by the casting off the slaves of the North upon the South? Northern philanthropists who had sent and sold their slaves to the South might safely, if not honestly, advocate their emancipation. But with us the question was not only as to the positive good or evil of the institution, but what would the negro be, and what would we do with him, and what would he do to us if freed?

Had slavery never existed, I believe the war between the two sections of this country was inevitable, and, as we know, had all but commenced in 1832; while on the other hand its existence rendered

the political principle of State sovereignty more than a sentiment and a theory, and made it a practical question, essential to the South, in dealing with that institution.

We were so unfortunate as to permit the great underlying question at issue between the North and the South to turn, apparently, *solely* upon a matter on which the fanaticism of the world had been aroused. But I maintain, with Mr. Stephens, that while "slavery, so-called, that legal subordination of the black race to the white, which existed in all but one of the States when the Union was formed, and in fifteen of them when the war began, was unquestionably the occasion of the war—the main exciting proximate cause on both sides—on the one as well as on the other, it was not the real, ultimate cause, the *causa causans* of it." (Volume I, p. 28.) Further, I believe and maintain that from the origin of our government the war was inevitable, had slavery never existed.

The war was not commenced in December, 1860, when this State seceded, nor in April, 1861, when we fired into Fort Sumter. Its seeds were in the Constitution, and it was declared in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions in 1798. The Convention which framed the Constitution was itself divided into the two parties which, after seventy years of discussion in the Senate chamber, adjourned the debate to the battlefields of our late war. The one as the "*National party*," under the leadership of General Hamilton and the elder Adams, and the other as the "*Federal party*," under Jefferson, at that early day organized the forces for strife, and warred over the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions and the Alien and Sedition Laws with a bitterness not exceeded in 1860.

As it is so often said that whatever may have been the nice theoretical distinctions as to the forms of government, the North became in favor of a strong consolidated central government, because its interests were in manufactures and protection, while the South was State's Rights in the defense of slavery, and that thus the real cause of the war was the antagonism between free labor and slave labor, I would call attention to the fact that as early as 1796, a year before the first slave had been freed in the United States, when slavery still existed in every State in the Union, North as well as South, even then the different political theories of the government had already found for themselves more decidedly "local habitations" than names. Washington, in his farewell address, observes:

"In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern that *any ground should have*

been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical distinctions—Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western—whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views."

Curiously enough, and may we not add pitifully, too, we read in his original drafts of this address a passage stricken out and on the margin, opposite the words, "*not important enough*," which, when we come to examine, we find still more strongly indicated his apprehension for the Union from this very cause, *i. e.*, the geographical location of parties.

It is well-known that Mr. Jefferson, the author of the Kentucky Resolutions, was opposed to slavery; while on the other hand the only vote in the First Congress against the exclusion of slavery in the great Northwestern Territory—the munificent, or rather we should say under all the circumstances, looking now at it in the light of subsequent history, the prodigal and extravagant contribution of Virginia to the Union—came from the State of New York. As Mr. Davis, in his work on *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, observes, "it was for climatic, industrial and economical, not moral or sentimental, reasons that slavery was abolished in the Northern, while it continued to exist in the Southern States." It was the climate and the soil that forbade African slavery there and not philanthropy. Let us look at the facts.

Vermont claims the honor of having first proposed to exclude slavery by her Bill of Rights in 1777, in anticipation of her separation from New York, but the census of 1790, the year before the separation took effect, shows that her frosts and snows had effectually done the work before, as there were, in fact, but seventeen slaves in the State to be emancipated.

Slavery was introduced into Massachusetts soon after its first settlement, and was so "tolerated" there that as late as 1833 her Supreme Court could not say by what act, particularly, her institution was abolished. (*Winchendon v. Hatfield*, 4 Mass. 123; *Commonwealth v. Aves*, 18 Pick. 209.)

New Hampshire did not think it worth her while to pass an act to free the hundred and fifty-eight slaves which only remained in that State in 1790, and so one of them lived a slave in that free State as late as 1840.

In the plantations of Rhode Island slaves were more numerous than in the other New England States, as, indeed, they well might be, when the merchants and sailors of this little State were the greatest

traffickers in the slave trade; but as the negro could not live in her latitude, the Rhode Islanders—the great negro traders—provided a scheme of emancipation, which took a lifetime to work out, leaving in 1840 five slaves still in that State.

Connecticut was too much interested to indulge her philanthropy at the expense of a sudden emancipation. In 1790 there were 2,750 slaves, and so, like Rhode Island, she adopted a gradual plan of emancipation, by the slow and prudent workings of which, seventeen only of her slaves remained as such in 1840.

Pennsylvania was in the same situation, having 3,737 slaves in 1790, and she, too, provided for gradual emancipation. The census of 1840 showed sixty-five negroes still in slavery; and in this State of Brotherly Love, as late as 1823, a negro woman was sold by the sheriff to pay the debts of her master.

In New York, in which in 1790 there were 21,324 slaves, a similar act of gradual emancipation was passed (1799), by the operations of which, in 1840, all but four slaves had been gotten rid of, whether by emancipation, death, or shipment for sale at the South, can only be conjectured.

New Jersey, though adopting the same scheme, was slower in getting rid of her slaves, 674 still remaining in 1840.

Now, my comrades, what did this scheme of gradual or future emancipation mean? You will at once see that if our Northern brethren had been earnest in freeing these people, in accordance with their righteous abhorrence of the institution of slavery and with their zealous love of universal freedom, they would all have been as philanthropic and disinterested as Vermont with her *seventeen* slaves, and would have emancipated their negroes as suddenly and more immediately than Mr. Lincoln did ours by his famous proclamation. But such a course would have cost their citizens just the market value of their slaves. What, then, could they do with these negroes? The negroes came from a warmer climate, and could not live and thrive and be profitable with them. It was expedient, therefore, as an economical measure, to get rid of the burden of their support, and the plan of emancipation, at a given time in the future, would accomplish the purpose. How? Mark you, it was the *negroes* their slave traders had landed upon their shores they wished to get rid of—not *slavery*. A provision of the law, then, that at a given day in the future all slaves would be free, would accomplish the purpose, because under such a law the owners of slaves did not lose the value of their slaves, but were only required by a given time to send them

to the South and to sell them there. This was the result of all the emancipation acts of the Northern States. The Northern people, as usual, beat us in the bargain. They sold their slaves to us, took our money for them, then freed them without paying for them, and then took credit for their philanthropy in freeing the negroes they had sold to us.

Let us look at the conduct of our Northern brethren in another connection, and that in the worst feature with regard to slavery, and in doing so let us bear in mind that the superior morality and love of freedom in the North is supposed to have been peculiarly evinced in the suppression of this institution. If the Northern people were so zealous in freeing the negroes from slavery, had they not been as active in putting them into slavery?

There is an old proverb, that the receiver is as bad as the thief. Unless history very much belies them, the righteous New Englanders, notwithstanding their pious abhorrence of slavery, have given a new reading to this old saw, *i. e.*, that the receiver is worse than the thief. They thought it no sin to fit out ships to steal negroes to sell to Southerners, but their righteous souls were vexed at the idea that we should keep them in slavery after purchasing them.

During the four years that the ports of this State were opened for the slave trade (1804-1807), of the 202 vessels that arrived in Charleston harbor with slaves, 61 claimed to belong to Charleston, and exactly the same number avowedly belonged to New England (*i. e.*, Rhode Island 59, Boston 1, Connecticut 1); 70 belonged to Britain. Of the other 10, 3 belonged to Baltimore, 4 to Norfolk, 2 to Sweden, 1 to France.

I say the same number (61) *claimed* to belong to Charleston as avowedly belonged to New England, and, in using this expression, I, of course, mean to express my doubt if they did. I mean to say that a great number of these vessels which were claimed to belong to Charleston did not belong to Charleston, but were in fact owned by New Englanders or Old Englanders. If we look at the list of consignees we will see that I am not probably mistaken in this supposition. Of the 202 vessels which brought in slaves, but 13 consignees were natives of Charleston, while 88 were natives of Rhode Island, 91 of Boston, and 10 of France. We may be very sure that every vessel really owned in Charleston was consigned to a Charlestonian, and we will not be very far wrong if we assume that all the 88 vessels bringing slaves to Charleston, consigned to natives of Rhode Island, in fact belonged to Rhode Islanders, or at least to New Englanders.

But there is further evidence that I am not mistaken in charging that Rhode Island had much more to do with this negro importation than the people of this State, for it appears that but 2,006 of 39,075 slaves brought into Charleston were imported by our merchants and planters, while Rhode Islanders imported for us 8,338. (See Judge Smith's Statistics—*Year Book City of Charleston, 1880.*)

Again. More than fifty years after this, in 1858, the London *Times* charged that New York had become "the greatest slave-trading mart in the world"; and Vice-President Wilson, in his work upon the *Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America*, quotes from the New York daily papers that there were "eighty-five vessels fitted out from New York, from February, 1859, to July, 1860," for the slave trade; that "an average of two vessels each week clear out of our harbor, bound for Africa and a human cargo;" "that from thirty to sixty thousand (negroes) a year are taken from Africa to Cuba by vessels from the single port of New York." (*Rise and Fall of Slave Trade in America*, Volume II, page 618.)

Is it not absurd, with these historical facts upon record, for the Northern people, especially the New Englanders, to charge us with the "moral offence" of slavery?

Slavery as an institution was doubtless the incident upon which the differences between the people of the North and the South settled and concentrated, but the moral offence of it that so aroused the fanaticism of the world was not the cause of the war. When slavery was prohibited in the Northwestern Territory in 1787, with the unanimous consent of the Southern delegates in Congress, but three of the Northern States had determined to put an end to slavery within their own borders, and of these three Rhode Island and Pennsylvania freed no slaves then living, but only provided that those born after a certain time should be free; Vermont alone emancipated her *seventeen* slaves. Franklin, it is true, had organized an Abolition Society in 1787, but for many years, during which the "Federal" and "National" parties continued their controversies as to the form of government, it was only proposed to bring to bear upon the institution of slavery the sentiment of the people of the States. The power of the Federal Government to interfere in the matter was not even thought of.

The admission of Missouri, in 1820, no doubt was strenuously resisted because her Constitution permitted slavery, and was only passed by Congress upon the compromise that slavery should not be introduced in the territories belonging then to the United States lying

north of 36° 30'. But a moment's reflection will show that "the moral offence" of slavery could not have entered into the consideration of this compromise. For if slavery was wrong north of 36° 30', was it not wrong also south of it? The opposition to the admission of more slave States arose from the fact that such States, by the Constitution, had representatives in Congress and in the Electoral College, not only for the white freemen, but for three-fifths of their slaves also, which greatly added to their representation and power. That compromise was nothing more than the adjustment of the balance of political power between the States. The admission of new States upon one condition or another, however affecting the interests of the slave States, was a fair subject of discussion. There was nothing in principle why a strict State's Rights Federalist might not have resisted the admission of another slave State, nor that one of the National party should not have advocated it. From other considerations, the Northern people were for the most part Consolidationists and Nationalists; while the Southern people were strict constructionists of the State's Rights school, and upheld slavery. This was a coincidence of momentous consequence, but philosophically speaking, as regards slavery, it was nothing more.

And so it happened that for fifty years after the adoption of the Constitution, while the "National party" and the "Whig party" on the one hand, and the "Federal party" and the "Democratic party" on the other, warred over the principles of the government, the opponents of the institution of slavery increased in numbers and energy, but without connection with the politics of the country. But during this time this party in favor of a strong centralized National Government had, under one name or another, gathered much strength. As early as 1789 it had procured the passage of the famous 25th Section of the Judiciary Act, which allows an appeal from the final judgment of a State court to the Supreme Court of the United States in cases involving the construction of a law or treaty of the United States, thus asserting for the Federal Government the judicial construction of its measures as against the judicial views of the State. At the same session another point was gained by the National party. Under the provision of the Constitution that makes it the duty of the President "to take care that the laws be carefully executed," the National party carried the point that the President, without the sanction of Congress, had the power to remove an officer of the government, the tenure of whose office was not fixed by the Constitution; and about the same time General Hamilton opened the question of

the right of Congress to impose duties to encourage manufactures. Here, then, were three distinct issues—the real grounds of difference which culminated in our war.

Next followed the contest over the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions and the Alien and Sedition Laws, which resulted in the election of Mr. Jefferson over Mr. Adams as President, and the temporary check to the rapid strides of the government to consolidation. But it was only a check—Mr. Jefferson could recover no lost ground for the State's Rights party. Then, unfortunately, came the war of 1812 with Great Britain, absorbing the attention of his successor, Mr. Madison, arresting all efforts to carry out the doctrines and policy which had brought the party into power, and giving a strong impulse to centralization.

It is difficult to keep up with all the changes of names and organization of the parties during the fifteen years succeeding the war of 1812, but a study will show that under whatever name or disguise assumed, the great struggle still was between the State's Rights, or local government, and National, or centralized government. The first measure of the old National party, then calling themselves "The National Republican Party," in 1828 was the act known at the time as the "Bill of Abominations," which, throwing aside the pretense of revenue, openly imposed a tax for protection—a measure which forms a prominent chapter in the history of this State.

As you all know, upon the passage of this act Mr. Calhoun counselled resistance. Whether our great statesman contemplated, by the resistance he advised, a forcible resistance or a resistance through the courts, it is useless now to discuss; its discussion would only revive the domestic dissension of the Nullification and Union parties of 1832. It is enough that a large party in the State understood his advice to be resistance by force, and acted upon it; and that the State took measures to maintain by arms its denial of the right of Congress to impose upon it duties not authorized by its construction of the Constitution, and that in doing so it had the support of many of the ablest statesmen of the country and the volunteered aid from the people of other States; while on the other hand General Jackson, as President, openly marshalled the forces of the Union to war upon the State, and upon those who upheld her.

The issue, which was so imminent, was avoided by mutual concessions of the United States and State Governments. But I desire to call your attention, my comrades, to the fact that the late war in which we took part had all but commenced in 1832, and that the real ques-

tion then was the same, the incident only different. The question in 1832 and in 1860 was as to the sovereignty of the State. The incident in 1832 was the tariff; the incident in 1860 was slavery. Well would it have been for us had the question in 1860 turned upon the same incident as that in 1832. Would that we might have fought and shed our blood upon the dry question of the tariff and taxation, instead of one upon which the world had gone mad.

I cannot but think that our Convention of 1860 made a great mistake in the declaration of the causes which induced the secession of the State, in resting our justification alone upon the conduct of the Northern people in regard to slavery, however gross a violation of the Constitution such conduct was; and it is a matter of satisfaction to us, my comrades, that our first and beloved commander, General Gregg, as a member of that Convention, opposed the adoption of the declaration on this very ground. I cannot but agree with him, and think that the justification of the secession of the State was much more satisfactorily set out, and rested upon much better grounds in the address to the people of the other Southern States, in which was so ably and well shown that the issue was the same as that in the Revolution of 1776, and like that turned upon the one great principle, self-government, and self-taxation, the criterion of self-government.

This latter address went on to show that the Southern States stood exactly in the same position toward the Northern States that the Colonies did towards Great Britain. The Northern States having the majority in Congress, claimed the same power of omnipotence in legislation as the British Parliament. That the "general welfare" was the only limitation of either, and the majority in Congress, as in the British Parliament, were the sole judges of the expediency of the legislation this "general welfare" required. That thus the government of the United States had become a consolidated government, and the people of the Southern States were compelled to meet the very despotism their fathers threw off in 1776.

If, then, my comrades, our cause was just, as just as that of our forefathers in 1776, and one for which we might well indeed have endured hardship and risked our lives and shed our blood, need we be ashamed of the fight we made for it?

It is said that when the war commenced we vaunted that "a single Southern soldier could whip three Yankees." Well, it was a very foolish boast, if made; as foolish as that of General Grant, about which I shall speak, and one which you, my comrades, will agree

with me, was not heard among the men who had the whipping to do. We who did meet "the three Yankees," know well that we met men as brave as ourselves, if differing with us in temperament and in the manner of their warfare. But we *did* meet "the three Yankees," and it did take, if not three, at least two and a half to one to destroy our armies at last. The total number of men called under arms by the Government of the United States, between April, 1861, and April, 1865, amounted to 2,759,049, of whom 2,656,053, were actually embodied in the Federal armies. Foreign military authorities have put down the number of men embodied in the Confederate armies as 1,100,000. But this we know to be a great exaggeration, taken from Northern sources; for even "robbing the cradle and the grave," there was scarcely a million of men able to bear arms in the Confederate States, nor did we have arms to put in their hands had we so many.

Let me give you here, my comrades, my version of General Grant's famous unfulfilled boast, that "he would fight it out on this line if it took all the summer." I refer to this often quoted saying as a boast, because it has been generally so understood; but I have always rather regarded it as a pledge or promise demanded of him alike by the manhood of the North as by the timidity of the officials at Washington.

When the Confederate Government determined to subordinate military considerations to political, it required no greater strategical skill than was possessed by us of the line to perceive that we had offered to our enemy a most vulnerable point, which, unlike that of Achilles, was not only the most vulnerable, but the most vital point of the Confederacy, that its throat all through the war was bared to the knife whenever the Federal generals should be allowed to destroy rather than attempt to whip us; that the James river was the sure, if not easy, road to the Confederate capital. McClellan was too professional a soldier to be willing to strike anywhere else while that was open to him; so, in the spring of 1862, he essayed the task with a force of 153,000 men, against which General Johnston had present for duty but 53,688—just about one to three. After a month's resistance McClellan approached Richmond on June 20, 1862, with a force of 115,102, against which General Lee, in the Seven Days' battle, had but 80,762, scarcely more than one to two. Yet, with this force, McClellan was driven back to his gunboats. But, notwithstanding this reverse, the manhood of the North demanded again a fair fight on an open field, and an answer to this boast that we would fight three to one. No victory by mere strategical skill, aided by gun-

boats, would appease the Northern desire that the Army of Northern Virginia should be whipped on a fair field. So Pope was tried; and you recollect, my comrades, that after a march of sixty miles in two days, on three ears of green corn apiece for rations, we broke our fast on Westphalia hams, Mocha coffee, and sherry wine out of his stores, and sent him back to Washington to tell that he was mistaken in telegraphing that he had captured Jackson and his corps. During those two terrible days (August 28-29), before Longstreet came up, our corps of 17,309 men withstood Pope's army of 74,578—you recollect with what terrible sacrifice to our brigade; and in the great battle of the 30th, after Longstreet had joined us, we had but 49,077 of all arms, and yet we gained a second victory on Manassas plains. At Sharpsburg you fought 35,255 under Lee against 87,164, which McClellan states in his official report that he had in action. At Fredericksburg, in which our brigade again suffered so severely, and where we lost our beloved leader, General Gregg, we fought 78,000 under Lee against 100,000 under Burnside, and at Chancellorsville 57,000 under Lee and Jackson defeated 132,000 under Hooker. At Gettysburg 62,000 under Lee made a drawn battle against 105,000 under Meade.

When, then, Grant came, he found himself required to promise that he would not repeat the Vicksburg strategy, but would march straight to meet us in the open field. He might have all the men he wanted, provided only he would undertake to move straight on and crush us without the adventitious aid of the naval forces striking us where we were unable to resist. Such, I suppose, was somewhat the occasion of his promise to "fight it out on this line if it took all the summer." Did he fulfill his promise?

On the 1st of May, 1864, General Grant had 120,380 men of all arms, to which was added, before he commenced active operations, 20,780, giving him a total of 141,160 men at the opening of the campaign, against which Lee had present for duty but 63,984. With these enormous odds in his favor he "fought it out" but a single month, during which time—to quote from our old friend, the Adjutant-General of the Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Taylor, from whom I have taken most of these figures—there had been an almost daily encounter of hostile arms, and the Army of Northern Virginia had placed *hors de combat* of the number under General Grant a number equal to its entire numerical strength at the commencement of the campaign; and notwithstanding its own heavy losses and the reinforcements received by the enemy, still presented an impregnable

front to its opponent, and constituted an insuperable barrier to General Grant's "On to Richmond."

Let me use the language of a foreign writer to describe the scenes of the second great battle of Cold Harbor, which brought to an end Grant's promise to fight it out on that line:

"But the June of 1864," says Colonel Chesney, "found Grant almost in sight of the city, upon the very ground which McClellan had held on the banks of the Chickahominy two years before. Four times he had changed the line of operation chosen in obedience to Lincoln's strong desire, on which he had declared his intention to 'fight it out all the summer.' Four times he had recoiled from the attempt to force his way direct to the rebel capital, for his indomitable and watchful adversary ever barred the way. Once more, on the morning of June 3d, he flung his masses fiercely against the line held by Lee, which ran across the very field of battle where that General had won his first triumph over McClellan. The result was so fearful and useless a slaughter that, according to the chief Union historian, when 'later in the day orders were issued to renew the assault,' the whole army correctly appreciating what the inevitable result must be, silently disobeyed."

Again, the same writer says: "The most eulogistic biographer of the great Federal general speaks as though it were under his breath when he tells the story of the battle of Cold Harbor. 'There was a rush,' says such an one; 'a bitter struggle, a rapid interchange of deadly fire and the (Federal) army became conscious that the task was more than it could do.' The testimony of Swinton, himself an eye-witness, is more emphatic and complete: 'It took hardly more than ten minutes to decide the battle. There was along the whole line a rush—the spectacle of impregnable works, a bloody loss, a sullen falling back, and the action was decided.'"

What an ignominious end to a boast, or what a failure in the fulfillment of a promise that he would fight his way to Richmond over the land route if it took him all the summer! By the first of June Grant had not only failed in this boastful promise, but he had so lost the confidence and command of his grand army that it absolutely refused his order to advance again.

The summer had thus scarcely begun when Grant was obliged to abandon the idea of fighting it out on the line he had been so ready to undertake. But abandon it he must, for he had learnt by bitter experience, as Colonel Chesney observes, that the "continuous hammering" in which he had trusted, might break the instrument while

its work was yet unfinished. Not even the vast resources on which he had power to draw could long spare 20,000 men a week for the continuance of the experiment. He had lost in the first three weeks of battle with Lee 60,000 men; and as Lee had only commenced the campaign with 63,000, Grant could not but reflect that had their armies been equal Lee would not have left him a vestige of his with which to retreat.

But with the abandonment of his boast or promise came the beginning of the end to us. From this time forth Grant contented himself with resuming the work from which McClellan had been called in disgrace, but unlike McClellan he was furnished with all the men and material a siege required. Butler had joined him, and he now had 150,000 men with which to commence the slow but sure if not glorious work of wearing out the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia.

In speaking of that last terrible struggle of nearly a year, let me use the language of the distinguished English soldier and essayist rather than my own: "Not in the first flush of triumph when his army cheered his victory over McClellan," writes Colonel Chesney, "not when hurling back Federal masses three times the weight of his own on the banks of the Rappahannock, nor even when advancing the commander of victorious legions to carry the war away from his loved Virginia into the North had Lee seemed so great, or won the love of his soldiers so closely as through the dark winter that followed. Overworked his men were sadly, with forty miles of entrenchments for that weakened army to guard. Their prospects were increasingly gloomy as month passed by after month bringing them no reinforcements, while their enemy became visibly stronger. Their rations grew scantier and poorer, while the jocund merriment of the investing lines told of abundance, often raised to luxury by voluntary tribute from the wealth of the North." "But the confidence of the men in their beloved chief," says Colonel Chesney, "never faltered, their sufferings were never laid on 'Uncle Robert.' The simple piety which all knew to be the rule of his life acted upon thousands of those under him with a power which those can hardly understand who know not how community of hope, suffering and danger fairly shared amid the vicissitudes of war quickens the sympathies of the roughest and lowest, as well as those above them."

In Lee's own language the line of defence "stretched so long as to break," at last gave way, and the end came. A single Southern soldier had not in the long run been able to whip three Yankees,

however gloriously he had fought. Numbers, material and discipline at last triumphed over individual heroism. I need not recall the agony of those last days. Let me rather quote again from Colonel Chesney's memoir of General Lee. He says: "The day will come when the evil passions of the great civil strife will sleep in oblivion, and North and South do justice to each other's motives and forget each other's wrongs. Then history will speak with clear voice of the deeds done on either side, and the citizens of the whole Union do justice to the memories of the dead, and place above all others the name of the great chief of whom we have written. In strategy mighty, in battle terrible, in adversity as in prosperity a hero indeed. With the simple devotion to duty and the rare purity of the ideal Christian knight he joined all the kingly qualities of a leader of men."

It was in one of these last terrible days, my comrades, that your first captain and your last colonel fell, mortally wounded. In the fight at Hatcher's Run, on the 30th March, 1864, Colonel C. W. McCreary was shot through the lungs and died as he was carried to the breastworks. I need not remind you how admirable a soldier he was, how brave in battle, how skilfully he could handle a regiment in action, and how gentle he was to all around him. Educated in the State Military Academy, he was fully prepared for the command of the regiment to which he succeeded and which he led so gallantly and successfully in many engagements. I can still hear his voice ringing through the din of battle as he aligned the regiment for some desperate work. You had reason to be proud of him while he lived, and to mourn him when he died, and should now revere his memory.

It is, my comrades, one of the greatest misfortunes of our defeat that not even the names of those who fought and bled and died in our glorious struggle have been preserved, and that unless collected and enrolled by us now will soon be forgotten and their memory lost with the cause for which they warred. Let it be the sacred duty, then, of those of us who survive to gather up the names of our fellow-soldiers, and let these lines, from the pen of one who served his State from the first to the last of the war, be the epitaph of those who, like him, have passed away:

"Believing
That they fought, for Principle against Power,
For Religion against Fanaticism,,
For Man's Right against Man's Might,

These Men were Martyrs of their Creed ;
And their Justification
Is in the holy keeping of the God of History.

But, for as much
As alike in the heat of Battle,
In the weariness of the Hospital,
And in the gloom of hostile Prisons,
They were FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH,
Theirs is the Crown
Of a loving, a glorious, and an immortal
Tradition,
In the Hearts, and in the Holiest Memories
Of the Daughters of their People ;
Of the Sons of their State ;
Of the Heirs Unborn of their Example ;
And of all for whom
THEY DARED TO DIE."

Field Telegrams from Around Petersburg, Virginia.

[In Volumes III, VII, and XIV were published a number of these telegrams. The following will also be found of interest.]

H'DQ'RS, 12th August, 1864.

General R. S. EWELL, Chaffin's Bluff:

Deserter reports that men at Dutch Gap are volunteers—paid forty cents extra for digging. Their purpose being to dig a canal. If they cannot be stopped, arrangements must be made to make the canal useless by choosing positions and erecting batteries. See what can be done.

R. E. LEE.

H'DQ'RS, 12th August, 1864.

General J. A. EARLY, via Woodstock, Va.:

Dispatch of 11th received. Anderson has been advised, communicate with him.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

H'DQ'RS, 14th August, 1864—9:15 A. M.

General C. W. FIELD, Chaffin's Bluff:

What is the character of the force advancing against your left? Concentrate the cavalry in that quarter and dispose your infantry to resist it.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

H'DQ'RS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
14th August, 1864.

Major-General WADE HAMPTON,
Charlottesville, Va.:

Halt your command; return towards Richmond. Gregg's division is crossing at Deep Bottom. Send back an officer to ascertain position.

R. E. LEE.

H'DQ'RS, 14th August.

Major A. L. LAND, Dunlop's:

Your telegram received. The two regiments will number about two hundred each. Communicate with General Wilcox when they can be transported. After these troops have been taken away, trains for two brigades (say twenty-five hundred men) are to be kept at Landy's.

W. H. TAYLOR.

H'DQ'RS, 14th August, 1864.

General WADE HAMPTON, Beaver Dam, Va.:

Halt your command and return towards Richmond. Gregg's division is crossing at Deep Bottom. Send back an officer to ascertain position.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

H'DQ'RS, 14th August, 1864.

General C. W. FIELD, Chaffin's Bluff:

Have sent to halt Hampton and ordered cavalry from this

side. If unnecessary let me know. Aid the cavalry all you can and drive back enemy.

R. E. LEE.

General C. W. FIELD, Chaffin's Bluff:

Hampton will be with you this evening. Two brigades go from here. Major Anderson, with five hundred cavalry, ordered from Richmond. This may be a feint to draw troops from here. Watch closely, and return the troops from here at the earliest moment.

R. E. LEE.

Mr. Potts:

General Hampton is, to-day, on the cars from Richmond to Charlottesville. Send this to Richmond, or request them to have it delivered to him on the route, if practicable. It is very desirable for General Hampton to get it.

W. H. TAYLOR.

H'DQ'RS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
12:15 P. M., 14th August, 1864.

General C. W. FIELD, Chaffin's Bluff:

You do not say whether the force of enemy is infantry or cavalry. You must call reinforcements from Richmond. There are none here. Give hour of dispatch.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

H'DQ'RS, 14th August, 1864—6:15 P. M.

General R. S. EWELL, Richmond:

I wish Hampton to return to Richmond, as soon as practicable, with his whole command. You must reinforce Field from Richmond. Where do you expect them from this side?

R. E. LEE, *General*.

15th August, 1864.

General R. E. LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

Mosby telegraphs, Upperville 13th, attacked enemy's supply

train, near Berryville, that morning. Dispersed guard, treble his number; captured and destroyed seventy-five (75) loaded wagons; brought off over two hundred prisoners, including several officers; between five and six hundred horses and mules; upwards of two hundred head of fine beef cattle, and many valuable stores. Considerable number of enemy killed and wounded. His loss two killed and three wounded.

W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

15th August, 1864.

General R. E. LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

One of Dearing's scouts, said to be generally correct, reports Hancock's Second corps went to City Point and came back again yesterday. Fields' capture of prisoners from this corps yesterday seems to contradict this. Perhaps you have positive information. Dearing also reports enemy have withdrawn their pickets from Garey's Church. Hill reports enemy has strengthened his force in his front. At daylight three brigades were seen moving to enemy's left. Hill's pickets report wagons or artillery moving from 11 until 3 o'clock last night to our left.

W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

15th August, 1864.

General R. E. LEE, via Chaffin's Bluff:

General Hampton telegraphs from Richmond his command is moving back, and he awaits instructions there. Cars are at Dunlop's for two brigades. If not needed for this purpose, Colonel Corley would like to use them for Liffis.

W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

16th August, 1864—11 P. M.

Colonel C. MARSHALL,

A. D. C. to General LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

Telegram received. Will send articles requested at once. Tell General brigade left for Richmond ten minutes to 10 o'clock. All quiet here.

W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *Aug. 18, 1864—7:30 P. M.*

General R. E. LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

General Heth reports having driven enemy about one mile below Davis' House. Over one hundred and fifty prisoners taken, representing three divisions of Fifth corps. Heth desired reinforcements to complete his success. He has already all I can spare (three brigades of infantry). which must return to vicinity of lines during night.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

DUNN'S HILL, *18th August, 1864—10:45 P. M.*

General R. E. LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

General Hoke reports that the railroad to City Point has been used a great deal to-day by the enemy, and that they are still doing so; also that bands of music have been heard in that direction, indicating the movement of troops.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *Aug. 19th, 1864—9:20 A. M.*

General R. E. LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

Captured Yankee captain. Says object of expedition was to break up Weldon railroad and so weaken our forces in front as to increase chance of breaking our lines, intimating use of another move. The fire of our batteries this morning must have disconcerted enemy's plan.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

PETERSBURG, *August 19th, 1864.*

General R. E. LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

Colonel Simmons, of Thomas' brigade, reports that a brigade of infantry passed pontoon bridge this A. M. about 7 o'clock, moving this way. Artillery or wagons were passing bridge all night.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

PETERSBURG, VA., *Aug. 19th, 1864—1:30 P. M.*

General R. E. LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

General Wilcox reports passing of wagons or artillery all night over pontoon bridge from north to south side of Appomattox.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

NEAR PETERSBURG, *Aug. 19th, 1864—8:00 P. M.*

*Captain A. R. CHISHOLM, A. D. C.,
Spotswood Hotel, Richmond, Va.:*

Should you not be able to obtain an answer to my letter, see Secretary of War on subject, and return soon as practicable. We have just defeated enemy on Weldon road near here, capturing large number of prisoners.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *Aug. 20th, 1864—8:15 A. M.*

General R. E. LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

General Hill reports enemy still occupying part of Weldon railroad, where he is fortifying. Am endeavoring to make necessary arrangement to dislodge him to-day if practicable.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

August 20th, 1864—P. M.

General R. E. LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

Dispatches of 1:00 and 1:45 o'clock P. M. just received. Prisoners state the Second corps has relieved Ninth corps in trenches. Signal stations reporting movement of troops would seem to confirm this. Every available man who can be spared from trenches has been withdrawn. Shall try attack in the morning with all the force I can spare. I will call on Wilcox for a brigade, as instructed.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *Aug. 20th, 1864—7 P. M.*

General R. E. LEE, Chaffin's Bluff:

Expect to attack early in the morning. Have already taken one brigade from Hoke and another from Johnson, extending their commands in the lines to utmost. No available force shall be left behind. Am happy to hear of Early's success.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

21st August, 1864.

General G. T. ANDERSON,

Commanding Brigade, Dunlop's:

Camp your brigade for to night at some convenient point near where you are landed from the cars. Notify army headquarters of your location. Extend same orders to dismounted cavalry.

W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *Aug. 24, 1864—2:45 P. M.*

Major-General WHITING,

Commanding Third District, Wilmington, N. C.:

In case of urgent necessity call on General Baker at Goldsboro for assistance. I believe it will prove to be only a feint.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

NEAR PETERSBURG, *Aug. 24, 1864—2:45 P. M.*

Brigadier-General BAKER,

Commanding Second District, Goldsboro, N. C.:

General Whiting is authorized to call on you for assistance should he be hard pressed. Aid him as much as your means will permit.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

PETERSBURG, VA., 25th August, 1864.

Major-General GEORGE E. PICKETT, Hancock's House :

You will please send at once the following dispatch by signal, via Dunn's House, to General Beauregard:

General G. T. BEAUREGARD :

Have felt enemy in my front, and discovered force all prepared on my line.

GEO. E. PICKETT, *Major-General.*

An answer will be sent you by signals, which will be unintelligible to you. Take no notice of it.

W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

PETERSBURG, VA., 25th August, 1864.

Honorable Secretary of War, Richmond, Va. :

General Early reports from Charleston that he has forced the enemy back to Harpers Ferry.

R. E. LEE.

PETERSBURG, VA., 27th August, 1864.

Hon. JAS. A. SEDDON, Secretary of War, Richmond, Va. :

General Archer is on duty with his brigade. Officers capable of duty cannot be spared. Generals H. H. Walker at Savannah, and A. L. Long at Lynchburg, at present incapacitated for field service, might be available for a court. General J. G. Martin with Holmes also.

R. E. LEE.

PETERSBURG, VA., 28th August, 1864.

Governor WM. SMITH, Richmond :

My telegram of the 26th, asking that the militia on duty in Petersburg may be continued thirty days is unanswered. Their services are necessary. Please answer.

G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *Sept. 2d, 1864—8:00 P. M.*

Major-General W. H. C. WHITING,

Commanding Third Military District, Wilmington, N. C. :

Every exertion will be made to reinforce you in time from all points. Governor Vance has already been called upon to imitate Governor Brown of Georgia. Federal soldiers appear much discouraged. They fight badly. I will visit Wilmington soon.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

PETERSBURG, VA., *September 3d, 1864.*

General W. H. C. WHITING, Wilmington, N. C. :

General Baker at Goldsboro has been ordered to hold all his disposable troops in readiness to aid you should you need them. Governor Vance and General Holmes have been requested to send you such troops as can be spared from the reserves.

G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*

PETERSBURG, VA., *September 3d, 1864.*

Governor Z. B. VANCE, Raleigh, N. C. :

General Whiting apprehends an attack. Send him all the troops you can.

G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*

PETERSBURG, VA., *10th September, 1864.*

General G. T. BEAUREGARD, Wilmington, N. C. :

Are there any guns not required at Wilmington suitable for defense of James river?

R. E. LEE.

PETERSBURG, VA., *September 11th, 1864.*

General G. T. BEAUREGARD, Wilmington, N. C. :

About 2 A. M. yesterday enemy broke through picket line in front of Hill's corps. It was soon restored. Loss slight. Casualties in Hoke's and Johnson's—three killed and sixteen wounded.

GEO. WM. BRENT, *A. A. G.*

WILMINGTON, N. C., *September 12th, 1864.*

General R. E. LEE, Commanding, Petersburg, Va. :

Everything here is in as good condition as means and circumstances will permit. Practised artillerists and proper infantry support are most needed at present. No heavy guns can safely be spared from here.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

PETERSBURG, VA., *September 15th, 1864.*

General J. A. WALKER, Burkesville, Va. :

The enemy seems to be moving. Instruct your commanders at bridges to be alert.

GEO. WM. BRENT, *Col. and A. A. G.*

Hon. R. M. T. Hunter—Post-Bellum Mortality Among Confederates.

Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association at its Quarterly Meeting in Augusta, Ga., Aug. 2d, 1887.

By Col. CHARLES C. JONES, JR., LL.D., President of the Association.

Comrades,—Since our pleasant reunion on the 26th of April last, five of our companions have joined the legions encamped on the further shore. Robert Wallace, second lieutenant of the Washington Artillery, died on the 10th of May; J. C. Allen, private in Company A, Cobb's Legion of Cavalry, on the 28th of the same month; William Delane, private in Company A, Fifth regiment Georgia infantry, on the 9th of June; Charles A. Platt, captain of the same

company, on the 21st of July, memorable as the anniversary of the first battle of Manassas, and to-day we receive the afflictive intelligence that our comrade, Theodore D. Caswell, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Battalion, Georgia Sharpshooters, is lying dead in Asheville, North Carolina.

The strong hand of mortality has also been laid upon two noted Confederates. William Smith, a war-governor of Virginia and a Major-General in Confederate service, departed this life at his home in Warrenton, Virginia, on the 18th of May, at the advanced age of ninety years; and, on the 18th of July, Robert Mercer Taliaferro Hunter quietly ended his long and honorable earthly career.

Born in Essex county, Virginia, on the 21st of April, 1809, Mr. Hunter acquired his collegiate education at the University of Virginia. Having completed his professional preparation at the Winchester Law School, he was called to the Bar in 1830. In early manhood his active interest in public affairs, an honorable ambition for preferment, and the exhibition of unusual abilities, were recognized and rewarded by an election to the Virginia House of Delegates, of which he remained a member for three years.

In 1837 he was advanced to a seat in Congress, which he filled for two consecutive terms. Returned to the National Assembly in 1847, he presided over the Twenty-Sixth Congress as Speaker of the House of Representatives. From his earliest participation in national affairs he manifested an intellectual superiority, an independence of thought and action, and broad views of measures and government which, maintained and heightened during subsequent years, secured for him an enviable reputation for integrity, political sagacity, and wise statesmanship. Possessing uncommon intellect, and exhibiting admirable traits of character, he was an earnest student, an engaging speaker, was gifted by nature with a noble presence, and was in every way a man of commanding influence. In 1847 he became a Senator of the United States, and continued to be a prominent member of that august body until, in 1861, Virginia severed her connection with the Union.

When the State of Virginia passed her Ordinance of Secession and sanctioned a resolution adopting the constitution of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, a delegation, consisting of Mr. Hunter, and the Honorable William C. Rives, John W. Brockenbrough, and W. R. Staples, was elected to represent that State in the Provisional Congress at Montgomery. Upon the adjournment of that Congress to meet at Richmond, the desig-

nated capital of the infant Republic, Mr. Hunter was again chosen as a delegate from the Old Dominion.

It will be remembered that Mr. Toombs resigned the portfolio of the State Department and accepted service in the field with the rank of Brigadier-General. In this emergency President Davis summoned Mr. Hunter to his Cabinet. He accepted the appointment of Secretary of State, and discharged the duties of that responsible position until the organization of the Confederate Senate, when he became a member of that body, and retained his seat, as the leading Senator from Virginia, until the close of the war. The valuable services he rendered, both in the National Assembly of the United States and in the Confederate Congress, are well remembered. The conspicuous part borne by him when, at the instance of Mr. Davis, and in association with Vice-President Stephens and Judge Campbell, he participated in the Fortress Monroe Conference, is fresh in our recollection.

Subsequent to the conclusion of the war Mr. Hunter was for some time the treasurer of his native State. Of late years he has led a retired life, toiling for bread in the midst of disappointments and losses. At the last, we doubt not, he welcomed surcease from labor and anxieties in the repose of a simple but honored grave.

Thus do we inscribe a page in memory of one who held high office and discharged important duties in the civil service of the Confederacy.

Although only twenty-two years have elapsed since the fall of the Confederacy, the catalogue of the dead who, while in life, bore prominent parts in the maintenance of that government, is remarkable. Not the flight of time only, but burthensome losses, weighty disappointments, mental and physical tension, and unusual afflictions, have had much to do in bringing about a heavy mortality. This will increase during the next decade in a greater than geometrical ratio, and very soon there will be none among the living who bore personal allegiance to the Confederate flag. The youngest survivor of the Confederate Army and Navy—well-kept benedict, or spruce bachelor though he be—must surely have attained at least to his fortieth year. The head of the average soldier is silvered with age, and multitudes who were in the meridian of life when the storm raged have succumbed to the inevitable law which fixes the bounds of human longevity.

Let us see, in a general way, how the record stands.

Our venerable president still lives, and at Beauvoir enjoys a serene

old age beneath the grateful shadows of Southern live-oaks and magnolias; but the vice-president of the Confederacy four years ago terminated his active and useful career.

Of those who held the portfolio of State, Robert Toombs, R. M. T. Hunter, and Judah P. Benjamin, all are dead.

Of the four attorney-generals, only two, ex-Governor Thomas H. Watts, and the Honorable George Davis, survive.

Mr. Memminger, of the Treasury Department, still lives.* The other secretary, the gifted George A. Trenholm, has, for years, been sleeping that sleep which knows no waking.

Of the five Secretaries of War, Leroy Pope Walker, Judah P. Benjamin, George W. Randolph, James A. Seddon, and John C. Breckinridge, not one is alive.

The accomplished Adjutant-General, Samuel Cooper, A. C. Myers, Quartermaster-General, L. B. Northrup, Commissary-General, General I. M. St. John, Chief of the Bureau of Subsistence, General Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, General J. F. Gilmer, Chief Engineer, General John H. Winder, Commanding Prison Camps, Robert Ould, Chief of the Bureau of Exchange, and I. H. Carrington, Acting Provost-Marshal General, are, I believe, all dead. Quartermaster-General Alexander R. Lawton, now verging upon seventy, represents the United States at the Austrian court.

Rufus R. Rhodes, Commissioner of Patents, is thought to be no longer among the living.

Turning to the Navy Department, we find upon the death-roll the names of Secretary Stephen R. Mallory, of Commodore F. Forrest, Chief of the Bureau of Orders, of Admirals Franklin Buchanan and Raphael Semmes, of Commodores Tattnall, Maury, Whittle, Hollins, Ingraham, and of many other prominent officers.

Postmaster-General John H. Reagan lives, and is a member of the National Legislature.

Of the commissioners who represented the Confederacy abroad, James M. Mason and William L. Yancey, accredited to Great Britain, John Slidell, accredited to France, P. A. Rost, accredited to Spain, John T. Pickett, accredited to Mexico, Bishop Lynch, accredited to the States of the Church, and John Forsyth, Martin J. Crawford, A. B. Roman, and Charles J. Faulkner, accredited to the United States, are dead. The octogenarian, A. Dudley Mann, accredited to Belgium, resides in France. The Honorable Lucius Q.

* Hon. Charles G. Memminger died March 7, 1888, in Charleston, S. C.

C. Lamar, accredited to Russia, is a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet, and General William Preston, accredited to Mexico, rejoices in his broad acres in the blue-grass region of Kentucky.

Among the Consular, Confidential and Foreign Agents of the Confederacy we note the demise of C. C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, James P. Holcombe, Charles J. Helm, Colin J. McRae, George N. Sanders, J. L. O'Sullivan, and of others holding less important positions.

Of those who bore rank as full generals in the armies of the Confederacy only two survive—Generals Joseph E. Johnston and G. T. Beauregard. General Albert S. Johnston fell in the memorable battle of Shiloh, and Generals Robert E. Lee and Braxton Bragg died since the cessation of hostilities.

There were two generals with temporary rank—E. Kirby Smith and John B. Hood. The former lives, and the latter, in dying, commended his orphans to the care of the soldiers of the Confederacy.

Twenty-one officers were complimented with the grade of lieutenant-general. The only survivors are Generals James Longstreet, E. Kirby Smith, D. H. Hill, Stephen D. Lee, Wade Hampton, Jubal A. Early, Alexander P. Stewart, Joseph Wheeler, Simon B. Buckner, and John B. Gordon.

Of the one hundred who were commissioned as major-generals in Confederate service, if my information be correct, only forty-five are now numbered among the living.

Of four hundred and eighty who rose to the grade of brigadier-general, an inquiry, by no means partial, inclines me to the belief that there are not two hundred in life.

With the exception of Thomas H. Watts, of Alabama, Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, Zebulon B. Vance, of North Carolina, M. L. Bonham and A. G. Magrath, of South Carolina, Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, and perhaps Richard Hawes, of Kentucky, all the war-governors of Confederate States are dead.

We have not sufficient data to speak with certainty in regard to the senators and representatives in Confederate Congress, but we do know that the mortality among them has been commensurate with that which has occurred in other departments. Of those who tarry with us, not a few have almost reached the last span in the bridge of life, and must soon fall into the dark stream which bears away the generations of men.

The Constitution of the Confederate States was signed by forty-nine delegates. All who affixed their signatures to that memorable

document are dead except C. G. Memminger, W. Porcher Miles and William W. Boyce, of South Carolina, Augustus R. Wright, of Georgia, David P. Lewis and Jabez L. M. Curry, of Alabama, W. P. Harris, Alexander M. Clayton and J. A. P. Campbell, of Mississippi, Alexander de Clouet, of Louisiana, and Thomas N. Waul and John H. Reagan, of Texas.

And who can furnish even a partial roster of the field, company, and non-commissioned officers, privates, subordinates in various departments, and servants of the Confederacy, who have died since the final surrender? Surely none, save the Recording Angel, is competent for such a task. Wounds, bruises, poverty, desolation, exposure, want and disappointments, have exerted a potent influence in shortening the lives of many who escaped death upon the march, on the field of battle, or in prison camp and hospital. In the natural order of affairs the multitude of those who have thus gone to their graves must be great. Sad as the fact is, we may rest assured that with the close of this century there will remain comparatively few competent, from personal experience, to narrate any of the incidents connected with the Confederate struggle for independence.

This being so, the obligation is laid upon all who can to perpetuate in enduring form the true philosophy of events, the genuine circumstance of the action, the inspirations, the exalted aspirations, the patriotic impulses, the heroic endeavors, the illustrious achievements, and the grand memories which impart to the defensive war, maintained by Confederates, an importance, an interest, a dignity, an elevation, and a sanctity beyond compare in the history of kindred revolutions.

Unfortunately, the historian too often busies himself so largely with laudations of the victor that justice is lamely meted out to the aims and the exploits of the vanquished. There is, however, apart from recorded history a general sentiment, an honest appreciation of fact, a faithful narrative of event, a true interpretation of purpose, which may be transmitted from sire to son, and which will prove very potent in forming the judgment, moulding the thought, and shaping the appreciation of the rising generation. Let us see to it, my comrades, that we are not misinterpreted by our sons. Our children should be thoroughly taught the noble lessons inculcated by the lives and acts of those who died for country and for right. A proper conception and a due observance of the principles and conduct of those who, in the past, illustrated the integrity, the virtues, and the valor of the old South, will best ensure the manliness, the honor and

the courage of the future. The present, alas ! is essentially a utilitarian age. It is iconoclastic in its tendencies, and lamentably debauched by commercial methods. Ennobling sentiments and worthy purposes are too often supplanted by schemes for the accumulation of wealth, and the sordid manipulation of money-making enterprises. I fear me, in losing our distinctive characteristics, we are lowering the standard of our fathers.

While life lasts, let us proclaim in our walk and conversation, and illustrate in our conduct the vital influence of a consecrated past—the elevating sway of hopes and principles dear to the hearts and consciences of all who venerate truth, admire fortitude, abhor questionable thoughts and acts, and acknowledge the claims of neighbor, country, and God. In the light of that bravest epoch in the history of nations, with all its heroic actors, noble deeds, and marvelous examples of self-sacrifice, virtue, and high emprise, let no word of apology be uttered in the present. Let no sentiment be cherished which is not loyal to the traditions of that wondrous period. Let no act be committed which does not savor of reverence for its inspirations and deeds. And thus, when all who participated in the struggle shall have passed away, the blessed memories which appertain to the dead nation and peoples will remain unimpaired, and the examples of patriotism, of self-sacrifice, of heroism, and of sublime endeavor will stand for the honor of the days that are gone, and challenge the emulation of the ages.

In time to come, as now, when the names and valorous deeds of those who died in defense of home and right are repeated, in glad acclaim will admiring hearts respond :

“Roll back, O Time, the sacred scroll
On which is told their story :
For by the light that falls to-day
We'd read their quenchless glory.
For no historic page proclaims
Such deeds of high endeavor
As those the South enshrines within
Her heart of hearts forever.

“Awake ! fond memories of the past,
E'en though ye bring us weeping :
Unroll, O Time ! the precious scroll
We gave into your keeping.
Flash all the golden letters out
That tell their glorious story :
Proclaim from every mountain peak
'Dead on the field of glory.' ”

Roll of the Rockbridge Battery of Artillery, April 10, 1865.

This roll was furnished by Private Calvin Wilson, of the battery, who writes : " It was copied by me from the orderly sergeant's book at Appomattox Courthouse at the time of the surrender.

" We left Richmond with two guns ; the two guns belonging to the first section having been, by order of General R. E. Lee, turned over to the Otey Battery which relieved us on the north side of James river near Laurel Hill Church. Two other guns of an improved style were to be furnished us from the Tredegar Iron Works.

" Somewhere between Cumberland Church and Appomattox Courthouse, a 3-inch rifled gun, which had been spiked and abandoned during a dash of Federal cavalry, was picked up by the first section of our battery and carried on to the surrender, the second section with Law's Alabama brigade having been detailed as a rear guard for our army."

Captain A. Graham. Present.
First Lieutenant Wm. Brown. Captured at Gettysburg. Absent.
Second Lieutenant J. C. Davis. Present.
Junior Second Lieutenant John W. Jordan. Present.
First Sergeant Sam'l C. Smith. Present.
Second Sergeant Wm. L. Strickler. Present.
Third Sergeant David E. Moore. Present.
Fourth Sergeant Norborne S. Henry. Present.
Fifth Sergeant John E. McCauley. Present.
Quartermaster-Sergeant John V. Moore. Captured at Gettysburg.
Absent.
First Corporal A. S. Whitt. Present.
Second Corporal Wm. M. Wilson. Present.
Third Corporal Wm. F. Johnston. Present.
Fourth Corporal Wm. N. Bumpus. Present.
Fifth Corporal Henry T. Darnall. Present.
Sixth Corporal Wm. Carson. Present.
Seventh Corporal Wm. H. McCauley. Mortally wounded at Cumberland Church. Absent.
Eighth Corporal Henry Boteler. Present.
Private Adkins, Blackburn. Present.
Agner, A. Present.
Agner, J. Present.

Private Agner, S. Absent.
Armistead, Chas. J. Present.
Bacon, E. Present.
Bacon, P. Present.
Baldwin, Wm. L. Present.
Barger, ———. Present
Barton, ———. Sick at home. Absent.
Black, ———. Present.
Blain, Daniel. Present.
Bolling, ———. Absent.
Brown, H. Signal Corps. Absent.
Brown, John M. Present.
Byers, G. Newton. Present.
Chapin, ———. Absent.
Coffee, ———. Absent.
Compton, Robt. Present.
Conner, A. Present.
Conner, F. At home sick. Absent.
Conner, Henry. Present.
Conner, J. Present.
Cooke, ———. Present.
Cox, ———. Absent.
Craig, John B. Present.
Cochran, F. J. At home sick. Absent.
Dandridge, Stephen. Present.
Darnall, A. M. Captured at Tighlman's Gate, 1864. Absent.
Davis, C. Present.
Davis, J. M. M. Present.
Dixon, Henry. Present.
Dold, Calvin M. Present.
Estill, W. Present.
Ford, James. Wounded. Absent.
Friend, Benj. C. Present.
Gibson, Robt. Present.
Gilliam, Wm. Absent.
Ginger, George. Absent.
Ginger, W. Captured at Gettysburg. Absent.
Gold, Alfred. Sick at home. Absent.
Gooch, ———. Present.
Gordon, Wm. Wounded. Absent.

Private Heischell, ———. Present.
Hide, E. P. Present.
Hitner, John K. Sick at home. Absent.
Holmes, ———. Sick at home. Absent.
Johnson, Thos. E. Sick at home. Absent.
Kean, Otho G. Present.
Lacy, ———. Absent.
Leathers, ———. Present.
Leach, James M. Present.
Letcher, Samuel. Present.
Lewis, Henry. Present.
Lewis, James P. Present.
Link, David. Sick at home. Absent.
McC Campbell, W. Present.
McClintic, W. Present.
McCorkle, T. E. Present.
McCorkle, T. M. Absent.
McCorkle, W. Present.
McCrum, Barton. Present.
McGruder, D. N. Present.
McGruder, Horatio. Present.
Marshall, John. Present.
Martin, ———. Captured at Gettysburg. Absent.
Mateer, Samuel. Present.
Meade, Frank A. Present.
Minor, Launcelot. Wounded at Cumberland Church. Absent.
Montgomery, B. Present.
Moore, Ed. Present.
Moore, John H. Present.
Moore, L. Absent.
Mooterspaw, W. Present.
Morgan, ———. At home sick. Absent.
Myers, John. Present.
Page, Powell. Present.
Paine, James. At home sick. Absent.
Paine, M. Absent.
Paxton, ———. Wounded. Absent.
Phillips, ———. Wounded. Absent.
Pollard, ———. Present.
Pugh, George. Present.
Pugh, John. Present.

Private Rader, ———. On Furlough. Absent.
Rawlings, J. M. On furlough. Absent.
Reintzel. Wounded. Absent.
Robertson, John. Present.
Root, Erastus. Present.
Ruffin, J. R. Present.
Sanford, ———. Present.
Schermerhorn, ———. Absent.
Shaner, Joseph. Present.
Shaw, C. A. Present.
Shoulder, ———. Present.
Silvey, James. Present.
Schmidt, Adam. Wounded. Absent.
Smith, J. M. Sick. Absent.
Strickler, A. Absent.
Strickler, J. J. Present.
Stuart, William C. Present.
Swann, William M. Present.
Swisher, B. Present.
Swisher, G. Present.
Swisher, S. Present.
Tate, James F. Present.
Taylor, Charles. Absent.
Taylor, Stevens. Present.
Thompson, J. Present.
Thompson, L. Present.
Thompson, S. Present.
Tidball, Thomas. Present.
Timberlake, ———. Absent.
Trevy, ———. Present.
Trice, ———. Present.
Tyler, A. Present.
Tyler, D. G. Present.
Vanpelt, ———. Absent.
Wade, Thomas. Present.
Williamson, Thomas. Absent.
Wilson, Calvin. Present.
Wiseman, ———. Absent.
Withrow, John. Present.
Wright, ———. Wounded at Spotsylvania C. H. Absent.

Southern Genius.

HOW WAR DEVELOPED IT IN AN INDUSTRIAL AND MILITARY WAY.

[An address delivered by General M. C. Butler, United States Senator from South Carolina, before the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia at its annual meeting held October 18th, 1888, in the Hall of the House of Delegates, Richmond, Virginia.]

The meeting was called to order at 8:15 o'clock P. M. by the President of the Association, General William B. Taliaferro, who in graceful terms introduced the orator of the evening.

*My Comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia,
Ladies and Gentlemen :*

In the remarks I submit to your Association to-night I shall attempt no abstract consideration of policies or principles, no philosophic discussion of the course and current of events, or of the effect and influence of results on the great and stirring times of our generation. The occasion would scarcely justify it, and such a line of thought would be aside from the purpose I have in view, which is to present some of the proofs of the powers of our Southerners in great emergencies.

I shall do this in plain narrative form, and without effort at rhetoric or declamation. I trust I shall not entirely exhaust your patience and forbearance in delivering this address hastily prepared amid engrossing official duties, and that you will make due allowances for its crudities and imperfections.

The late war between the States destroyed a good many fallacies and delusions theretofore prevailing in regard to the qualities of the Southern people. Their capacity for the conduct of affairs, their genius for the organization and operation of large armies and fleets, their inventive talent for meeting and overcoming unexpected and great difficulties and providing for impending exigencies, and their energy and practicability had always been denied by their Northern cousins, and were not known to themselves.

It will be remembered that when, in the spring of 1861, the first levies of three months' troops of seventy-five thousand men were provided at Washington to put down the so-called rebellion, it was currently asserted at the North that no longer enlistments would be

necessary, as the "Rebel" forces would easily be dispersed in that time, and a peace conquered.

The result of the first battle of Manassas was a startling awakening to the folly of such a boast, and staggered the confidence, so hastily and unwisely adopted by a misapprehension of the Southern character.

On the other hand, the success of the Confederate arms at Manassas was, at the same time, damaging to the Southern cause by creating over-confidence, and causing the Southern people to underestimate the fighting qualities of the Northern soldier.

It was no uncommon thing to hear it said in the early days of the conflict that "one Southern man could whip five Yankees," inconsiderately failing to bear in mind that the Yankees were largely the same race as ourselves, and undervaluing the fact that organization and discipline will make good fighting soldiers of almost any race. So that the war relieved *us* also of many errors into which we had fallen in measuring the character of the Northern people.

Assuming then, that the *personnel* of both armies were equal in courage, in fortitude, in intelligence, and in all those qualities that make good soldiers—it cannot be denied that the South was greatly at a disadvantage, in comparison with the North, in every other particular.

In the first place, the North was largely superior in numbers—in the numbers of her own people, and unlimited in the drafts which she could make on foreign countries. She had a thoroughly equipped, organized, regular army—organized, by the way, in its perfect staff appointments, by that greatest of war secretaries the United States Government ever had, Mr. John C. Calhoun, and developed and improved upon by one equally great in all the essential elements of statesmanship, Mr. Jefferson Davis—an army capable of almost indefinite expansion. She had also a navy in fighting trim, organized for prompt action, with a large merchant marine subject to her demands, all manned with trained sailors and seamen. The North had a government, complete in all its departments, in full vigor and operation, well supplied with revenue and material of war. She had workshops for the fabrication of arms, material to supply them, and the whole civilized world from which to draw whatever was best and most desirable in modern improvements.

On the other hand what had the South? She had, it is true, separate State governments, with power to enlist troops and defend their own borders, but these the North also had, in addition to her

other advantages. There was no general government; no organized army or navy; no quartermaster, subsistence, ordnance or medical department; no vessels of war; no arms or ammunition or other war material, except such as fell into her hands with the capture or surrender of United States forts, arsenals or magazines within her borders; no levies to draw upon, except her own sons, to supply the ranks of her armies and ships, when called into being; no money, except that supplied by the States in their individual capacity.

I think, therefore, it may be safely claimed the North had every advantage except in the pluck and prowess and patriotism of her soldiers.

A distinguished German, Colonel Von Scheliha, Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers in the Confederate Army, in his *Treatise on Coast Defence*, states the conditions of the two sections very fairly and fully when he says :

"As an almost exclusively agricultural region the South had left to the North not only the manufacture of arms, powder, shot, and, in general, implements of war, but also of the necessary accessories—railroad iron, locomotives, cars, wagons, steam-boilers and engines, telegraph wire, carpenters' and entrenching tools, spikes and nails, chains and cordage, harness and saddles, cotton and woolen fabrics, shoes, agricultural implements, chemical preparations and drugs; in fine, of all the things absolutely necessary for the maintenance of an independent warfare.

"For this reason the South was still wanting in manufacturing establishments of all kinds when the first gun fired at Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, gave, on the 12th of April, 1861, the signal for the commencement of hostilities in good earnest. Necessity, the mother of invention, taught the Confederates—who, by a strict blockade of all their ports, were soon to find themselves isolated from the balance of the world—to develop the rich, heretofore hardly imagined, resources of their land.

"Foundries, powder mills, and other establishments for the manufacture of implements and equipments of war sprang up as if by magic; but here another difficulty was encountered, in the fact that the tide of immigration had hitherto turned almost entirely to the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, the inducement of higher wages offered by certain Southern capitalists being, in the opinion of the immigrants, more than counterbalanced by the greatly exaggerated danger of climatic diseases.

"The South thus found herself, in a great measure, deprived of

skilful and experienced mechanics, a want that made itself sorely felt during the whole war, as the full capacity of the fine works at Richmond, Savannah, Augusta, Selma and Mobile, from scarcity of workmen, could at no time be taken advantage of. By the fall of New Orleans, in the earlier part of the war, an even greater want of foundrymen, and especially ship-carpenters, was created in the Confederacy."

And again he says:

"In regard to sea-coast defence two things resulted then from this combination of unfavorable circumstances in the condition of the South. Southern engineers were compelled, in the first place, to recognize the inefficiency of the existing modes of defence, and to draw on their scientific knowledge and on their ingenuity for new ones; and secondly, the shifts to which they were reduced originating new combinations and improved methods, which, in some cases, proved to be of the highest value." These observations of an intelligent, well informed foreigner describes graphically and explicitly our true condition. The forts for sea-coast and harbor defence had been constructed when the largest guns in use were 8-inch Columbiads, so that they were wholly inadequate to resist high-power modern guns brought to bear upon them by the Federal fleets. New modes of defence had to be improvised, and there is perhaps nothing in the history of warfare in any age that surpassed the skill and ingenuity of the Confederate officers and engineers in providing against our weakness. The torpedo system of the Confederate Government worked a revolution in naval warfare.

The limits of an address like this will, of course, not permit me to go into details to establish this assertion, but an examination of all authorities, Confederate, Federal and foreign, will fully justify it.

The wonderfully inventive genius and energetic action of the Confederate officers and engineers astounded the world by their achievements in this hitherto practically untried science in naval warfare. They not only made it most effective for sea-coast and harbor defence, but terrible as an agency of attack upon hostile ships of war. Not only that, they brought the torpedo system to such a high state of perfection that little or no advance or improvement has since been made in it.

Considered in the light of the exigencies to be promptly met and difficulties to be overcome, in the language of a distinguished United States naval officer, Lieutenant Soley, "they were little less than phenomenal."

Another writer of accepted authority, Lieutenant Commander Barnes, United States Navy, after giving a history of the torpedo and its partial, but ineffectual, use by the Russians against the allied fleets in the Crimean war, says :

" Having traced the history of the torpedo from its first inception to its use in recent European wars, we shall now advance into a more interesting period of its history, when its employment was accompanied by results so unexpected and extraordinary, that it seems to have sprung with one bound into the foremost rank of the novel and tremendous engines of war which have so completely changed the aspect of modern battlefields and scenes of naval conflicts. This sudden and astonishing development of a previously derided and apparently insignificant theory has been due, first, to the naval superiority of one of two parties to a stupendous contest, which called for all the ingenuity and boldness of which the weaker side was capable to counteract ; and, secondly, the appearance upon the scenes of conflict of ironclad ships impenetrable by ordinary artillery and indestructible by the usual machinery of war."

And again—

" Under such a pressure, the pressure of dire distress and great necessity, the Rebels turned their attention to torpedoes as a means of defence against such terrible odds, hoping by their use to render such few harbors and streams as yet remained to them inaccessible, or in some degree dangerous to the victorious gunboats.

* * * * *

" Within a very short period after the inception of the design a system was formed, so far perfect and complete that our progress upon the water was materially checked."

These and other equally well accredited testimonials establish the primacy and supremacy of Confederate officers in the employment of these novel and terrible engines of naval warfare, and pronounce the highest encomiums upon their surpassing skill and ingenuity. Who introduced the first ironclad " upon the scenes of conflict ?" The history of the *Merrimac* vouches the fact that the first ironclad ship of war ever used in battle was designed and prepared for action, and first carried into action, by Confederate officers, thus still further revolutionizing the science and art of war.

Modern builders of war-ships have made little progress on the design of the *Merrimac*, and the gallant and distinguished Confederate naval officers who prepared and fought her in that memorable naval conflict of the 8th and 9th of March, 1862, may well

claim, as they certainly deserve, the eminent distinction of having been the first to discover and employ armored ships of war in battle, certainly ships of this style.

They startled naval constructors and officers in the civilized world by the rapidity, audacity and novelty of their original methods, and will be known through all ages for their wonderful achievements. Maury, Buchanan, Brooke, Jones, and their assistants, are the central figures, around whom revolve to the present day the changes from the old to the new in naval warfare. And Ericsson of the North is the originator of another type. Together, they form a group of which any country may well felicitate itself.

It would require a volume to recite in detail the wonderfully ingenious inventions of Confederate officers in different waters and regions of the South to meet and overcome difficulties and obstacles that obstructed their professional paths, to recount the daring and novel expedients resorted to by them to carry on the unequal contest, and to illustrate their unexampled ability in the face of overpowering opposition.

The historian who comes after us will do justice to their brilliant achievements, and rank them with the most conspicuous naval heroes of any age.

Coming now to the military operations of the Confederate armies, I shall avail myself of a letter lately received from Professor William LeRoy Broun, President of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, who held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Ordnance under the Confederate States Government, and give it in full as a part of this address. It is a most interesting contribution to the subject I have chosen, and well worthy of preservation. It is as follows:

AUBURN, ALABAMA, *October 2, 1888.*

Hon. M. C. BUTLER, United States Senate :

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter asking for any information in my possession in regard to the difficulties the Southern people had to overcome during the war in providing themselves with arms, I take pleasure in submitting the following, which may, in some degree, illustrate your subject, and shall be gratified if any of the facts will serve your purpose.

Early in 1863 I was taken from the artillery service and appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the Ordnance Department, and assigned to duty as commandant of the Richmond arsenal. Prior to that, I was

appointed by Secretary Randolph president of a Board of Examiners, and, in conjunction with other officers of the board, conducted in the armies of the Confederacy examinations for the purpose of selecting competent ordnance officers. This was an early application of the "Civil Service System" to the military department.

The arsenal in Richmond was located near the river, below Cary street, in a number of large brick houses formerly used as tobacco manufactories. On the island, connected by a foot-bridge, was the cartridge-house, where female employees made the cartridges then used. It employed from one thousand to fifteen hundred operatives, and furnished the chief part of the ordnance supply used by the Confederate armies.

In the early part of the war ordnance stores were bought in Europe, and in many instances reached their destination despite the blockaded forts. With these the troops were armed during the first year.

After the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, large numbers of Enfield rifles were secured from the battlefield and carried to the arsenal, repaired and issued to the troops to take the place of the old Austrian rifles and smooth-bore muskets with which many were first provided. Subsequently the blockade became more stringent, and the supplies were becoming exhausted. All the arms used by the Confederates were muzzle-loaders, and it became a matter of extreme importance to furnish a supply of percussion caps. The machines then used by us, modelled after the old United States machines, failed to do the work with sufficient rapidity.

In this emergency an ingenious mechanic from Lynchburg, Virginia, invented and made a machine by which we were enabled in twenty-four hours to make, fill and press a million of caps. But in a short time our supply of sheet copper was exhausted, and after the occupation of Chattanooga by the Union troops and the loss of our copper mines in Tennessee, we were placed in a serious dilemma. We had no copper—no mines—and the blockade was very stringent—it was impossible to obtain it. In this emergency, in the spring of 1864, an officer was sent to North Carolina by my order and with the approval of the Chief of Ordnance, Colonel Gorgas, and directed to purchase, cut up, and ship to the Richmond arsenal all the turpentine and brandy stills he could find. He was very efficient and successful, and with the copper of these old stills we made all the caps used by the army for the last year of the war.

Percussion caps were filled with fulminate of mercury, made from

mercury and nitric acid. The nitric acid was made at the arsenal of nitre and sulphuric acid—the nitre was made under the management of special officers from artificial nitre beds, and the sulphuric acid was made in North Carolina. There were no private manufactories, and these essential materials were all made during the war by the officers of the Confederate Government. Towards the close of the war our supply of mercury, of foreign importation, became exhausted. This was an extremely serious situation, as no mercury could possibly then be obtained in the limits of the Confederacy. We began to experiment in substitutes, and fortunately found in Richmond two chemicals, chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony, which, when properly combined, we found answered our purposes satisfactorily, and the battles of the last few months of the war were fought with caps filled with this novel substitute. Our lead was obtained chiefly, and in the last years entirely, from the lead mines near Wytheville, Virginia. The mines were worked night and day, and the lead converted into bullets as fast as received. And the amount used, as shown by the reports, confirmed the old statement made in reference to the wars in Europe that for each man killed in battle his weight in lead is used. The old regulation shrapnel shells were filled with leaden balls and sulphur; we had neither lead nor sulphur to spare and used instead iron balls and asphalt.

The Tredegar Works made very superior cannon, field and siege, and when the copper was exhausted we planned a light cast-iron (*banded* with wrought-iron) 12-pounder, that, in all respects, was equal to the bronze Napoleon. But our best field guns, and in large numbers, were taken from the Federals—captured in battle.

We had no private manufactories to assist, and frequently everything had to be done by the department and the army. During the winter men from General Lee's army cut the timber and shipped it to Richmond, with which artillery carriages were made on which to mount the guns to fight the battles in the spring.

Men followed the army and collected the hides of the slaughtered animals, with which to cover the saddle-trees made of timber cut by details from the men in the field.

The out-put of the army, brought from Harpers Ferry to Richmond, was wholly inadequate. Our arms were of foreign importation somewhat, but mostly captured from the enemy. At the close of the war the Richmond arsenal, the main one in the Confederacy, could not have armed five thousand troops.

To make nitre a special bureau was organized; and on a large

scale, throughout the Confederacy, artificial nitre beds were early formed, and an abundant supply was furnished with which to manufacture gunpowder.

The large arsenal at Augusta, Georgia, under the management of Colonel Rains, was especially devoted to the manufacture of powder. Towards the close of the war it was making an abundant supply of very superior character, equal and superior to the best importation from foreign sources. In the explosion of the magazine by my order, on the morning of the surrender of Richmond—probably the last official act of the Confederacy in Richmond—a large amount of this superior powder was destroyed, and its force manifested by a destruction not contemplated.

When we consider the absence of manufactories and machinery, and of skilled mechanics in the South at the beginning of the war, its successfully furnishing ordnance supplies for so large an army during the four eventful years is a striking evidence of the wonderful energy and resources and ability of its people to overcome difficulties.

The success of the Ordnance Department was, in a large measure, due to the intelligence and devotion of its officers, selected by the sifting process of special examinations.

I must add this, that never was an order received from General Lee's army for ammunition that it was not immediately supplied, even to the last order of sending a train-load of ammunition to Petersburg after the order was received for the evacuation of Richmond.

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

WM. LEROY BROWN.

I shall not apologize for quoting this letter at length, because it is full of interesting information, and I thank the author for his prompt response to my request, and for the valuable contribution he makes to the subject I am discussing. His letter tells, in a brief and concise form, the story of difficulties, and the ability with which they were overcome by a devoted people. It discloses how full of expedients the Southern people were and with what singular ingenuity and energy they put them in practice.

It would be highly instructive and interesting if I could procure, in this connection, statements in regard to the other great bureaus of the Confederate Government—the quartermaster, subsistence and medical—and lay before you what was accomplished by them, and enumerate some of the disadvantages under which the distinguished

heads of these bureaus labored. They were organized without even a nucleus, and organized and put in vigorous operation after active hostilities had begun, and while armies were fighting in the field. The staff corps, including the adjutant and inspector-general's and engineer departments, were equal to any in the military establishments of modern times, and although material to supply them was scarce, they were able to meet the exigencies of a stupendous destructive war in a satisfactory manner, and kept armies in the field which often defeated, by their irresistible courage and discipline, the finest armies in Christendom. They enabled these armies to continue an unequal struggle for four years, and command the admiration of the world by their dashing courage, fortitude and sacrifices.

Now, when we can look back and calmly survey the fields of our embarrassments, and dispassionately contemplate what was accomplished in the face and in spite of them, it does appear "almost phenomenal."

Who of those trying days does not recall the shifts which the Southern people had to adopt to provide for the sick and wounded: the utilization of barks and herbs for the concoction of drugs, the preparation of appliances for hospitals and field infirmaries? What surgeons in any age or in any war excelled the Confederate surgeons in skill, ingenuity or courage?

Who does not recall the sleepless and patient vigilance, the heroic fortitude and untiring tenderness of the fair Southern women in providing articles of comfort and usefulness for their kindred in the field, preparing with their dainty hands from their scanty supplies food and clothing for the Confederate soldiers, establishing homes and hospitals for the sick and disabled, and ministering to their wants with a gentle kindness that alleviated so much suffering and pain? Do the annals of any country or of any period furnish higher proofs of self-sacrificing courage, self-abnegation and more steadfast devotion than was exercised by the Southern women during the whole progress of our desperate struggle? If so, I have failed to discover it.

The suffering of the men from privations and hunger, from the wounds of battle and the sickness of camp, were mild inconveniences when compared with the anguish of soul suffered by the women at home, and yet they bore it all with surpassing heroism. No pen can ever record the half of their sacrifices, and no tongue can ever do justice to their imperishable renown. The shot and shell of invading armies could not intimidate, nor could the rude presence of a sometimes ruthless enemy deter their dauntless souls.

To my mind there has been nothing in history or past experience comparable to their fortitude, courage and devotion. Instances may be cited where the women of a country battling for its rights and liberties have sustained themselves under the hardest fate, and made great sacrifices for the cause they loved and the men they honored and respected, but I challenge comparison in any period of the world's history with the sufferings, anxieties, fidelity and firmness of the fair, delicate women of the South during the struggle for Southern independence and since its disastrous termination. Disappointed in the failure of a cause for which they had suffered so much, baffled in the fondest hopes of an earnest patriotism, impoverished by the iron hand of relentless war, desolated in their hearts by the cruel fate of unsuccessful battle, and bereft of the tenderest ties that bound them to earth, mourning over the dismalest prospect that ever converted the happiest, fairest land to waste and desolation, consumed by anxiety and the darkest forebodings for the future, they have never lowered the exalted crest of true Southern womanhood, nor pandered to a sentiment that would compromise with dishonor. They have found time, amid the want and anxiety of desolated homes, to keep fresh and green the graves of their dead soldiers, when thrift and comfort might have followed cringing and convenient oblivion of the past. They had the courage to build monuments to their dead, and work with that beautiful faith and silent energy which makes kinship to angels, and lights up with the fire from heaven the resistless power of woman's boundless capabilities. When men have flagged and faltered, dallied with dishonor and fallen, the women of the South have rebuilt the altars of patriotism and relumed the fires of devotion to country in the hearts of halting manhood. They have borne the burden of their own griefs, and vitalized the spirits and firmness of the men.

All honor, all hail to woman's matchless achievements, and thanks, a thousand thanks, for the grand triumph and priceless example of her devoted heroism. Appropriately may she have exclaimed:

"Here I and sorrow sit,

This is my throne, let kings come bow to it."

And yet even to this day, in certain minds, the "staying qualities" of the Southern people is denied. Quick to anger they say, impetuous, irascible, but unequal to continuous effort or the accomplishment of great ends. To the world at large, this delusion was dispelled by their conduct in the great war. In the few minds

diseased by prejudice and malignity it may be denied, but we can afford to interpose the recorded facts of history to offset these, and pity the bigotry that will gainsay them.

A recent writer in one of the periodicals of the day has graphically described the straits of the Press of the South, in the following language :

"Side by side with the reports of battles and the records of peace commissions, congresses and legislatures, the blurred columns of the Confederate Press were wont to teem with domestic recipes for cheap dishes, directions for raising and utilizing various vegetable products, instructions for making much of little in matters pertaining to every phase of household life. Hard by a list of dead and wounded would stand a recipe for tanning dog skins for gloves; while the paragraphs just succeeding the closing column of the description of a naval engagement off Hampton Roads were directions for the use of boneset as a substitute for quinine.

"The journals of that day were printed usually upon the poorest paper, made of straw and cotton rags, and so brittle that the slightest touch mutilated it. The ink, like the paper, was of the cheapest and commonest, and left its impression, not only on the face of the sheet, but on the hands no less than on the mind of the reader. Few fonts of new type found their way into the Confederacy during the war, and at the end of four years the facilities for printing had come to a low ebb. It was no uncommon thing for publishers to issue half sheets in lieu of a complete paper, with scarcely an apology to subscribers for the curtailment of their literary and news rations. It was generally understood that this happened only through stern necessity, and not from any disposition on the part of the newspaper men to give less than an equivalent for the subscription price.

"Sometimes the journal which on yesterday appeared in all the glory of a six-column page was to-day cut down to a four column half sheet, or publication was suspended with the announcement that the stock of materials had been exhausted, and that as soon as the office could be replenished publication would be resumed. Eagerly as the rough sheets were looked for, and closely as they were read, a diminution of matter in them, or a failure to appear, caused only passing comment or dissatisfaction. Men's minds were so filled with the thousand things that each day brought forth about them, there were so many rumors in the air, and news flew so rapidly, even without newspaper aid, as to cause them not too greatly to miss that which to-day has come to be one of the veriest neces-

sities of American life—a daily journal full of all the doings of all the world.

"Sometimes even the coarse straw paper failed the publishing fraternity, when an edition was absolutely imperative, yet in such emergency the inventive talent never deserted them. It was considered a wonderful journalistic feat on the part of its publishers for *The Vicksburg Citizen*, during the siege of that city, to make its appearance, when all other resources had failed, upon wall-paper.

"Publishers of books and sheet-music occupied a scarcely less helpless condition than the newspaper people. Their sole grounds of superiority consisted in the fact that the demands upon them were not so urgent. The girl who sang to her soldier-lover the popular songs of that time, 'Lorena,' 'When This Cruel War is Over,' 'The Standard Bearer,' or 'Harp of the South,' which were all duly advertised 'at the retail price of \$1 per sheet; the trade supplied, however, at half off, with an additional discount where one hundred of one piece are ordered,' did not experience that immediate and insistent need of the song and its music which men and women alike felt for the newspaper that would tell them where the last battle had been fought, which army had been victorious, who had been promoted, and who had fallen. The fateful column might contain evil or good report of some dear one, and its coming was full of interest and apprehension. Yet the sheet-music, printed, like the newspapers, in the roughest style, upon the commonest paper, with now and then a caricatured lithographic likeness of some Confederate general on the title-page, continued to be sold and sung, even though its price ran from \$1 to \$2 per sheet.

"War-songs and war-music were the order of the day, and the soldiers in the camps and the small boys in ragged jackets shouted with an equal zest,

The despot's heel is on thy shore!

or,

Farewell forever to the star-spangled banner!

from diminutive paper-covered books of martial ballads. The little song books cost anywhere from two and a half to five Confederate dollars, and their contents, with a few notable exceptions, were as mediocre as the paper on which they were printed. The sentiment was there, nevertheless, and this was cared for by the singers more than the music or the lyrical or literary excellence of the songs.

"The missionary and religious publishing houses never ceased their praiseworthy labor of printing tracts and pamphlets for distribution among the soldiers, but publications of a more ambitious or secular standard were very few. Now and then some adventurous firm in Richmond, or Charleston, or New Orleans, would issue a badly-printed edition of a new novel, reproduced from a copy smuggled in 'through the lines,' or brought by the blockade runners from Nassau. Still, even 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' and 'Les Miserables,' which first appeared in the South in this way and this dress, lost much of their attractiveness in their Confederate garb of inferior ink, bad type, and worse paper."—*A. C. Gordon in The Century.*

Some of the sentiments which found their expression under such circumstances are as imperishable as the human language, and will survive the brilliant exploits of war and outlive the glamour of military glory.

I need not advert to the perfect form of constitutional government, brought into being by Southern men, nor do more than refer to the Constitution framed by her statesmen, to prove their capacity for the conduct of affairs, and to disprove the charge that they aimed at the subversion of republican government.

The Confederate Government and the Confederate Constitution was an improvement in many essential particulars on the one under which they had lived, and to which they have renewed their allegiance. In principle they are the same, but in detail they differ.

The laws passed by the Confederate Congress, composed exclusively of Southern men, may well challenge comparison in wisdom, in simplicity, in sufficiency with the statutes of any country. They are matters of record, and I cannot and need not do more than refer to them to illustrate how well equipped and capable Southern statesmen were for the successful conduct of constitutional government.

And I need only call attention to the messages of that illustrious man, the chief executive of the Confederate Government, profound in their knowledge and acquaintance with the truest science of human government, to the reports of his chief Cabinet officers, to prove how well fitted they were for the administration of a republican form of government. Nor is it needful to do more than invite criticism of the opinions and decisions of the judges who adorned the Confederate courts, to demonstrate their capabilities for judicial administration.

If I were to venture into the domain of criticism myself, I should be tempted to complain that all departments of the Confederate Government hewed too closely to constitutional lines for the most efficient results in times of revolution. But if this be true, it only shows how devoted they were to the principles of a government restrained by constitutional limitations.

The strategic and tactical talent of Confederate generals, their capacity to organize large armies, to discipline and supply them from scanty and constantly diminishing stores, their executive ability, their fertility in expedients; in fine, their genius for war will not, I think, be questioned by any fair-minded critic. And the dash and *elan* of the private soldier, his aptitude for arms, his powers of endurance, his audacity and pluck in battle, his tenacity, his intelligent conformity to the rigid rules of discipline, will be readily admitted by the most hypercritical observer.

Our enemies of that day, in fact, the military students of all countries, learned some valuable lessons in the art of war from Confederate soldiers, and the former turned many of them upon us, and thereby compassed our discomfiture and ultimate defeat.

I think we may, therefore, safely claim, without the charge of vain-glory and boasting, that the Southern people, in their prolonged and desperate struggle for a separate existence, developed a wonderful civil, military and industrial genius, and may confidently rely upon the judgment of impartial history for their vindication in that behalf. The same elements exist with us to day, intensified in the crucible of adversity, and will exert themselves in bringing their section abreast with the foremost regions of the enlightened world, and thereby contribute, as they have always done, to the success and permanency of republican institutions in America; and to the glory and greatness of that Union to which they have, in good faith, renewed their allegiance.

On motion of William L. Royall, Esq., it was—

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association be tendered General M. C. Butler for his able address, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of it for publication.

On motion of Hon. Theodore S. Garnett, of Norfolk, Virginia, it was—

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to nominate officers of the Society for another year.

Whereupon the Chairman appointed as a committee on nomination, Messrs. T. S. Garnett, John B. Cary, Robert Stiles, Frank D. Hill and Joseph V. Bidgood. Before the committee retired the President, General Taliaferro, briefly addressed the Association, expressing his appreciation of the honor with which he had been invested for several years—one which he held to be among the greatest that could be conferred on man. His descendants to the third and fourth generation, he declared, would be proud of the fact that he had been thus distinguished by his fellow-soldiers and patriots. But he thought that the enviable honor should not be monopolized by one man, and he hoped that it would now be conferred upon some one among the many worthy then present.

On motion of Hon. George L. Christian, it was—

Resolved, That Comrade Carlton McCarthy be appointed a committee of one to solicit subscriptions in sums of one dollar or less for a monument to the private soldiers of the Confederate States Army, said monument to be erected on Libby Hill.

The committee on the nomination of officers returning, reported the following, who were unanimously elected :

President, General William H. Payne, of Fauquier county ; Vice-Presidents, General John R. Cooke, of Richmond city ; Colonel Charles Marshall, of Baltimore, Maryland ; Hon. James H. Skinner, of Staunton ; Captain Philip W. McKinney, of Farmville ; General Thomas T. Munford, of Richmond city ; Treasurer, Robert S. Boshier, Esq., of Richmond city ; Secretary, Private Carlton McCarthy, of Richmond city. Executive Committee : Colonel William H. Palmer, Colonel Archer Anderson, Major Thomas A. Brander, Hon. George L. Christian, and John S. Ellett, Esq.

The meeting being adjourned, the Association then repaired to the refreshment rooms of Captain Andrew Pizzini, Jr., where a choice and bounteous collation was served, and a season of joyous greeting and interchange prevailed.

"Battle of Shiloh."

Refutation of the so-called "Lost Opportunity, on the Evening of April 6th," 1862.

By General THOMAS JORDAN, Adjutant-General of the Confederate Forces that were Engaged.

Although I have shown in a former article, published in the New Orleans *Picayune*, that under the rules which would govern in the courts of justice, the report of General Bragg would not be taken as evidence of anything, waiving the illegitimate furtive nature attached to the whole of it, I propose to show that even had it been actually written when and where pretended on its face, and had it ever reached me and subsequently in due official course been handed to General Beauregard, all the same the sub-reports of all the brigade and regimental commanders of his corps concurrently contradict the statement of that report, which in effect alleges that he had set on foot a hostile movement against the last Federal position of the 6th of April, that had "every prospect of success, but which was stopped by an order" from General Beauregard to "withdraw the forces beyond the enemy's fire."

Beginning with General Chalmers, whose report is dated six days after the battle, and of whom Bragg found it pertinent to say that while he could not "exceed the measure of my expectations * * * never were troops and commander more worthy of each other," that officer, thus lauded, gives this vivid sketch :

"It was about four o'clock in the evening, and after distributing ammunition, we received orders from General Bragg to drive the enemy into the river. My brigade, together with that of General Jackson, filed to the right and formed facing the river, and endeavored to press forward to the water's edge, but in attempting to mount the last ridge we were met by a fire from a whole line of batteries protected by infantry, and assisted by shells from the gunboats. Our men struggled vainly to ascend the hill, which was very steep, making charge after charge without success, but continued to fight until night closed hostilities on both sides. During the engagement, Gage's battery was brought up to our assistance, but suffered so severely that it was soon compelled to retire. This was the sixth fight in which we had been engaged during the day, and the men were too much exhausted to storm the batteries on the hill, and they

were brought off in good order, formed in line of battle, and slept on the battlefield, where I remained with them."

General J. K. Jackson, of the same division (Withers's), of Bragg's corps, reporting on the 26th of April, 1862, or twenty days after the battle, is equally specific upon all the points involved in this passage of his report:

"My brigade was ordered to change direction again, face toward Pittsburg, where the enemy appeared to have made his last stand, and to advance upon him, General Chalmers's brigade being again on my right. * * * * Without ammunition and with only their bayonets to rely on, steadily my men advanced under a heavy fire from light batteries, siege-pieces and gunboats. Passing through the ravine, they arrived near the crest of the opposite hill upon which the enemy's batteries were, but could not be urged further without support. Sheltering themselves against the precipitous side of the ravine, they remained under this fire for some time. Finding an advance without support impracticable, remaining there under fire useless, and believing any further forward movement should be made simultaneously along the whole line, I proceeded to obtain orders from General Withers, but before seeing him was ordered by a staff-officer to retire. This order was announced to me as coming from General Beauregard, and was promptly communicated to my command. In the darkness of the night which had fallen upon us my regiments became separated from each other, etc. Thus closed Sunday, April 6th, upon my brigade."

But, as may likewise be seen from General Jackson's report, it was already so late that in the darkness he lost his brigade, and, unable even to find it the next morning, was assigned "by some staff officer, not now recollected" (Colonel Jordan, as it happened), "to the command of other troops during the Monday's battle."—(*Rebellion Records*, Volume X, Part I, page 555.)

Colonel Deas, commanding another brigade of the same division and corps (Bragg's), reporting as early as the 25th of April, 1862, through Withers, states of this stage of the battle:

"Here, in the hot pursuit, the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth Alabama became separated from me in the woods, and before I had time to find them I received an order from General Withers to form on the extreme left, where I remained until night came on (with the Twenty-second Alabama and First Louisiana, two hundred and twenty-four men, with fifteen rounds of ammunition), and then attempted to get back to the camp I had left (Federal), but got to a different one. My

men being now completely exhausted, and not having had anything to eat since morning."—(*Rebellion Records*, Volume X, Part I, page 438.)

Now, as to the colonels of the regiments of this division (Withers's), here are their statements touching the last hours of the 6th of April, statements that were before Generals Bragg and Withers when they wrote their reports. Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Chadwick, commanding Twenty-sixth Alabama, as early as April 12th reports that :

"Having only about two hundred men left, and seeing that they must all be sacrificed if I remained, without gaining any material advantage, I withdrew them to a wood in the rear of a field and awaited orders. Finding no one to whom I could report, and the men being quite exhausted, I moved back to the enemy's camp, near where we had entered in the forenoon. * * * Colonel Collart was able to join us at that place, and ordered the regiment a few hundred yards further back, where we spent the night."—(*Rebellion Records*, Volume X, Part I, page 546.)

Colonel Joseph Wheeler (commanding Nineteenth Alabama, Jackson's brigade, Withers's division) states, that having been ordered to charge the enemy with his regiment to the river, after passing through the deep ravine below the lowest camp, the regiment was halted (by whose orders he does not report) within four hundred yards of the river and remained ready to move forward for half an hour, when night came on and we were ordered to the rear. (*Rebellion Records*, Volume X, Part I, page 559). Colonel John C. Moore, commanding Second regiment of Texas infantry, under date of April 19th, 1862, reports to General Withers :

"After advancing about half a mile we came to a deep ravine and formed ourselves in front of a heavy battery of the enemy at the distance of four hundred or five hundred yards. They opened on us a fire of shot and shell which did but little damage, as the balls generally passed over our heads and across the ravine. After having kept up this fire a considerable time, they then changed the position of some of the guns, placing them so as to bring us a raking fire up the ravine from our right. Seeing this state of things, we made a rapid retreat from our unpleasant position and proceeded back to the camp last taken, having been told that we would here receive further orders. It was dark when we reached camp, and after waiting an hour or so we bivouacked near this encampment in a drenching rain. First Lieutenant Daniel Gallaher was sent to look for ammunition

soon after we took this camp. He did not return, and is supposed to have been taken prisoner."—(*Ibid*, page 562.)

The foregoing statements, especially of the three brigade commanders, Chalmers, Jackson, and Deas, as well as of Colonel Wheeler (a graduate of West Point) and Colonel Moore, certainly give such a picture of the condition of their several brigades and regiments that, had General Withers been brought before a court-martial for the statement in his official report, made on the 20th of June, 1862, which we shall cite, any such court must have found him guilty of conduct that I need not specify at this time. The language in question is as follows :

"This division was moved promptly forward, although some regiments had not succeeded in getting a supply of ammunition, and had just entered a deep and precipitous ravine when the enemy opened a terrific fire upon it. Staff-officers were immediately dispatched to bring up all the reinforcements to be found, and the order was given to brigade commanders to charge the batteries. These orders were being obeyed when, to my astonishment, a large portion of the command was observed to move rapidly by the left flank from under the fire of the enemy. Orders were immediately sent to arrest the commanding officers, and for the troops to be promptly placed in position to charge the batteries. Information was soon brought, however, that it was by General Beauregard's orders, delivered thus directly to brigade commanders, that the troops were being rapidly led from under the fire of the enemy's gunboats. Thus ended the fight on Sunday, and thus was this command disorganized, an evil sorely felt the next day."—(*Ibid*, page 533.)

All the more unwarranted does such language appear from his own immediate admission, that simultaneously with this order to retire out of action, Bragg having placed him in command of all the troops on the right, and "it being now near dark, the order was given to fall back half a mile and bivouac for the night." And just here it is noteworthy, that Withers did not lodge that night with the troops of his own division, but with Colonel Martin, of Breckinridge's division, from which the charitable deduction is, that he was unable to find his own troops; for, otherwise, it was his duty to be with, and attend to, their reorganization and readiness for the next day. Hence, if there be significance in words, he makes it clear that such was the absolute lateness of the hour, that had the attempt been made to carry the Federal batteries—whose fire he characterizes as terrific—with such troops as were there assembled, it would have

resulted in an awful butchery and dispersion of all employed in so insensate, so preposterous an undertaking; and such must be the verdict of any military man who may studiously read the reports of the subordinate officers of Withers's three brigades, and bear in mind the formidable line of fifty-odd pieces of artillery which Webster had improvised, and which Buell had so opportunely supported with Ammen's fresh brigade. Nor was it materially different with the other division of Bragg's corps, for Ruggles who commanded it, and who did splendid service that day, especially in the capture of Prentiss, reports :

"Subsequently (to Prentiss' surrender), while advancing towards the river, I received instructions from General Bragg to carry forward all the troops I could find. I received from Colonel Augustin notice of General Beauregard's orders to withdraw from the further pursuit, and finding soon afterwards that the forces were falling back, I retired with them, just as night set in, to the open field in the rear, and as I received no further orders, I directed General Anderson and Colonel Gibson to hold their troops in readiness, with their arms cleaned, and cartridges supplied for service the next day."—(*Ibid*, page 472)

General Patton Anderson thus describes the situation with his brigade :

"The sun was now near the western horizon, the battle around us had ceased to rage. I met General Ruggles, who directed me to take a road which was not far to my left, and to move down it in the direction of the river. I had not proceeded far, when overtaking me he ordered a halt till some artillery could be taken to the front, when he would give me further directions. Soon after halting, several brigades, composing portions of Generals Polk's and Hardee's commands, filed across the road in front of me, and moved off to the left at a right angle to the road, and commenced forming line of battle in an open field and woods beyond. Several batteries passed down the road in the direction of Pittsburg. One soon returned, and filed off into the field where the infantry was forming. The enemy's gunboats now opened fire. General Ruggles directed me to move forward a short distance, and by inclining to the right to gain a little hollow, which would probably afford better protection for my men against shell than the position I then occupied. I gained the hollow and called a halt, ordering the men to take cover behind the hill and near a little ravine which traversed the hollow. We occupied this position some ten or fifteen minutes, when one of Gene-

ral Ruggles's staff directed me to retire to the enemy's camp beyond the range of his floating guns. In filing off from this position several men were killed and many wounded by the exploding shells of the enemy. It was now twilight. As soon as we had placed a hill between us and the gunboats the troops moved slowly, and apparently with reluctance, from the direction of the river. It was eight o'clock at night before we had reached a bivouac near General Bragg's headquarters, and in the darkness of the night the Twentieth Louisiana and portions of the Seventeenth Louisiana and Confederate Guards got separated from that portion of the command with which I was encamped on other ground. By the assistance of my staff the whereabouts of the whole command was ascertained before we slept."—(*Ibid*, page 499.)

Colonel Randall Lee Gibson is very meagre in his report as to what his brigade did after 3 P. M.; but here is all that he says of what was done after Prentiss' surrender :

"In obedience to orders, we moved with the main body of the army towards the river. I was given command by Brigadier-General Ruggles to retire my command from the fire of the gunboats. In this movement considerable disorder ensued, owing to the fact that all the troops were closely massed. My whole command was kept together for the night, except the Nineteenth Louisiana volunteers, Colonel B. L. Hodge, who, in spite of exertion of his own, did not succeed in reporting to me until after the battle of the 7th."—(*Ibid*, page 480.)

As for Colonel Pond, commanding the Third brigade of Ruggles's division of Bragg's corps, touching his operations after 4 P. M., relating a charge made by his forces pursuant to an order from General Hardee, he says :

"This brought my troops under the fire of the enemy's batteries and three of his regiments in an oblique column instead of line of battle, and the fire became so destructive that the troops recoiled under it. (Hurlbut's division, see *Rebellion Records*, Volume X, Part I, page 205.) The Eighteenth Louisiana (Monton's) suffered severely in this charge, also the Orleans Guards; the Sixteenth Louisiana less than either, being on the right, and consequently in what might be called the rear of the column. As my troops were advancing to this charge, we again received a severe fire from our own troops on the right, which, added to the fire from the enemy, almost disorganized the command. In order to reform, we were compelled to fall back about one hundred and fifty yards to the

enemy's main camp, where we rejoined Colonel Looney with his regiment. * * The charge made on the enemy's battery, in which the Eighteenth regiment suffered so severely, was not in accordance with my judgment. * * I was alone (in the quarter of Owl Creek), without anything to support my own rear or the left of the general line, and therefore felt it my duty to take any step with extreme caution, and to keep my force in hand to hold Owl Creek against any and every contingency.

"When night came," as he goes on to state, he found himself "considerably in advance of our general front, and so fell back without orders," be it noted, from his corps commander, and "slept within a mile of the river, and four hundred yards of the Federal line."—(*Ibid*, page 518.)

It is to be noted that the Eighteenth Louisiana lost two hundred and seven officers and men either killed or wounded in this ill-judged charge. This brigade was not in the quarter of the field with General Bragg, and I refer to the reports of Colonel Pond, Colonel Monton, Major Gober (Sixteenth Louisiana), Colonel Marshall J. Smith and Colonel Looney, Thirty-eighth Tennessee, chiefly to show that no order reached them to retire, and that, up to the very edge of night, they were being employed on the Confederate left by orders of General Hardee in desultory, resultless, though bloody conflicts. Colonel Fagan, of Gibson's brigade, writing as early as the 9th of April, states:

"It was late in the afternoon when the enemy was repulsed, and was followed in the direction of the river (after the capture of Prentiss). That night we slept in the enemy's tents, worn with fatigue, decimated in numbers, but elated that such a hard-fought day had such a glorious close."—(*Ibid*, page 488.)

Evidently Colonel Fagan had not heard of the "Lost opportunity" when he wrote, nor had Colonel H. W. Allen at the date of his report of April 10th, neither had Captain Dubroca (of the Thirtieth Louisiana), who commanded the regiment at the close of the action. Colonel Hodge, of the Nineteenth Louisiana (Gibson's brigade), is thus specific as to the lateness of the hour:

"After the enemy were driven from this stronghold (which Prentiss and Wallace had held), we, with several brigades, moved towards the river. It was then nigh sunset. In accordance with your order (Gibson's) we commenced falling back about dusk, and being separated from the brigade, I conducted the regiment to the camp of the enemy, where I had established a temporary hospital during the day.

I was in the saddle till a late hour of the night, endeavoring to find your headquarters, but unable to do so."—(*Rebellion Records*, Volume X, Part I, page 493.)

Captain W. G. Poole, commanding the Florida battalion, as early as April 12th reports that, after the successful affair with Prentiss, his battalion, with a portion of the brigade (Patton Anderson's) proceeded forward within range of the heavy guns, on the Tennessee river, where "we were for some time exposed to the enemy's shells. * * * We then fell back to the enemy's camp and bivouacked for the night."—(*Ibid*, page 505).

Colonel Charles Jones (Seventh Louisiana), as early as the 11th of April reports that, after taking part in the successful operation against Prentiss, General Anderson, his brigade commander, came up with the Twentieth Louisiana and ordered the line formed:

"At this moment I was wounded in the left arm with a minie-ball and retired. After having my wound dressed, I immediately returned to the field in search of my command. Fell in with General Rugles and reported myself to him. He invited me to remain with him, as the action was drawing to a close. The enemy having retired and left us in possession of the field, and being unable to find more than fifty of my command, I, with my adjutant (also wounded), retired with this small force to the ambulance depot to assist the wounded, and retired for the night."—(*Ibid*, page 506).

Colonel W. A. Stanley (Ninth Texas), of the same brigade and division of Bragg's corps, reported on the 15th of April:

"In the meantime firing continued incessantly on our right; we were then ordered to join the command in that direction, which was reported to have the enemy badly routed and driving them toward their gunboats. After proceeding some distance we found ourselves in the range of shot and shell fired from the boats and vicinity. At this point night put a close to the action of the day of the 6th. We retired from this point to form our encampment for the night, our troops being more or less scattered, some having been completely exhausted by the fatigues of the day. We then formed in two groups, leaving one to encamp on the battlefield and the other near the general hospital."—(*Ibid*, page 509).

Such is the uniform statement made immediately after the battle by all the officers of Bragg's corps, whose reports have been published, and not a word is to be found to justify Generals Bragg and Withers in the assertion that the forces under them at the time the precautionary order was received to withdraw out of the immediate

fire of the gunboats, would have been able, before the darkness of night set in, to carry the ridge occupied by Webster's fifty-odd guns, supported by Ammen's brigade of Buell's army, as also by the remains of Hurlbut's, Stuart's and W. H. Wallace's brigades, and certain other fragmentary commands that had been organized at the river-side by Grant out of the best material of his broken regiments. Upon this point Ammen's personal diary, dated on the 7th of April, is much more specific and full than his official report, that I must be excused for quoting at length from my former West Point professor as follows:

"General Nelson went over in the first boat with the Thirty-Sixth Indiana, Colonel Grose; General Nelson ordered me to remain and see my brigade over. * * * * On the top of the banks near some buildings I found the Thirty-Sixth Indiana partly formed in line. * * * * Here, too, were Generals Grant, Buell, and Nelson, * * * * General Grant directed me to support the battery about sixty to one hundred yards to the left of the road, which was done as soon as the line could be formed, probably three or four minutes, Generals Buell and Nelson, assisting. The Thirty-Sixth Indiana, and part of the Sixth Ohio volunteer infantry, were placed in position behind the crest of the hill, near the battery, the left protected by a deep ravine parallel to the river and having water in it."

General Buell himself, who had reached Pittsburg Landing ahead of Ammen, with his Chief of Staff, Colonel Fry, reports on the 15th of April, 1862:

"It (Ammen's brigade) was immediately posted to meet the attack at that point and, with a battery of artillery which happened to be on the ground and was brought into action, opened fire upon the enemy and repulsed him. The action of the gunboats also contributed very much to that result. The attack upon that point was not renewed, night having come on, and the fire ceased on both sides."—(*Ibid.*, C. 299).

"The right about three hundred yards from the landing. General Buell selected the position, and was with us when the Rebels reached the crest of the hill, received our fire, were shaken, fell back, advanced again, etc. The assaults of the enemy were met by our troops and successfully resisted. About five minutes after we were in position, the Rebels made the first attack, and kept on a quarter to half an hour (dusk) when they withdrew. Our loss was only one man killed. We were down the slope of the hill, and, the

enemy firing before they depressed their pieces, the balls went over our heads; our men, in the hurry, fired the same way, the balls followed the slope of the ground and were destructive."—(*Rebellion Records*, Volume X, Part I, pages 333-34).

The hour that Ammen's brigade marched up the hill from Pittsburg Landing, and the lateness of the repulse, is thus reported by General Nelson as early as April 10th:

"At 5 P. M. the head of my column marched up the bank at Pittsburg Landing, and took up its position in the road under fire of the Rebel artillery, so close had they approached the landing. I found a semi-circle of artillery, totally unsupported by infantry, whose fire was the only check to the audacious approach of the enemy. The Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana had scarcely deployed when the left of the artillery was completely turned by the enemy, and the gunners fled from their pieces. The gallantry of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, supported by the Sixth Ohio, under the able conduct of Colonel Ammen, drove back the enemy and restored the line of battle. This was at 6:30 P. M., and soon after the enemy withdrew, owing, I suppose, to the darkness."—(*Ibid*, page 324).

Further, and finally, General Prentiss in his report fixes the hour when he surrendered, after one of the most resolute, obstinate defenses of an untrenched position that was made during the whole war, namely, at 5:30 P. M., while Colonel Gedde, of the Eighth Iowa, did not surrender his forces at this point until 6 P. M. Colonel Grose, of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, also reports, on the 8th of April, that "the firing continued until near dusk," (*Ibid*, page 337); while Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas L. Anderson, Sixth Ohio, reports that his regiment was disembarked at about five o'clock on the evening of the 6th of April, and marched up the hill as quietly as possible, "and that under Ammen's orders it was placed in support of a battery," (*Ibid*, page 339). Further, Colonel F. C. Jones reports that "the Twenty-fourth Ohio was landed at 5:30 P. M. and formed in line of battle on the river hill," (*Ibid*, page 339).

General Hurlbut's report (April 12th) likewise serves to throw light upon the Federal and Confederate situation after the capture of Prentiss, and he was forced back to the river: "On reaching the 24-pound siege guns in battery," he states, "I again succeeded in forming line of battle in rear of the guns, and by direction of Major-General Grant I assumed command of all the troops that came up. Broken regiments and disordered battalions came into line gradually upon my division. Major Cavender posted six of his 20-pound

pieces on my right, and I sent my aid to establish the light artillery, all that could be found on my left, * * * many gallant soldiers and brave officers rallied steadily on the new line. * * * In a short time the enemy appeared on the crest of the ridge, led by the Eighteenth Louisiana, but were cut to pieces by the murderous and steady fire of our artillery. Dr. Cornyn again took charge of one of the heavy 24-pounders, and the fire of that gun was the one on which the fire of the other pieces concentrated. * * * Captain Gwin, United States Navy, had called on me, by one of his officers, to mark the place the gunboats might open fire. I advised him to take a position on the left of my camp ground and open fire as soon as our fire was within that line. He did so. * * * And his fire was most effective in stopping the advance of the enemy on Sunday afternoon and night. About dusk the firing ceased." (*Ibid*, page 205.) All the sub-reports of the officers of his division confirm this statement, that the contest only ceased at about dusk, and that not until night came on did the enemy (Confederates) withdraw.

If more evidence be necessary to show the absolute groundlessness of General Bragg's averment, in effect that he would have carried the Webster position notwithstanding the heavy battery of fifty-odd guns that garnished it and the gunboats whose fire swept all the approaches thereto, certainly further credulity must now cease before the words of his staff-surgeon, the eminent Dr. J. C. Nott, of Mobile, written as early as November 6th, 1867. After saying that he had ridden by the side of General Bragg through the greater part of the day; had been with him at the close of the battle, and rode away with him after the battle was over, Dr. Nott added that, when beside Bragg on horseback at the close of the day, he heard him give orders to withdraw the troops from the field, and also for their disposition for the night, and that his "impression at the time was that General Bragg gave the order of his own responsibility." * * * "Our men," explains Dr. Nott, "immediately in front of whom we were standing, were too much demoralized and indisposed to advance in the face of the shells (from the gunboats), which were bursting over us in every direction, and my impression was (this was also the conclusion of General Bragg) that our troops had done all that they would do, and had better be withdrawn. The scene in front of General Bragg and myself was one of considerable confusion. * * * If he had received and disapproved such an order (to retire), it is probable that something would have been said about it." (*Military Operations of General Beauregard*, by Colonel Roman, page 535.)

Captain Clifton H. Smith, who carried to Bragg the order that General Beauregard really did give, states that it was in these words :

"Ride to the front and instruct General Bragg to arrest the conflict and reform the lines." Smith also writes that he found Bragg "in a slight ravine in rear of Ruggles's division, accompanied by his staff and escort. * * * He had evidently but just retired from some portion of his line of battle. General Ruggles himself was immediately at hand. * * * I am confident none of his troops in that immediate quarter were in offensive action at that moment ; for I can only remember hearing a dropping fire of musketry, and not the regular roll of a line of battle in action, which, once heard, is ever after easily recognized. I communicated your (Beauregard) order to General Bragg in the exact words I had received it, without one syllable of comment. He (Bragg) transmitted the same to his division commanders. * * General Bragg turning to me asked, can you conduct me to the place where General Beauregard is at present ? I replied in the affirmative, and we left the front, riding towards the point where I had parted with you (Beauregard), and where I had left you in conversation with General Prentiss. * * * When I reached General Bragg the troops appeared to me to be essentially at a standstill, judging from the character of the firing and the condition of those presented to my view. * * I perfectly recollect walking with him (Bragg), after dismounting, to the spot where you were, and calling his (Bragg's) attention to the fact that he was in your (Beauregard's) presence. It was quite dark, and he was at first unable to distinguish you. The darkness settles in my mind the time of our return to your headquarters." Smith further states, circumstantially, that the distance traversed by Bragg and himself was between one and two miles—no more ; that is, not exceeding twenty minutes in time. As will be seen in his report of February 7th, 1863, General Hardee connects himself with what I may here properly call by its right name, the conspiracy of the story of the "Lost Opportunity at Shiloh," in words which rather suggest than outrightly express blame and criticism, to-wit:

"Upon the death of General Johnston, the command having devolved upon General Beauregard, the conflict was continued until near sunset, and the advance divisions were within a few hundred yards of Pittsburg, where the enemy huddled in confusion, when the order to withdraw was received. The troops were ordered to bivouac on the field of battle. Exhausted by fasting and the toils of the day, scattered and disordered by continued combat of twelve hours, many

straggled to find food amid the profuse stores of the enemy, or shelter in the forest."—(*Rebellion Records*, Volume X, Part I, pages 569, 570).

This paragraph is all literally true, but it does not give the whole of the truth of the situation, and, whether framed or not to that end, it has been used to give gravamen to the theory, that but for the order to withdraw out of action so complete a victory must have been gained, late as it was, or after sunset, as to have prevented any serious battle the next day. This preposterous supposition people are asked to accept, and Hardee is adduced in effect by Colonel William Preston Johnston as having been of that belief. Hardee, who virtually confesses that at sunset his men had been fighting twelve continuous hours without food, and that his own corps was so utterly out of his own hands, that he had to seek that night a sleeping place with Colonel Martin, of Breckinridge's reserve division.

Of his subordinates, who were in that quarter of the field where Hardee was personally present (the Confederate left), Brigadier-General Cleburne, as distinguished subsequently for soldierly ability as for personal intrepidity, reports that after having exhausted his ammunition and been obliged to replenish it after much delay, he again advanced and continued to move forward until checked by a heavy fire from the enemy's field artillery (Hurlbut's and McClellan's troops, as may be seen) and gunboats. When this firing ceased, he again advanced until halted by an aid from General Beauregard, who informed him that he was not to approach nearer the river. "It was now dark," says Cleburne, "so I returned and encamped near the Bark road. Every fifteen minutes the enemy threw two shells from his gunboats, some of which burst close among my men." (*Ibid*, page 582). I may also add that from about two thousand seven hundred officers and men on the morning of the 6th of April, Cleburne found his brigade muster but eight hundred on the morning of the 7th. (*Ibid*, page 582). Brigadier-General Wood, who commanded Hardee's third brigade, says that under orders from General Hardee to move to the centre and front, he took his troops under and beyond the shells of the gunboats, until, coming on a line of troops (Confederates) in his front, he halted and ordered the men to rest, selecting a position the most secure from the shelling. From the shells, however, at this point he lost ten killed and wounded. "In a short time I saw," says General Wood, "the line on my front moving to the rear around my right. A staff-officer then ordered me to fall back to the encampment we had last

passed, and to allow my men to get something to eat and rest for the night." (*Ibid*, page 593). Here, as we see, were two lines of Confederate troops, not about to rush upon and capture the enemy, but inert when the order to fall back for the night reached them! Unhappily, General Breckinridge made no report. But Colonel Trabue, one of his brigade commanders, has given a very full narrative of his most effective operations during the day, from which I had occasion to quote in the third paper of this series, and from which it is to be seen that, after halting to allow two of his regiments to exchange their guns for Enfield rifles captured from Prentiss, he moved forward to rejoin Breckinridge, who, with Stratham's and Bowen's brigades, was occupying the front line, being on the crest of the hill (or high land), overlooking the narrow valley of the Tennessee river, on which and near by was Pittsburg Landing. "Having been halted here for more than an hour," says Trabue, "we endured a most terrific cannonade and shelling from the gunboats. * * * From this position, when it was nearly dusk, we were ordered to the rear to encamp, which movement was effected in good order * * * in darkness of the night." (*Ibid*, page 616). Colonel Martin, who commanded Breckinridge's second brigade, after Bowen was wounded, also reports that when within from three hundred to four hundred yards of the river, the enemy opened on "his troops with their gunboats and two batteries in position near the river bank, which sounded terribly and looked ugly and hurt but few. Our men began to discover the fact." (*Ibid*, page 622). He does not say, however, that any order was given by General Bragg either to advance or to prepare to advance, all this time, or that any advance or assault was made. But he goes on to say:

"Being near night, I fell back, by an order from General Bragg, to the first encampment in the tents furthest from the river, where we stayed all night. * * * Major-General Hardee and General Withers came to our encampment where they remained all night."—(*Ibid*, page 622).

Dunlap, commanding the Ninth Arkansas of the same brigade, thus reports, April 14th, 1862:

"Continuing to follow the enemy until the position became of extreme peril, placed, as we were, between two batteries, both pouring destructive volleys of grape and cannister into our ranks. In this position we received orders to fall back to a safe position and await further orders. By this time night came on."

Colonel Martin withdrew, * * this closed the fighting of the 6th

of April, he stated, adding that the loss of the regiment was about one hundred killed and wounded. (*Ibid*, 625.) And this brings us to General Polk, the last of the three corps commanders of the Confederate army at Shiloh, referred to by Colonel Johnston as having believed that the "victory was won and would have been consummated by the capture of Grant's army," * * but for Beauregard's "order of withdrawal," late as it was when that order reached anybody; that is to say, on the very edge of dusk, and before even the partial execution of which the darkness of night had settled upon both armies to such an extent that corps and division and brigade, and even regimental commanders, were separated from their commands until the next morning, and even later. General Polk, it is to be noted, fixes five o'clock as the time that his "line" attacked the enemy's troops, the last that were left upon the field, in an encampment "to his right." The attack was made front and flank. The resistance was sharp but short. (*Rebellion Records*, Volume X, pages 1 and 409.) This refers to the attack upon and surrender of Prentiss, which Prentiss himself reports took place at 5:30 P. M. The details which General Polk describes as incident to that surrender, including the arrangements for sending two thousand prisoners to the rear, with the disposition of their arms, could hardly have occupied less than half an hour. That must have made it at least as late as six o'clock before such disposition could be made and leave "the field clear," as he says it was, before the troops with him—now united with those of Generals Bragg and Breckinridge, as also Cheat-ham, with one brigade of his own (Polk's) corps—could possibly be ready to advance in that vigorous manner which he asserts must have made it "the most brilliant victory of the war," as there was "an hour or more of daylight still left." (*Ibid*, page 410.) Of course, as the sun went down not later than 6:25 on the 6th of April, on the field of Shiloh, General Polk, writing nearly six months after the battle, indisputably was in error as to the actual hour, as well as to the readiness of his troops for any further vigorous operations that day. However, from my personal knowledge of Generals Polk, Bragg and Hardee, I am led to say that General Polk was the only one of them who could have believed—when he wrote the substance of what I have quoted—that it was still in the power of Confederate forces he specified to have captured what remained of the Federal army, some twenty-odd thousand men at least, exclusive of Ammen's brigade, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and notwithstanding that the troops were disarrayed and for the most part out of the

hand of their proper commanders, from corps to companies, as is not honestly deniable. We must now see, however, from the reports of his several division, brigade and regimental commanders, as to the condition of their respective commands, whether there were really any rational grounds for General Polk's belief that his troops were capable of the vigorous assault that was essential to make the Confederate operations at that late hour a triumphant success. General A. P. Stewart, a professionally educated soldier, who fell into command of Polk's first division by the disablement of General Clark, reports that after the capture of Prentiss, in which his immediate command had no part, under the orders of General Polk, he moved toward "our left to the support of some Louisiana regiments" (with the Second and Thirty-third and Fifth Tennessee regiments.)

"In passing through the woods," Stewart continued, "the Fifth Tennessee became separated from us. The other two moved forward to a road, and thence by the left flank along the road to the camp where prisoners were captured. We finally took position, under the orders of General Breckinridge, to aid in the pursuit of the enemy, which was checked by the fire of the gunboats!" Nothing here assuredly indicated the existence of that ardor of which their corps commanders say so much in reports which they avoided to dutifully render to General Beauregard, while calling so promptly for those due from their own subordinates—an avoidance of duty in which, I take this immediate occasion to say, they were favored by my illness and absence from the duties of my office from about the middle of May up to the very eve of Beauregard's separation from the army. But for this casualty I am very sure the reports in question would have been elicited before the close of May, and I dare to say, moreover, they would have reached my office—at least those of Bragg and Hardee—essentially free from, or not stuffed and effusing with that suggested and directed blame of their commanding general, which have made the reports subsequently transmitted without even approximate similars in the whole round of official military literature. How little prepared, after the surrender of Prentiss, three of his regiments, the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Twenty-second Tennessee regiments of Stewart's division, were to vigorously assail the enemy in the manner so sanguinely fancied by General Polk, is shown by Colonel Russell, their brigade commander, in these definitive words:

"The prisoners being disposed of, I made preparations to move the forces under my command forward toward the river, but Colonel

Freeman (Twenty-second) reported his regiment out of ammunition. The Twelfth and Thirteenth regiments coming up at this time, being in the same condition, I ordered details to proceed to the enemy's camp and supply them. This being done, General Cheatham directed a line to be formed in rear of the encampment and await further orders. The gunboats kept up an incessant fire of shot and shell. After waiting in this position some time, orders were received from General Bragg to fall back out of the range of the gunboats and encamp for the night."—(*Ibid*, page 418.)

The Eleventh Louisiana, another regiment of Russell's brigade, having become separated from the other regiments apparently much earlier in the day, its Lieutenant-Colonel, R. H. Barrow, gives a sketch of the disjointed condition in which his regiment, for example, had fallen as early as 3 P. M.

"The engagement was now general; the fighting desperate; our men hurried from point to point as exigencies required, until those who had up to this time remained together were greatly cut up and divided, rendering it impossible to rally any considerable number upon any one point. From this time and in this manner a large majority, if not all of our men, I believe, continued to fight throughout the day. I was ordered toward evening by Captain Blake (of Polk's general staff) to take my position with what men I had on the extreme (Confederate) left, where I remained (unengaged evidently) until the fighting of the day had ceased; after which I started back to find our hospital, hoping there to find the majority, if not all, of our regiment assembled."—(*Ibid*, page 427.)

He did not find it, however, in the night, and was able next morning only to assemble some sixty-odd of his men. Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Bell (*Ibid*, page 423) confirms Colonel Russell's report, just cited, as also does Colonel A. J. Vaughan, Thirteenth Tennessee, in these terms:

"At this time heavy firing commenced on our right, and I was ordered to support it. I did so, where I met with General Cheatham, who ordered me to remain where I was until further orders. Here I received an order from Colonel Russell to fall back to the rear of his regiment (Twelfth Tennessee), and proceed down the river until we came under the fire of the enemy's gunboats. It being now about dark, I was ordered back to an encampment, where I took quarters for the night."—(*Ibid*, page 425.)

Major James A. Neely commanding Thirteenth Arkansas, of Stewart's brigade, reports that having been severely handled and beaten

back in a somewhat early part of the day, until reinforced by General Beauregard, he returned into action and pursued the enemy to near the river, where he remained with the regiment "under the bombs from the gunboats until dark. We then repaired southeast, near General Stewart's hospital, at which we encamped for the night." (*Ibid*, page 432.) And here is a report which certainly does not accord with the story of the readiness and organization of the troops in the advance, after Prentiss was overcome, for a vigorous onset in such force as to assure the capture of Grant's army at the river side. I refer to these words in the report of Lieutenant-Colonel Strahl, commanding the First regiment Tennessee volunteers :

"I then marched the regiment a short distance to the rear, had the men wipe out their guns, many of them being so dirty they could not load, fill their cartridge-boxes and replenish their canteens with water. We then marched forward into line, and continued in line until after dark, when we fell back in order to get out of reach of the shells from the gunboats."—(*Ibid*, page 432.)

Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Venable, commanding the Fifth Tennessee, of Stewart's brigade, judging from his report, could not have been part of that puissant force which was about to swoop down upon, throttle and carry off from under the guns of the naval vessels the whole Federal army after 6 o'clock in the afternoon of an April day ; for after having, by a movement of his regiment, as he reports, "closed the only avenue of escape" for General Prentiss, and thus assured his capture, he next flanked to the left about three hundred yards and halted to rest ; but, in a few moments, "the shelling from the gunboats was so severe as to be unbearable, killing and wounding several of (his) men," whereupon he "retired to a ravine and remained until dusk, and then moved back and encamped for the night." (*Rebellion Records*, Volume X, Part I, page 434.) Again, Colonel A. W. Campbell, commander of the Thirty-third Tennessee, of the same division (Stewart's), as may be seen, having expended the ammunition of the right wing of his regiment, he halted it until ammunition could be procured, which detained them for some time, "after which, advancing toward the river until night, we returned to the cross-roads and bivouacked near the cross-roads." (*Ibid*, page 435.) And now I have to quote the report of General Cheatham, dated April 30, which is wholly irreconcilable with and subversive of the story of the "Lost Opportunity" : "Broken and routed he (enemy) apparently, from all directions, seemed flying toward the river, and our own forces as generally closing upon him. * * * *

With the balance of my command I pressed forward and joined Colonel Maney, who had now become my advance, and had in pursuit captured and sent to the rear many of the enemy. About this time a halt was made for the purpose of some concentration of our forces for a concerted attack upon the enemy, then understood to have concentrated on the river bank, under the shelter of the gunboats, from which, at the time, an active shelling was being kept up on our advance. My own and other commands came rapidly forward, but many regiments having entirely exhausted their ammunition, a halt of some time was necessary for the purpose of replenishing. The day was now far advanced, and before the proper preparations were made darkness prevented further operations that day, and all commands were withdrawn for the night out of range of the shells from the enemy's gunboats."—(*Ibid*, pages 439-40.)

It goes without saying that all the reports of his officers confirm General Cheatham's lucid explanation of the last hour of the 6th of April, but I will only cite the following from Colonel George Maney, commanding one of Cheatham's brigades:

"During a constant press forward, the best means of securing the advantage already gained, I made but a short halt (after capture of Prentiss) in the position from which the enemy had been driven, and with the First and Ninth Tennessee regiments continued my advance as rapidly in the direction of his flight. He (Hurlbut) made no rally before my command, * * and I was halted near, for the purpose, as I understood,* of allowing some concentration of our troops for attacking the enemy at the rear and near his gunboats. Our force came rapidly up, but it was already quite late in the day, and they halted near a deserted camp of the enemy, a shorter distance in my rear and to the right, for the purpose of replenishing their ammunition. I held the position at which I had been halted until dark, the enemy all the while keeping up an active shelling from his gunboats, which proved, however, more noisy than destructive. At dark, finding our troops generally retiring, and understanding it was the order for all to do so, I withdrew my command for the night, and this ended their part in the battle of Sunday."—(*Ibid*, page 455).

I will close this part of the issue raised with Colonel Johnston, by the statement of Colonel David Urquhart, of the staff of General Bragg, of August 2d, 1880, in answer to a letter from me that after leaving me he rejoined General Bragg:

"Who I found engaged with the Federal troops, who were now

disputing every inch. At about sunset an order came from General Beauregard to withdraw, collect and reorganize the troops, all of whom had become greatly broken and intermixed. * * * At the time this order was given, the plain truth must be told, that our troops at the front were a thin line of exhausted men, who were making no further headway, and were glad to receive orders to fall back. * * * Several years of subsequent service have impressed me that General Beauregard's order for withdrawing the troops was most timely; otherwise the collection and reorganization of troops, that took place that night, could not have been made, and the army would not have been in condition to make the obstinate head which it did on the next day against Grant and Buell's combined armies, up to the moment in the afternoon when it was withdrawn, carrying off so considerable a part of the enemy's artillery and in such good order that Buell's and Grant's armies did not venture to follow."—(*Military Operations of General Beauregard*, Volume I, page 551).

My summary of so much of the published official documents as bear at all upon the question of the alleged "Lost Opportunity," revived so strenuously in sheer assertion by Mr. Davis and his aide-de-camp, is now concluded. Its fullness will be justified to the reflecting, as it could not be shortened without falling fatally short also of the real object which has incited me to write my papers; that is, to present so vigorous an analysis and exposition of the unquestionable documentary official history of certain mooted phases of the campaign and battle of Shiloh as must leave no foundation hereafter for two honestly entertained opinions among those who, in the pursuit of the truth of history, or from any other cause, may have been at the pains, after reading my papers, to compare their citations with the documents from which they are taken. Without at least as minute an inquisition, the discussion thus recently revived by Mr. Davis and Colonel Johnston would be as endless as any human affair can be. Colonel Johnston has asserted explicitly that it was "the opinion of almost all the officers and men at the front the victory was won, and would have been consummated by the capture of Grant's army without any order of advance from General Beauregard, by the generals actually there, and therefore it was his order of withdrawal which broke up and disintegrated the victorious battle array, as a night was given for the reinforcements of Buell and Lew Wallace to come up."

Such a statement becomes simply shameful, under the light of the closely contemporaneous statements of every division commander,

except one (Withers); of all the brigade and regimental commanders of each Confederate corps, including the reserve whose reports have reached the light; that is, of nearly all commanders present in the battle. It is also shameful to ignore, as he has done, the revelations of the reports of Generals Buell, Nelson and Colonel Ammen's diary, as also the disclosure of the available Federal defensive resources at the time, to be found in the reports of Generals Hurlbut and McClermand. Any student of history, or soldier, who may follow the same line of research that I have, will see that my summary is essentially judicial, because it sets forth in its integrity all that is officially reported contemporaneously on either side of the question, and I challenge the production of a word that I have omitted which can be said to run counter to the unbroken chain of documentary proof which I have adduced. Into the discussion of the further matters relating to General A. S. Johnston's connection with the campaign and battle of Shiloh, asserted and reasserted by his son (Colonel Johnston) so persistently, it is not my purpose to follow him, unless made unavoidable hereafter. I will say, however, that it were very easy to demonstrate that his story—that in the month of January, 1862, General A. S. Johnston had in his possession a map with "Shiloh church" marked upon it by the engineers, and had pointed out to Colonel Bowen that there "the great battle of the southwest will be fought"—is not one whit more historical or less imaginary than the ancient fable of the voyage of Arion to Parnassus on the back of a music-loving dolphin. I may also say that Colonel Johnston seems to aim to present his father as exercising a brawny physical power and influence upon the battle of Shiloh, not unlike that ascribed to Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim, by the English poetaster, Philips, in these lines:

"Churchell viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevailed,
Come to oppose his slaughtering arms. With speed
Precipitate he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes and fallen steeds
Rolling in death. Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Around his head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he,
With due impetuous sway, deals fatal blows
Among the flying Gauls. In Gallic blood
He dyes his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks. What can they do? Or how
Withstand his wide destroying sword?"

And now, in conclusion, I challenge those who have brought on this discussion to make up the issue tangibly as one purely of historical and military import and concern—that is, divested of all family vanities and personal ambitions, for submission, in effect, to the judicial decision of a few such men as Judge Campbell, Secretary Lamar, Senators Vance, Pugh, Colquitt and Eustis, Governor Haygood, General E. P. Alexander, or many score of such other gentlemen of the South whom I could name as capable of deciding according to the clear documentary evidence. But let the issue be made so broad as to embrace several subjects which have not been touched upon in my papers. For example to begin with, “Was the military situation on the part of the Confederates in the department under the command of General A. S. Johnston such as to make the loss of Fort Donelson an inevitable result? Or, in other words, was it not in the power of General Johnston, in February, 1862, with the resources of men and transportation at his position, immediately after General Grant invested Fort Henry, to have readily concentrated upon and overcome him with a decisively superior force? Or, in fact, did not the failure on the part of General Johnston to essay such an enterprise, as early as the 7th of February, 1862, cause the loss of Fort Donelson from the outset with the ten thousand troops sent thither after the capture of Fort Henry, and thus make the immediate abandonment of Bowling Green and Columbus absolutely a necessary consequence, with the early abandonment also of Nashville and Middle Tennessee? Let the issue also embrace the question, whether there was not such tardiness and hesitancy on the part of the Confederate movement from Murfreesboro to Corinth, that the junction of Johnson's forces with those of Beauregard at that point, late in March, 1862, was a sheer casualty, due to the want of enterprise on the part of the Federal general to so interpose the forces at his disposition between the divided fragments of his adversary as to make their concentration at Corinth an impossibility? That is to say, was it not in the power of the Confederate commander-in-chief to have assembled his forces a week earlier than he did, and therefore been in the condition to fight General Grant at latest on the first instead of the 6th of April, 1862?”

THOMAS JORDAN,

61 Broadway, New York, September 1, 1887.

They Wore the Gray.—The Southern Cause Vindicated.

An Address by Hon. PETER TURNER, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, before the Tennessee Association of Confederate Veterans, at Nashville, August 8th, 1888.

"The objects of this association being social, historical and benevolent, and its labors being directed to cultivating the ties of friendship between the survivors of the armies and navies of the late Confederate States, to keeping fresh the memories of our comrades who gave up their lives for the cause they deemed right, to the perpetuation of the records of their deeds of heroism, to the collection and disposition, in the manner it deems best, of all materials," etc., we cannot and must not in anywise in the least sympathize with that spirit of seeming apology we sometimes meet.

We retract nothing, and believe the cause in which our comrades fell was just; that they and we were not traitors or rebels against the authorized action of that government from which we seceded; otherwise it would be unlawful and immoral to attempt to keep alive and perpetuate the memories of those who fell, or to preserve for history the records of their deeds of heroism. Nothing unpatriotic, immoral, unlawful or treasonable should be the basis of any association. It would be unpardonable in us to perpetuate, by positive activity, that cause of ours which would brand us as rebels against law, and teach our children that we have violated morals, order and social and political obligation.

We are proposing to do none of these things. A conviction of right and duty impelled us to enter the service of the Confederate States as soldiers; our comrades who gave up their lives, did so in obedience to love of country and its constitutional foundation. The Confederate States were not and are not responsible, morally, legally or politically, for any drop of blood spilled in the late war between the States. Under the principles of the Union, as it then existed, the right of secession was clear. In support of this right, I will say but little else than cite authority. The agitation of the slavery question in its several aspects, with centralization for its great purpose, was a main cause of trouble and separation. The words of the Constitution were: "No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor is due."

Of this clause Judge Story, in delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court in *Prigg v. Pennsylvania*, said: "It cannot be doubted that it constituted a fundamental article, without the adoption of which the Union could not have been formed." 16 Peters. It must, therefore, of course, have been a condition of the Union's continuance.

We will see how this provision of the Constitution was observed and treated by the abolition or free States. Between the years 1810 and 1850 the losses to the South in fugitive slaves amounted to \$22,000,000, an annual loss for that period of \$550,000. The ratio of loss increased as the slave population increased. To what it amounted at the date of secession I am unable to state just now. The curious, however, may readily ascertain. The census for 1810 gave a slave population of 1,191,400; that of 1820, 1,538,100; that of 1830, 2,009,030; that of 1840, 2,487,500; that of 1850, 3,204,300; that of 1860, 3,979,700. Estimating the average value at \$300, the South lost by the emancipation \$1,193,910,000, exclusive of at least \$6,500,000 in fugitives between the years 1850 and 1861.

The claim of the party of coercion, that morality justified the infiction of that loss on the South, is met and fully answered by their head, President Lincoln, who said in the Hampton Roads' conference, "that the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South." History shows the North to be equally responsible at the least, and I undertake to say more so, and I feel sure that I am able to prove it should it ever become necessary.

About the first of May, 1850, the New York State Vigilance Anti-Slavery Committee, of which the famous Gerritt Smith was chairman, held its anniversary meeting in public in the city of New York. I give a single passage from its official report:

"The committee have within the year, since the 1st of May, 1849, assisted one hundred and fifty-one fugitives (for that you know is our business) in escaping from servitude." I cite this as one of many specimens of the respect the anti-slavery people had for constitutional guaranties and protections.

In speaking upon the clause of the Constitution just cited, Mr. Seward, of New York, said in the United States Senate on March 11, 1850: "The law of nations disavows such compacts, the law of Nature written on the hearts and consciences of freemen repudiates them. I know that there are laws of various sorts which regulate the conduct of men. There are constitutions and statutes, codes mercantile, and codes civil; but when we are legislating for States,

especially when we are founding States, all these laws must be brought to the standard of the law of God, must be tried by that standard, and must stand or fall by it. To conclude on this point, we are not slaveholders, we cannot in our judgment be true Christians or real freemen, if we impose on others a claim that we defy all human power to fasten on ourselves." He also said: "Wherein do the strength and security of slavery lie? You answer, that they lie in the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution and laws of the slaveholding States. Not at all. It is in the erroneous sentiments of the American people. Constitutions and laws can no more rise above the virtue of the people than the limpid stream can rise above its spring. Inculcate the love of freedom and the equal rights of man under the paternal roof; see to it that they are taught in the schools and in the churches. Reform your code. Extend a cordial welcome to the fugitive who lays his weary limbs at your door, and defend him as you would your paternal gods. Correct your error, that slavery has any constitutional guarantee which may not be released and ought not to be relinquished. Say to slavery, when it shows its bond and demands the pound of flesh, that if it draws one drop of blood its life shall pay the forfeit. Inculcate that free States can maintain the rights of hospitality and humanity; that executive authority can forbear to favor slavery." Thus it was urged, and attempted to be taught, that the Constitution was the embodiment of crime and oaths to support it of no effect or binding force. That we must regard such obligations as baubles, as things to deceive, as snares to entrap. We were asked to make such doctrines a part of our education and a controlling feature of our religion. To make perjury a pillar of Church and State, and the crime of larceny a commendable virtue. The seeds so sown bore fruit.

Article IV, section 2, of the United States Constitution, ordains: "A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime."

In two instances, Kent and Fairfield, Governors of Maine, refused to comply with this provision on requisitions by the Governor of Georgia for negro thieves.

Governor Seward (afterwards Senator), of New York, made a similar refusal to the same State, saying it was not against the laws of New York to steal a negro. He made a similar refusal to Vir-

ginia. These Governors were sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, and certainly understood its plain command.

In 1793, while Washington was President, an act was passed to carry out the provision for the return of fugitive slaves. It was adopted unanimously in the Senate, and nearly so in the House. The Federal and State courts held it to be constitutional, and yet these Governors refused to execute it.

On the 7th of January, 1861, more than two weeks after South Carolina had passed her ordinance of secession, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, in a speech in the Senate, said: "The Supreme Court has decided that by the Constitution we have a right to go to the territories and be protected with our property. Mr. Lincoln says he does not care what the Supreme Court decides, he will turn us out anyhow. He says this in his debate with the Honorable Senator from Illinois, Mr. Dunlap. I have it before me. He said he would vote against the decision of the Supreme Court."

This charge against Mr. Lincoln was never denied by himself or friends.

Instances of disregard of the Constitution by those sworn to observe it, might be readily multiplied, but I only want to make prominent the principles moving the South to its course

Having seen our rights under and by the Constitution, I will turn attention to that course. The Southern States claimed they were sovereign, having all powers except such as were specially delegated to Congress. They demanded that property in slaves should be entitled to the same protection from the Government of the United States, in all its departments everywhere, which the Constitution confers upon it the power to extend to any other property; provided, nothing shall be construed to limit or restrain the right now belonging to every State to prohibit, abolish, or establish and protect slavery within its limits. That persons committing crimes against slave property in one State and fleeing to another, shall be delivered up in the same manner as persons committing crimes against other property, and that the laws of the State from which such person fled shall be the test of criminality. That Congress should pass efficient laws for the punishment of all persons in any of the States who shall, in any manner, aid and abet invasion or insurrection in any other State, or commit any other act against the laws of nations, tending to disturb the tranquility of the people or government of any other State. That the people of the United States should have an equal right to emigrate to and settle in the present or any future acquired territories,

with whatever property they might possess, and be protected in its peaceable enjoyment until such territory may be admitted into the Union, with or without slavery, as she may determine, on an equality with all existing States. As the Supreme Court has decided, and as the "originally small party" now decides in principle, when in its June platform of 1888 it declares: "The government by Congress of the territories is based upon necessity, only to the end that they become States in the Union; therefore, whenever the conditions of population, material resources, public intelligence and morality are such as to insure stable government therein, the people of such territories should be permitted to form for themselves constitutions on State government and be admitted into the Union." Time and circumstances work wonderful changes. What howls were raised by that party a few decades back, and now with what deafening cheers it greets them! How many of you, my friends, even hoped to see the day when the party of coercion would not only endorse, but actually adopt a chief article of your faith in the right and act of secession? I answer, not one. Nevertheless, you have seen it. Wonder of wonders!

All our demands were reasonable and conformable to the Constitution, still they were stubbornly refused by those high in authority who had sworn to support the Constitution, and who were followed in their course by the people they represented.

After all this and after South Carolina had seceded, the other States of the South were so anxious to continue the Union under the Constitution and to stand by and perpetuate its principles, a peace congress was called. Virginia, taking the lead, called that congress which met in Washington city in February, 1861. Judge Chase, a leader of the anti-slavery movement, afterwards Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State and later Chief Justice of the United States, was a delegate to that congress. As such delegate, he, on the 6th of March, made a speech, in which he said: "The result of the national canvass which recently terminated in the election of Mr. Lincoln has been spoken of by some as the effect of sudden impulse or of some singular excitement of the popular mind, and it has been somewhat confidently asserted that, upon reflection and consideration, the hastily formed opinions which brought about the election will be changed. It has been said also that subordinate questions of local and temporary character have augmented the Republican vote, and secured a majority which could not have been obtained upon the national questions involved in the respective platforms of the parties which divide the country. I can-

not take this view of the presidential election. I believe, and the belief amounts to absolute conviction, that the election must be regarded as a triumph of principles cherished in the hearts of the people of the free States. These principles, it is true, were originally asserted by a small party only, but after years of discussion they have by their own value, their own intrinsic soundness, obtained the deliberate and unalterable sanction of the people's judgment. Chief among these principles is the restriction of slavery within State limits; not war upon slavery within those limits, but fixed opposition to its extension beyond them.

"Mr. Lincoln was the candidate of the people opposed to the extension of slavery. We have elected him. After many years of earnest advocacy and severe trial we have achieved the triumph of that principle. By a fair and unquestionable majority we have obtained that triumph. Do you think we who represent this majority will throw it away? Do you think the people would sustain us if we undertook to throw it away? I must speak to you plainly, gentlemen of the South. It is not in my heart to deceive you. I therefore tell you explicitly that if we of the North and West would consent to throw away all that has been gained in the recent triumph of our principles, the people would not sustain us, and so the consent would avail you nothing. And I must tell you, further, that under no circumstances whatever will we consent to surrender a principle which we believe to be sound and so important as that of restricting slavery within State limits."

Here was a positive assertion that Lincoln and the party which elected him would not respect the decision of the Supreme Court. Then, if the Constitution, as construed by that court, a tribunal constituted for the purpose, was to be so emphatically disregarded and ignored, what remedy was left for the South? If that organic law, by the terms and assurances of which the States became parts of the Union, is repudiated, was the South required in morals or good faith to quietly submit? I answer, No. Mr. Chase proceeds: "Aside from the territorial question, the question of slavery outside of the slave States, I know of but one serious difficulty. I refer to the question concerning fugitives from service. The clause in the Constitution concerning this class of persons is regarded by almost all men, North and South, as a stipulation for the surrender to their masters of slaves escaping into free States. The people of the free States, however, who believe that slave-holding is wrong, cannot and will not aid in the reclamation, and the stipulation, therefore, becomes

a dead letter. * * * You, thinking slavery right, claim the fulfillment of the stipulation; we, thinking slavery wrong, cannot fulfill the stipulation without consciousness of participation in wrong."

This leaves no room to question the policy marked out by Mr. Lincoln. The speech of Mr. Chase, his chief adviser, distinctly announced that, in two essentials, the Constitution should not be observed and executed. He avows that the Constitution shall not be the law of the land, but that the will of the party coming into power shall be that law, a declaration in words that the Constitution is a dead letter. The course to be pursued was the usurpation of the powers of government and their absorption in centralization. It is admitted that that party understood the Constitution as we did, but that for years it had been its settled and fixed determination not to execute it. That while it would solemnly swear to execute it, it would not do so. That it had triumphed on its purpose and principle of disobedience, and it would avail itself of that triumph and subvert and overthrow the principles of the government and obliterate the Constitution it must swear to maintain, and by virtue of which only it could take control and management. Try the questions by the rules laid down by Mr. Chase for his party, and who are the rebels, the traitors, the conspirators against the government? The assertion that the Southern States are the cap, the climax of deliberate and criminal impudence or inexcusable ignorance. The entire speech of Mr. Chase is interesting as part of the history of its time and the spirit of the party about to take control of the government. All Southerners, especially those of Confederate blood and extraction, should read it. They will find in it much to defend us against the charges of treason, conspiracy and rebellion, and much to shift these charges to the shoulders of others. It proves, as was said by Hon. C. J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, in the House of Representatives on the 9th of June, 1841, that "The abolition agitation is" (was) "a conspiracy in the true definition of that offense. It is the combination of many to break law, which is the definition of conspiracy; none the better that the conspirators are, many of them, persons of fair character and perhaps pious designs."

The South was left without protection of constitutional guaranties and without hope in the decisions of the court of last resort, it must therefore resort to its only remedy, secession. It was outlawed. The Constitution denounced as "a dead letter." The evils likely and almost certain to flow from the teaching of Judge Chase's "originally small party" were seen and dreaded by the best and most

patriotic minds of the North. Daniel Webster, who had no superior as a statesman, who was regarded the best constitutional lawyer in the land, and whose patriotism embraced the whole country, was alarmed, and gave the best efforts of his life to check and paralyze the lawlessness of the "originally small party." In a reception speech made in New York on the 15th of March, 1837, he said:

"We have slavery already amongst us. The Constitution found it in the Union, recognized it, and gave it solemn guaranties. So the full extent of these guaranties we are bound in honor, in justice, and by the Constitution. All the stipulations contained in the Constitution in favor of the slaveholding States which are already in the Union ought to be fulfilled, and, so far as depends on me, shall be fulfilled in the fullness of their spirit and to the exactness of their letter. Slavery as it exists in the States is beyond the reach of Congress. It is a concern of the States themselves; they have never submitted it to Congress, and Congress has no rightful power over it. I shall concur therefore in no act, no measure, no menace, no indication of purpose which shall interfere with the exclusive authority of the States over the subject of slavery as it exists within their respective limits. All this appears to me to be matter of plain and imperative duty." At Buffalo, on the 22d of May, 1851, he said: "There is but one question in this country now, or, if there be others, they are but secondary, and so subordinate that they are all absorbed in that great and leading question, and that is nothing more nor less than this: 'Can we preserve the union of the States, not by coercion, not by military power, not by angry controversies, but can we of this generation—you and I, your friends and my friends—can we so preserve the union of these States by such administration of the powers of the Constitution as shall give content and satisfaction to all who live under it, and draw us together, not by military power, but by the silken cords of mutual, paternal, patriotic affection? That is the question, and no other.' Gentlemen, I believe in party distinctions; I am a party man. These are questions belonging to party, in which I take an interest, and there are opinions entertained by others which I repudiate. But what of all that? If a house be divided against itself it will fall and crush everybody in it. We must see that we maintain the government which is over us; we must see that we uphold the Constitution, and we must do so without regard to party. The question, fellow-citizens (and I put it to you now as the real question), the question is, whether you and the rest of the people of the great State of New York and of all the

States will so adhere to the Constitution, will so enact and maintain laws to preserve that instrument, that you will not only remain in the Union yourselves, but permit your brethren to remain in it? That is the question. Will you concur in measures necessary to maintain the Union, or will you oppose such measures? That is the whole point of the case." After giving a history of the formation of the Union, Mr. Webster proceeds: "Now, I am aware that all these things are well known; that they have been stated a thousand times; but in these days of perpetual discontent and misrepresentation, to state things a thousand times is not enough, for there are persons whose consciences, it would seem, lead them to consider it their duty to deny, misrepresent, and cover up truths.

"Now, these are the words of the Constitution, fellow-citizens, which I have taken the pains to transcribe therefrom, so that he who runs may read:

"'No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.'

"Is there any mistake about that? Is there any forty shilling attorney here to make a question of it? No; I will not disgrace my profession by supposing such a thing. There is not in or out of an attorney's office in the county of Erie, or elsewhere, one who could raise a doubt, or particle of doubt, about the meaning of this provision of the Constitution. He may act as witnesses do sometimes on the stand. He may wriggle and twist, and say he cannot tell or cannot remember. I have seen many such efforts in my time on the part of witnesses to falsify and deny the truth. But there is no man who can read these words of the Constitution of the United States and say they are not clear and imperative. 'No person,' the Constitution says, 'held to labor or service in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.' Why, you may be told by forty conventions in Massachusetts, in Ohio, in New York, or elsewhere, that if a colored man comes here he comes as a freeman, that is *non sequitur*. It is not so. If he comes as a fugitive from labor, the Constitution says he is not a freeman, and that he shall be delivered up to those who are entitled to his service. Gentlemen, that is the Constitution. Do

we or do we not mean to conform to it and to execute that part of the Constitution as well as the rest of it? I believe there are before me here members of Congress. I suppose there may be here members of the State Legislature or executive offices under the State government. I suppose there may be judicial magistrates of New York, executive officers, assessors, supervisors, justices of the peace, and constables before me. Allow me to say, gentlemen, that there is not, there cannot be, any one of these officers in this assemblage or elsewhere who has not, according to the form of the usual obligation, bound himself by solemn oath to support the Constitution. They have taken their oaths on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, or by uplifted hands, as the case may be, or by solemn affirmation as is the practice in some cases; but among all of them there is not a man who holds, nor is there any man who can hold, any office in the gift of the United States, or of this State, or of any other State, who does not bind himself by the solemn obligation of an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Well, is he to tamper with that? Is he to palter? Gentlemen, our political duties are as much matters of conscience as any other duties. Our sacred domestic duties—our most endearing social relations—are not more the subjects for conscientious consideration or a conscientious discharge than the duties we enter upon under the Constitution of the United States. The bonds of political brotherhood, which hold us together from Maine to Georgia, rest upon the same principles of obligation as those of social and domestic life."

At Capon Springs, Virginia, June 28, 1851, Mr. Webster said: "The leading sentiment in the toast from the Chair is, 'The Union of the States.' The Union of the States; what mind can comprehend the consequences of that union, past, present, and to come. The union of these States is the all-absorbing topic of the day. On it all men speak, write, think, and dilate from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. And yet, gentlemen, I fear that its importance has been but insufficiently appreciated.

"How absurd it is to suppose that when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes, either can disregard any one provision, and expect, nevertheless, the other to observe the rest. I intend, for one, to regard and maintain and carry out to the fullest extent the Constitution of the United States, which I have sworn to support in all its parts and provisions. It is written in the Constitution: 'No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another shall, in consequence of any law or regulations

therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.'

"That is as much a part of the Constitution as any other, and as equally binding and obligatory as any other on all men, public or private. And who denies this? None but the abolitionists of the North. And, pray, what is it they will not deny? They have but the one idea, and it would seem that these fanatics at the North and the secessionists at the South are putting their heads together to defeat the good designs of honest and patriotic men. They act to the same end and the same object, and the Constitution has to take the fire from both sides. I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse, wilfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provides no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other side.

"I say to you, gentlemen, as I said on the shores of Lake Erie and in the city of Boston, and as I may say again in that city, or elsewhere in the North, that you of the South have as much right to receive your fugitive slaves as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce.

"I am as ready to fight and to fall for the constitutional rights of Virginia as I am for those of Massachusetts."

Now if Daniel Webster, whose greatness of mind and nobility of soul are better and more impressively and significantly expressed by the isolated name "Daniel Webster," than they would be by the use of any or all the adjectives of our language defining those virtues, and whose patriotism was as broad as the land; who loved the Union for its constitutional ties and guaranties, and who hated slavery in every form, and was willing to use all lawful means for its abolition—if he, with his universally known character and convictions, was ready to fight and to fall for the constitutional rights of the South, where was the wrong or even the slightest mistake on the part of the Southern man who had been reared in the education that the institutions of the South were sound in law and in morals?

He told us we had the constitutional right to the property. That if the North disregarded the contract in any one particular we were released from all obligation to observe the rest.

Trying the principles of the "originally small party" of Mr. Chase, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward by the plain and incontroverti-

ble rules of constitutional law as laid down by Daniel Webster, we find they can only exist in the palpable and gross violation of the Constitution as it then was.

Mr. Webster's argument is so full, clear and exhaustive that I will not be guilty of the folly of attempting to add to or elucidate it. I commend it to the attention and perusal of all Southern men and women. Its teachings should be transferred to our school-books to supersede and paralyze the false and poisonous manufacture of history that has found its way into so many of the books that have been introduced into the schools of the South, with the purpose to mislead and disease the minds of our children as to the purpose, policy and good faith of our separation from the government of that "originally small party" so much condemned, if not despised, by Mr. Webster, and to which he administered such rebukes as to induce us to believe he could and would keep it in check, and perhaps obliterate it.

If Daniel Webster could have been spared to the Union there would not, in my opinion, have arisen cause for separation. His death in October, 1852, unbridled the fanaticism of that "originally small party" and brought it into power eight years later, when it proposed to conduct the Government on its peculiar sentiments of morality regardless of the constitutional limitations and restrictions which had been upholden and enforced by the Supreme Court for more than seventy-five years. It was the "higher law party" acting without warrant of authority, and in violation of that compact of which Mr. Webster said one party could not disregard any one provision and expect the other to observe the rest. That great man loved law, system, order; had great respect for the ability, patriotism and integrity of the Supreme Court of the United States, and would certainly, I think, have acquiesced in its decision made at December term, 1856, that Congress had no power to exclude slavery from the territories. His course through life warrants the conclusion that he would have urged it as a settlement of that agitation.

Our affairs having reached the crisis indicated, the work of secession began. The question is: Did we have that right which we exercised in the hope that war would not follow. We proposed to quit in peace.

The first authority I rely on in support of the right is a speech of Mr. Lincoln (head and leader of coercion) made in the House of Representatives on the 12th of January, 1848. He said: "Any people, anywhere, being inclined, and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one

that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a sacred right ; a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world.

"Nor is it confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority intermingled with or near them, who may oppose their movements. Such minority was precisely the case of the Tories of our own Revolution. It is a quality of revolutions not to go by old times or old laws, but to break up both and make new ones."

There is no room for enlargement, expansion or extension of this view of Mr. Lincoln on the right of revolution in any form it may take.

Mr. Rawle, an eminent jurist of Pennsylvania, who had been United States District Attorney under President Washington and had been offered by him the Attorney-Generalship of the United States, and who was a firm supporter of the administration of the elder Adams, wrote in 1825 : "Having thus endeavored to delineate the general features of this peculiar and invaluable form of government, we shall conclude by adverting to the principles of its cohesion, and to the provisions it contains for its own duration and extension.

"The subject cannot, perhaps, be better introduced than by presenting in its own words an emphatical clause in the Constitution : 'The United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government, shall protect each of them against invasion, and on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive when the Legislature cannot be convened, against domestic violence.'

"The Union is an association of the people of republics ; its preservation is calculated to depend on the preservation of these republics. The principle of preservation, although certainly the wisest and best, is not essential to the being of a republic, but to continue a member of the Union it must be so presumed, and therefore the guarantee must be so construed.

"It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principles on which our political systems are founded, which is that the people have in all cases to determine how they will be governed. This right must be considered as an ingredient in the

original composition of the general government, which though not expressed, was understood, and the doctrine heretofore presented to the reader in regard to the indefeasible nature of personal allegiance, is so far qualified in respect to allegiance to the United States. It was observed that it was competent for a State to make a compact with its citizens, that the reciprocal obligations of protection and allegiance might cease on certain events; and it was further observed that allegiance would necessarily cease on the dissolution of the society to which it was due.

"The secession of a State from the Union depends on the will of the people of such State. The people alone, as we have seen, hold the power to alter the Constitution. The Constitution of the United States is, to a certain extent, incorporated into the Constitutions of the several States by the act of the people. The State Legislatures have only to perform certain organical operations in respect to it. To withdraw from the Union comes not within the general scope of their delegated authority. There must be an express provision to that effect inserted in the State Constitutions. This is not at present the case with any of them, and it would perhaps be impolitic to confide it to them. A matter so momentous ought not to be entrusted to those who would have it in their power to exercise it lightly and precipitately, upon sudden dissatisfaction or causeless jealousy, perhaps against the interests and wishes of a majority of their constituents. In the present Constitution there is no specifications of number after the first formation. It was foreseen that there would be a natural tendency to increase the number of States with the increase of population then anticipated and now so fully verified. It was also known, though it was not avowed, that a State might withdraw itself."

This comes from one who was an officer under the first Administration, and familiar with the interpretation of the Constitution by its framers.

Senator Wade, of Ohio (afterwards Vice President of the United States), in the United States Senate on February 23d, 1855, said: "Who is to be judge in the last resort of the violation of the Constitution of the United States by the enactment of a law? Who is the final arbiter, the general government or the States in their sovereignty? Why, sir, to yield that point is to yield up all the rights of the States to protect their own citizens, and to consolidate this government into a miserable despotism. I tell you, sir, whatever you may think of it, if this bill pass collision will arise between the State and Federal jurisdiction—conflicts more dangerous than all the wordy

wars which are got up in Congress. Conflicts in which the State will never yield ; for the more you undertake to load them with acts like this, the greater will be their resistance."

"I said there were States in this Union whose highest tribunals had adjudged that bill to be unconstitutional, and I was one of those who believed it unconstitutional, and that under the old resolutions of 1798 and 1799 a State must not only be the judge of that, but of the remedy in such case." There was no menacing there, no stringing together of words for sound's sake, but a solid shot straight to the mark from anti-slavery quarters.

In his address in 1839 before the Historical Society of New York, Mr. John Quincy Adams said: "With these qualifications we may admit the same right as vested in the people of every State in the Union with reference to the general government, which was exercised by the people of the united colonies with reference to the supreme head of the British Empire, of which they formed a part, and under these limitations have the people of each State in the Union a right to secede from the Confederate Union itself. Here stands the right. But the indissoluble union between the several States of this confederate nation is, after all, not in the right but in the heart. If the day should ever come (may Heaven avert it) when the affections of the people of these States shall be alienated from each other; when the paternal spirit shall give way to cold indifference, or collision of interest shall fester into hatred, the bonds of political association will not long hold together parties no longer attached by the magnetism of conciliated interest and kindly sympathies; and far better would it be for the people of these dis-United States to part in friendship than to be held together by constraint. Then will be time for reverting to the precedents which occurred at the formation and adoption of the Constitution, to form a more perfect union by dissolving that which could no longer bind, and to leave the separated parts to be reunited by the law of political gravitation to the centre." Acting upon this principle, the Legislature of Massachusetts, the home of Mr. Adams, in 1844, resolved "that the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may drive these States into a dissolution of the Union." On the same subject on February 22, 1845, it resolved, * * * "and as the powers of legislation granted in the Constitution of the United States to Congress do not embrace the case of the admission of a foreign State or foreign territory by legislation into the Union, such

act of admission would have no binding force whatever on the people of Massachusetts."

Here we have the unequivocal assertion of the right to secede.

In 1814, on the call of Massachusetts, several of the New England States met in convention in Hartford and promulgated the following:

"It is as much the duty of State authorities to watch over the rights reserved, as of the United States to exercise the powers which are delegated.

"In cases of deliberate, dangerous and palpable infraction of the constitutions affecting the sovereignty of the people, it is not only the right but the duty of such State to interpose its authority for their protection in the manner best calculated to secure that end. When emergencies occur, which are either beyond the reach of the judicial tribunals, or too pressing to admit of the delay incident to their forms, States which have no common umpire must be their own judges and execute their own decisions."

We, of the South, were watching over not only our reserved rights, but also those guaranteed to us as well. We had the deliberate, dangerous and palpable infraction of the Constitution. Emergencies had reached beyond the cure of judicial tribunals, for the "originally small party" positively refused to recognize and obey the courts, and the time had come when we might, as the Hartford convention said we had the right to do, become our own judges and execute our own decisions.

The principles set forth by that convention were signed by a number of the leading men of that day, and amongst them Nathan Dane, founder of the professorship of law in the Cambridge University, and who was author of the ordinance for the government of the Northwestern Territory in 1787. He, like Rawle, understood what was meant by the powers of the Constitution. He lived in their day and with them, and we may regard his utterances as an authoritative construction of the instrument.

On the 9th of November, 1860, Horace Greeley wrote: "The telegraph informs us that most of the cotton States are meditating a withdrawal from the Union because of Lincoln's election. Very well, they have a right to meditate, and meditation is a profitable employment of leisure. We have a chronic, invincible disbelief in disunion as a remedy for either Northern or Southern grievances. We cannot see any necessary connection between the alleged disease and the ultra heroic remedy. Still we say, if any one meditates disunion

let him do so unmolested. That was a base and hypocritic row that was raised at Southern dictation about the ears of John Quincy Adams, because he presented a petition for the dissolution of the Union. The petitioner had a right to make the request, it was the member's duty to present it, and now if the Cotton States consider the value of the Union debatable, we maintain their perfect right to discuss it. Nay, we hold with Jefferson to the inalienable right of communities to alter or abolish forms of government that have become oppressive or injurious, and if the Cotton States decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on telling them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless, and we do not see how one party has a right to do what another party has a right to prevent. We must ever resist the asserted right of any State to remain in the Union and nullify or defy the laws thereof. To withdraw from the Union is quite another matter. And whenever a considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out, we shall resist all coercive measures designed to keep it in. We hope never to live in a Republic whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets. * * * Let the people reflect, deliberate, then vote, and let the act of secession be the echo of an unmistakable popular fiat. A judgment thus rendered, a demand for separation so backed, would either be acquiesced in without the effusion of blood, or those who rushed upon the carnage to defy and defeat it would place themselves clearly in the wrong."

Judge Story, in his commentaries on the Constitution, says: "The obvious deductions which may be, and indeed have been drawn from considering the Constitution as a compact between the States, are that it operates as a mere treaty or convention between them, and has an obligatory force upon each State no longer than it suits its pleasure or its consent continues; that each State has a right to judge for itself in relation to the nature, extent and obligations of this instrument, without being at all bound by the interpretation of the Federal government or by that of any other State, and that each retains the power to withdraw from the confederacy and dissolve the connection, when such shall be its choice, and may suspend the operations of the Federal government and nullify its acts within its own territorial limits whenever, in its own opinion, the exigency of the case may require. These conclusions may not always be avowed, but they flow naturally from the doctrines which we have under consideration."

Judge Tucker, professor of law in the University of William and Mary in Virginia, and one of the earliest commentators on the Constitution, in 1803, wrote "the Constitution of the United States, then, being that instrument by which the Federal government hath been created, its powers defined and limited, and the duties and functions of its several departments prescribed, the government thus established may be pronounced to be a confederate republic, composed of several independent and sovereign democratic States united for their common defense and security against foreign nations, and for purposes of harmony and mutual intercourse between each other, each State retaining an entire liberty of exercising, as it thinks proper, all those parts of its sovereignty which are not mentioned in the Constitution or act of union as parts that ought to be exercised in common. In becoming a member of the Federal alliance, established between the American States by the articles of confederation, she expressly retained her sovereignty and independence. The constraint put upon the exercise of that sovereignty by these articles did not destroy its existence."

"The Federal government, then, appears to be the organ through which the united republics communicate with foreign nations and with each other. Their submission to its operation is voluntary; its councils, its engagements, its authority are theirs, modified and united. Its authority is an emanation from theirs, not a flame in which they have been consumed, nor a vortex in which they are swallowed up. Each is still a perfect State, still sovereign, still independent and still capable, should occasion require, to resume the exercise of its functions as such in the most unlimited extent."

In speaking of our separation from Great Britain, Chancellor Kent says: "The principle of self-preservation and the right of every community to freedom and happiness gave sanction to this separation. When the government established over any people becomes incompetent to fulfill its purposes, or destructive to the essential ends for which it was instituted, it is the right of the people, founded on the law of nature and the reason of mankind, and supported by the soundest authority and some illustrious precedents, to throw off such government, and provide new guards for their future safety."

With a single exception I have confined my citations of authority to the Northern anti-slavery States, the home of the "originally small party." No Southern man, no slaveholder, ever more clearly announced and advocated the sovereignty of the States, or that the Constitution was a compact between the States, or that one party

could not violate it in one or more particulars, and require or expect the other to observe the residue. No stronger argument can be made that the Constitution is a whole, and, to be binding on one side, must be obeyed as a whole by the other. The Constitution was the chain that linked the States in union; the breaking of one link dissolved the tie.

The authorities all tend to the one inevitable conclusion, that the Union exists alone by the Constitution, and its observance in every particular. Being the terms of union, one party may not be permitted to violate it in any particular, and insist on its observance by the other as to any of its terms, whatever they may be. The right to its enforcement as a whole, or its rejection as such, is inalienable and indestructible.

In the investigation of the question, my trouble has not been in finding authority of the highest and clearest and most convincing character. It has been in avoiding its multiplicity. I have relied on testimony of those not at all in sympathy with the institution of slavery, passing by the opinions and utterances of Southern statesmen and jurists.

Under the condition of things, as slightly, and but slightly, portrayed in this address, the Southern States began the work of secession and organizing a new government; they hoped, as they rightfully might, that they would not be interfered with, that there would be no war. In this they were mistaken, the "originally small party," which had then come into power, ordered the relief squadron with eleven ships, carrying 285 guns and 2,400 men, from New York and Norfolk to reinforce Fort Sumpter, peaceably if permitted, forcibly if they must. This was of itself an act of war.

After several attempts and failures on the part of General Beauregard to have some understanding with Major Anderson, seeing that unless he took action his forces would be exposed in front and rear and perhaps destroyed for usefulness, he fired the first gun of the war. This he did in self-defence. He was in command of forces of a government foreign to that of the United States. The harbor of Charleston belonged to the Confederate States, or rather to the independent government of South Carolina. Being then the property of another government, there was no authority vesting with or in the government at Washington to interfere with it. It was that government's duty to withdraw its troops, at least when demand was made by General Beauregard. Failing to do so, it became his imperative duty to take the necessary steps to remove them, and

to resort to such force, mild or violent, as would bring about that removal.

It became necessary to strike the first blow—that blow was in self-defence.

The overt act on the part of the United States justified it. Neither nation nor individual is required to wait until stricken after the assailant has assumed the attitude of offence with the present ability to strike.

The squadron was ordered to Fort Sumter to attack; the order will bear no other interpretation. There can be no authority to order the reinforcement of a foreign port in times of peace and with hostile demonstrations. That was an act of war; was the first assault, the inauguration of the war by the United States. If ever there was a case of pure, unmitigated, unmixed and positive justification and self-defence, the law and the testimony mark that case for the Confederate government and Confederate soldier.

We yielded to the logic of force. The right still lives.

A new government has been built upon the downfall of the old ones. We have promised our allegiance to it. We will keep the faith plighted "at all hazards to the last extremity so long as the Constitution is respected." The element of evil and discord has been removed. Old things have passed away, and there will be, we venture to hope, no other cause for sectional jealousy. Our devotion to the Constitution at all times; our conduct as soldiers for four years, battling from field to field, from time to time holding in check one million five hundred thousand soldiers with six hundred thousand give assurance that we will always be worthy citizens of a constitutional Union, and may be confidently relied on in times of need.

I know that in many things I have repeated an often told story, but, in the language of Mr. Webster, "to state things a thousand times is not enough in these days of misrepresentation, for there are persons whose consciences, it would seem, lead them to consider it their duty to deny, misrepresent, and cover up truths."

In this effort, my purpose and desire have been to awaken the Southern man and woman to the importance of having their children study our lost cause from constitutional, legal and historical standpoints, that they be not misled. It is time we were seeing after their school-books ourselves, and not trusting too much to others.

Our cause was worth all we sacrificed to it. Though lost, it deserves vindication. Its defence by our arms at least checked centralization. Understanding the principle of self-government, for which

our comrades battled and died, our children will stand at their graves with love, admiration and approval of their course, and offer up the prayer, "God bless and perpetuate their memories."

I am thankful for this opportunity and this occasion to defend the right.

The Blue and the Gray United.

THE CHICKAMAUGA MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

In December last a patriotic movement, which is enlisting warm and general interest, was inaugurated in Washington, D. C., to organize a joint memorial association of Union and Confederate veterans, to acquire and preserve the battlefield of Chickamauga and mark it with suitable tablets and monuments.

Its claims were earnestly pressed in a communication (which is herewith reproduced) to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* of December 8th last, from General H. V. Boynton, of Washington, D. C., whose efforts towards organization have since been untiring:

The idea originated at the recent reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland at Chicago. A committee was appointed to take the matter into consideration and report to the Society next September at its meeting at Chattanooga. A conference will soon be held at Washington between representatives of that committee and ex-Confederate officers who served on that field, with a view of considering a plan and taking immediate preliminary steps toward its accomplishment. Some of the most distinguished of these officers are now in Congress or the Departments. Those who have thus far considered the matter have in mind an organization formed after the general plan of the Gettysburg Memorial Association, only differing from it in any essential feature in its being a joint association of both Union and Confederate veterans, and in having all States, North and South, concerned in the project that had troops engaged on that field, provided they make appropriations to mark the positions of their soldiers with appropriate monuments or tablets.

There is no other great battlefield of the war where Northern and Southern veterans could meet harmoniously and with equal satisfaction to preserve the field of their magnificent fighting. The Union army fought there for Chattanooga and won it. The Confederate

army held the field. Its preservation as one of the great historical fields of the war would signify for both sides, more than anything else, the indelible marking of the theater upon which each of the two armies engaged performed as stubborn, brilliant, and bloody fighting as was done upon any of the great battlefields of the war. The project is based upon the belief that the time has fully come when the participants in the great battles of our civil war can, while retaining and freely expressing their own views of all questions connected with the war, still study its notable battles purely as military movements. There is no other general engagement in which the percentage of losses for each army was so great. There was no engagement in the great battles of modern Europe where the proportionate losses were as great as those of both sides at Chickamauga. The total loss of each army was over twenty-five per cent. of all engaged. General Longstreet's loss, chiefly incurred in four hours of one day's fighting, was thirty-six per cent. To illustrate this feature of the project, a brief recapitulation of facts heretofore stated in this correspondence will amply suffice:

"The casualties in Jackson's brigade of Cleburne's division, which assaulted on Baird's front, was thirty-five per cent., while the Fifth Georgia of that brigade lost fifty-five per cent., and the First Confederate Regulars forty-three per cent. Gregg's brigade, of Buckner's corps, lost 653 out of 1,425. Helm's Kentucky brigade, on the Union left, lost seventy-five per cent. of its strength. Bate's brigade lost seven officers killed and sixty-one officers wounded, and the total casualties were 607 out of 1,316. All his field officers except three were killed or wounded. The losses in Govan's brigade, of Walker's corps, exceeded fifty per cent. Deas, who fought in front of Steadman's assault, lost 745 out of 1,942. Walthall, of Walker, lost 705 out of 1,727. On the Union side, Steadman in four hours lost 1,787 out of 3,700, and all were killed and wounded but one. Brannan's division had 4,998 engaged. Its casualties were 2,174, or thirty-eight per cent. The loss in Van DerVeer's brigade, of this division, in four regiments and one battery, was 840 out of 1,788 engaged, or forty-nine per cent. Croxton's brigade, of the same division, made up of five regiments, lost 938. Of Van DerVeer's regiments, the Ninth Ohio lost fifty per cent., the Thirty-fifth Ohio a small fraction less than fifty per cent., the Second Minnesota 192, or exactly fifty per cent., and the Eighty-seventh Indiana about half of its number. General Wood lost 1,070 in two brigades."

These figures become the more significant when compared with

the statement of losses in the world's noted battles. General Wheeler, the distinguished Confederate cavalry commander, thus vividly presented this question at the gathering of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland and Confederates at Chattanooga in 1881 :

"Waterloo was one of the most desperate and bloody fields chronicled in European history, yet Wellington's casualties were less than twelve per cent., his losses being 2,432 killed and 9,528 wounded out of 90,000 men; while at Shiloh, the first great battle in which General Grant was engaged, one side lost in killed and wounded 9,740 out of 33,000, while their opponents reported their killed and wounded 9,616, making the casualties about thirty per cent. At the great battle of Wagram Napoleon lost but about five per cent. At Wurzburg the French lost but three and a half per cent., and yet the army gave up the field and retreated to the Rhine. At Racour Marshal Saxe lost but two and a half per cent. At Zurich Massena lost but eight per cent. At Lagriz Frederick lost but six and a half per cent. At Malplaquet Marlborough lost but ten per cent., and at Ramillies the same intrepid commander lost but six per cent. At Contras Henry of Navarre was reported as cut to pieces, yet his loss was less than ten per cent. At Lodi Napoleon lost one and one-fourth per cent. At Valmy Frederick lost but three per cent., and at the great battles of Marengo and Austerlitz, sanguinary as they were, Napoleon lost an average of less than fourteen and a half per cent. At Magenta and Solferino, in 1859, the average loss of both armies was less than nine per cent. At Koniggratz, in 1866, it was six per cent. At Worth, Specheran, Mars la Tour, Gravelotte and Sedan, in 1870, the average loss was twelve per cent.

"At Linden General Moreau lost but four per cent., and the Archduke John lost but seven per cent. in killed and wounded. Americans can scarcely call this a lively skirmish. At Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Gettysburg, Missionary Ridge, the Wilderness, and Spotsylvania, the loss frequently reached and sometimes exceeded forty per cent., and the average of killed and wounded, on one side or the other, was over thirty per cent."

And when it is considered that this degree of bitter fighting was persistently maintained by both sides throughout the two entire days without any defensive works deserving of the name, and for the most part without any at all, except as the natural features of the ground supplied them in part to the Union side, it is readily seen that there is no other field of the war which more fully illustrates the indomitable courage and all the varied fighting qualities of the American

veteran. A large number of organizations on both sides in that battle came out of it with a loss of every other man who entered it killed or wounded.

The assaults on the Confederate side were without parallel in the war. Longstreet's charge at Gettysburg was a single effort. But Longstreet's entire wing at Chickamauga assaulted time and again on far more difficult ground than the slopes of Cemetery Hill. There were three general assaults which each deserve to rank with Pickett's charge, while the Union defence of Horseshoe Ridge is without parallel in the war. So thin a line of heroes never before successfully withstood such tremendous assaults. Of the whole battle, from opening to close, there was never truer thing written than General Hindman's words in regard to his conflict with Granger's troops: "I have never known Federal troops to fight so well. It is just to say, also, that I never saw Confederate soldiers fight better." And Kershaw, of Longstreet's Virginia troops, who had seen all the fighting in the Army of Northern Virginia, said of one of the Confederate assaults which Brannan repulsed: "This was one of the heaviest attacks of the war on a single point."

Surely the ground of such fighting deserves to be preserved for pilgrimages and historic study. To illustrate the attainments of soldierly endeavor with which the veterans of each army distinguished themselves in our war, there is no spot of fighting ground in which each can take a greater pride.

It is a field where no material changes have occurred since the battle. The roads and farm clearings, the wood and the farm-houses remain almost the same. The necessary work of restoration would consist only in clearing out underbrush at a few points.

A brief statement of the organization and purposes of the Gettysburg Memorial Association will aid in indicating the general outlines of a plan which will apply, with modifications to be mentioned, to the field of Chickamauga: The Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association was formed for the purpose of holding and preserving the battle-grounds of Gettysburg, with their natural and artificial defences, and perpetuate the same, with such memorial structures as might be erected thereon in commemoration of the heroic deeds and achievements of the actors in that great contest.

It was incorporated by act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, approved April 30, 1864, by which act, and a supplement thereto, approved April 24, 1866, ample powers and authority are conferred for the accomplishment of its purposes, including the purchase of

lands, laying out of roads and avenues, the erection of suitable memorial structures, etc. The property of the Association "shall not be subject to attachment or execution, and the lands acquired for the purpose of said Association, with its personal property and the improvements and appurtenances, shall be forever exempt from taxation and also from the payment of an enrollment tax."

The Association is managed by a President and Board of twenty-one Directors, elected annually by the members, together with the *ex officio* Directors from States contributing to its support. The membership fee is ten dollars, entitling the party to a handsome steel-plated engraved certificate, a vote in person or by proxy in the election of officers of the Association, and participation in its general management. A large majority of the certificates of membership are now held by veterans and Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, who thereby control the franchises of the Association. Its aims and purposes are national, with a membership widely scattered over different States.

By the charter the Governor of Pennsylvania is made *ex-officio* President of the Association, and the Governors of such States as shall, by legislative appropriation, contribute funds for its support are made *ex-officio* members of the Board of Directors, with power (if unable to be present) to substitute, under the official seal of the State, some one of its citizens to represent the State in the meetings of this Board. In furtherance of its design, the Association, from time to time, as funds in the treasury justified, has purchased land, and now holds in fee simple nearly five hundred acres, embracing the grove where General Reynolds fell, the two Round Tops, the Wheat Field, East Cemetery Hill, Culp's Hill, the entire Union line of battle from Cemetery Hill to Round Top, the Union line of battle from Fairfield road to Mummasburg road, etc. It has also the care and custody of about forty acres of land owned by General Crawford, including the "Devil's Den" and the ground lying between the Wheat Field and the Round Tops. About thirteen miles of driveway along the Union lines, reaching various points of interest, have been constructed, a large portion of which is substantially inclosed with wire fence.

In the case of Chickamauga the incorporation of the Association would be under the laws of Georgia. The Governors of each State that might co-operate would be members of the Board of Directors. In the Union army eleven States had troops in the battle, besides the forces of the regular army. In the Confederate army every Confederate State and Kentucky and Missouri were represented.

The Union army had one hundred and ninety-five separate organizations on the field, of which thirty-six were batteries. The Confederate army had two hundred and seventy-four organizations, of which fifty were batteries. The Confederate regulars were also represented by six organizations.

These were divided among the States as follows :

Union—Illinois, 36; Indiana, 42; Kansas, 2; Kentucky, 18; Michigan, 8; Minnesota, 2; Missouri, 3; Ohio, 56; Pennsylvania, 7; Wisconsin, 9; Tennessee, 2; United States regulars, 9.

Confederate—Alabama, 43; Arkansas, 17; Florida, 7; Georgia, 35; Kentucky, 7; Louisiana, 13; Mississippi, 21; Missouri, 2; North Carolina, 4; South Carolina, 18; Tennessee, 68; Texas, 18; Virginia, 7; Confederate regulars, 6.

The Directors of the Gettysburg Association include the Governors of the contributing Northern States and the officers of those Grand Army Posts and other like military societies which have taken part in the work. The Chickamauga Association would be a much more comprehensive organization.

The incorporators would probably include two or three veterans, who were distinguished on the field, from each of the States which had troops there. If it were thought best to purchase the whole field, or such portions of it as could be obtained, the first cost to each State interested would be a trifle. The general government is also a party in interest. If the ground should be purchased, there would be no need of the present occupants changing either residence or their farm operations. It would in every sense be better to have them remain on the field. There might be remission of taxes, or proper slight annual payments as return for the limitations upon materially changing the natural features which might be necessary. But all these will be matters of discussion at the forthcoming conference. In any view, the movement cannot but prove of great advantage to all present owners. Once established, and taken in connection with the scenes of deepest military interest about Chattanooga—where the grandest spectacular battles of the war raged for three days—these fields would soon become a point of national resort; and no better place to study the fighting powers of American soldiers, or to become possessed with a comprehensive knowledge of some of the most brilliant deeds of arms in the story of wars, can anywhere be found.

H. V. B.

The preceding plan, which is copied after the organization for the

battlefield of Gettysburg, is meeting with general favor with numerous prominent Union and ex-Confederate officers. The following are among the letters of commendation received by General Boynton:

Senator Walthall, of Mississippi, commanded a brigade in Liddell's division of Walker's corps, and fought brilliantly with the forces which opened the battle on the Union left on Saturday, and with those who were engaged to the last on the Union left on Sunday. He writes as follows :

LETTER FROM GENERAL WALTHALL.

U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 19, 1888.

General H. V. BOYNTON:

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your note, inclosing the outline of an organization proposed for the purpose of acquiring and preserving the battlefield of Chickamauga, and asking some expression from me on the subject. I agree with you that it is most desirable to preserve and mark this historic field, and approve the general features of the plan proposed. If I can contribute in any way to the success of the project I will be glad to do so. There were twenty-one Mississippi regiments engaged at Chickamauga, five of them under my command, and I am anxious that all these troops, as indeed all others, should occupy their proper place in the history of this great battle.

Very truly yours,

E. C. WALTHALL.

LETTER FROM SENATOR GIBSON.

Senator Randall Gibson was first in command of two regiments of Louisiana troops, but after the wounding of General Adams, commanded the latter's brigade of Breckinridge's division in the brilliant charge around the Union left on Sunday, which, for a time, until met by Van DerVeer, seriously threatened the overthrow of that wing of the Union army. General Gibson says :

UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 15, 1888.*

MY DEAR GENERAL—I am in receipt of your favor of the 10th instant, inclosing a printed letter proposing the organization of an

association of the officers of the two armies, who were engaged in the battle of Chickamauga, for preserving the battle lines and marking the main points on the field with suitable monuments. I will be very glad to aid you so far as I can in this work, and to furnish whatever information I may possess of the position of the division (Breckinridge's) to which I belonged. I return the newspaper slip.

Yours faithfully,

R. L. GIBSON.

General H. V. BOYNTON.

LETTER FROM REPRESENTATIVE WHEELER.

No one in the Army of the Cumberland need be told who General Wheeler is, for either in fact or in rumor, and generally the former, he was always around. He commanded Bragg's cavalry corps at Chickamauga. He writes :

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 12, 1888.*

General H. V. BOYNTON :

MY DEAR GENERAL,—Pray accept my acknowledgements of the compliment involved in your implied suggestion that I might add to or improve in any way your admirable plan for the organization of a Chickamauga Memorial Association.

I think the design most desirable, and concur most heartily and cordially with your views as to why it should be carried into effect, and the plan proposed seems to me to be so perfect that I could not presume to suggest any alteration.

I shall be most happy to co-operate with you in the execution of the project in any way in my power.

Sincerely yours,
JOS. WHEELER.

COMMUNICATION FROM GENERAL WRIGHT.

General Marcus J. Wright has long been the agent of the War Records office for the collection of Confederate records. He commanded a brigade in Cheatham's noted division, and did hard work throughout the fight. He thus approves the plan :

WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 18, 1888.*

Editor Cincinnati Commercial Gazette :

I have read with a great deal of interest General Boynton's letters suggesting an organization of Union and Confederate officers, who were engaged in the battle of Chickamauga, for the purpose of preserving the battle lines, securing a charter from the State of Georgia, and erecting historic monuments on the field. I have conversed with a number of my Confederate comrades on the subject, and it seems to meet with general approval.

I fully agree with General Boynton that "there is no other battlefield of the war where the Northern and Southern veterans could meet so harmoniously and with equal satisfaction to preserve the field of their magnificent fighting. * * * Its preservation as one of the great historical fields of the war signify for both sides, more than anything else, the indelible marking of the theater upon which each of the two armies engaged performed as stubborn, brilliant and bloody fighting as was done upon any of the great battlefields of the war."

General Boynton's suggestions in a general way, for a plan of co-operation between Union and Confederates, will doubtless be adopted. I am quite sure that the ex-Confederates will enter heartily into the movement.

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

Doubtless "THE MILITARY ORDER OF AMERICA," a bill to incorporate which was introduced in the House of Representatives by General Joseph Wheeler, was the natural outgrowth of the preceding movement. The bill names forty-three incorporators. Thirty-seven of these are well-known citizens of the District of Columbia, one of Maine, one of New York, two of Maryland, one of Tennessee, and one commanding the United States troops at Denver, Colorado. Thirty-eight are ex-Union soldiers and five ex-Confederates. Thirty-five are members of the Loyal Legion. Eleven served as privates during the war of the rebellion, and every rank in the army, from sergeant to major-general, is represented. Section 2 of the bill provides: "That in view of the great truths that Almighty God, the ruler of nations, has cemented the United States of America in the blood of more than a hundred battles, made of enemies in war friends in

peace, and that all the participants in the late war of the rebellion will soon be mustered on the far shores of the infinite—

"The object, purposes and powers of said corporation shall be, and the same are hereby, limited to the erection and provision of a memorial building at the national capital that shall be a suitable monument to the valor, patriotism and fidelity of the American soldiers and sailors in the days of George Washington, and the establishment therein of a war-museum and library; to perfect the fraternization of Appomattox; perpetuate the memories of the heroic dead; strengthen the renewed bonds of union between the States; to educate their children, so as to forever insure the nation from the perils of another civil war from any cause, and to promote purposes fraternal, charitable, loyal and historical, in no sense partisan."

The order, it is said, will consist first of the men who were regularly enlisted or mustered in either of the contending armies during the war; second, of the citizens who have reached a required age; third, of such patriotic citizens as desire to contribute to its success. One-half of all admission fees and fixed dues from members to go to a building fund, to be used first for the erection of the memorial building until completed, and then for the erection of the war-museum and library.

It is not proposed to ask Congress for anything more than a perpetual charter, permission to erect the building upon one of the public reservations, and copies of the books sent by the publishers to the Congressional library. It is anticipated that every State in the Union will, in behalf of the men each sent to the armies, contribute liberally.

The interest so just, grows more widely pervading, and is happily crystallizing into definite measures for durable and effective organization.

A joint meeting of the Union and Confederate veterans, who were engaged at Chickamauga, was held in the room of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs in Washington on February 14th. The object was to devise a plan for preserving that field and marking the positions of all the forces that participated in the fight. General Henry M. Cist, of Cincinnati, chairman of the committee of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland charged with this subject, called his committee here last night. It organized and invited co-operation from the ex Confederates present. The meeting

here noticed was the result. There were present Generals Rosecrans, Baird, Reynolds, Cist, Manderson and Boykin, and Colonel Kellogg, of the Union officers, and Generals Bate of Tennessee, Colquitt of Georgia, Walthall of Mississippi, Wheeler of Alabama, Wright of Tennessee, and Colonels Bankhead of Alabama, and Morgan of Mississippi.

The plan of preserving and marking the field of Chickamauga under the auspices of the joint memorial corporation representing all the States that had troops there, patterned in general after the Gettysburg Association, was cordially approved. Generals Cist and Colquitt were appointed a committee, with power to add four to their number, to prepare an act of incorporation and correspond with the leading officers from each State whose troops fought at Chickamauga, with the view of securing the proper list of incorporators. The committee met again the following day when General Cist and Senator Colquitt completed their sub-committee by adding Generals Baird, Walthall, Wheeler, Wright, Boynton, and Colonel Kellogg. It was agreed that each side should name fifty of the leading veterans of that field and some civilians, North and South, who have prominently identified themselves with the project as corporators of a joint Chickamauga Memorial Association for preserving and marking the battlefield. Senator Colquitt will then draw up articles of incorporation and obtain a charter under the laws of Georgia.

Fervently is a God-speed invoked on this patriotic quickening so invested with balm and healing.

B. F. Cheatham, Major-General C. S. A.

A Tribute to his Memory by Bishop C. T. QUINTARD.

[Read by Captain J. J. Crusman at a reunion of Confederate veterans, held at Clarksville, Tennessee, October 3, 1888.]

To POLK G. JOHNSON, Esq., Clarksville:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I have delayed my reply to your last kind letter in order that I might say definitely whether it would be possible for me to join you at the grand gathering on the 4th of October. To my very great regret I am obliged to decline your generous hospitality. My pressing official duties will oblige me to be in a distant part of the State on the 4th. I greatly regret this, as I am

most anxious to meet the members of Forbes' Bivouac, of which I am rejoiced to be a member. Then, too, I wished to attend the meeting that I might embrace the occasion to pay some fitting tribute to my dear friend, that true man and grand soldier, the late Major-General B. F. Cheatham. During and after the war I was brought into such intimate association with him that I learned to appreciate his high character. He was a man of admirable presence. In manners he was free without frivolity—cheerful, kind-hearted and ever easy of access. He was a gentleman without pretension, and a politician without deceit; a faithful friend and a generous foe; strong in his attachments and rational in his resentments. He was clear in judgment, firm in purpose, and courageous as a lion. He was faithful in expedients, prompt in action, and always ready for a fight. He won victory on many a well-contested field; but, best of all, he ruled his own spirit.

Born in Davidson county in the year 1819, he was brought up upon his father's farm; accustomed to work from his boyhood, he was never ashamed of it after he became a man.

In 1846 he went to Mexico as captain of a company in the First Tennessee regiment. With this company he fought at Monterey, and there first attracted marked attention for his promptness, skill and daring courage. His regiment, foremost amongst the bravest, baptized in its own blood, came forth from the conflict the "Bloody First," a cognomen significant of its fearful christening. After the battle, Captain Cheatham volunteered, with characteristic courage and humanity, to remain and bring in the wounded who, during the long and arduous conflict of the day, lay where they had fallen on the field. With his regiment he had participated in the preceding battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. After the time for which his company had enlisted had expired, he returned to Nashville and raised a regiment, of which he was made colonel by acclamation. On reaching Vera Cruz as senior colonel, he had command of a brigade and joined General Scott on his march to the capital of the country. He participated in nearly all the battles around the City of Mexico.

The late war found him engaged in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. In May, 1861, he was made a brigadier-general of the Confederate army, and was sent to the assistance of General Pillow at New Madrid. He remained with the army in Missouri till it crossed over to Tennessee and Kentucky; repulsed the Federal gunboats, *Lexington* and *Conestoga*, in the first naval engagement on the Mis-

issippi; rallied our scattered troops at Belmont, attacking the enemy in flank and putting them to flight, and pursuing the fugitives to their gunboats. At the battle of Shiloh he was under fire, with his command, all the first day on the extreme right and, till after two o'clock of the second day, the extreme left. Here he received his well-merited commission as major-general of the Confederate States army, bearing date March, 1862. In the Kentucky campaign he led the van of the right wing, and at the battle of Perryville his division bore the brunt of the conflict and won brilliant honors. During the battle he rode along the lines, through an incessant shower of shot and shell, calmly smoking his pipe, and breathing the very soul of chivalry and enthusiasm into his men.

That day he captured three or four batteries. Lieutenant-General Polk, in his report of the battle of Perryville, says: "To Major-Generals Hardee and Cheatham I feel under obligations for the judgment and skill manifested in conducting the operations of their respective commands, and for the energy and vigor with which they directed their movements. Few instances are on record where such successes have been obtained against such disparity of numbers."

At Murfreesboro, in the two actions of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, and during all of Hood's campaign, and on many a field beside, he exhibited the most perfect self-possession, the utmost disregard of peril, the sublimest enthusiasm of heroic battle; while in the disposition and management of his forces he united the discernment of the commander to the ardor of the soldier. Wherever he appeared he gave a new zest to the conflict and a new impulse to victory. On Hood's campaign it has been charged that Cheatham failed to give battle when the "enemy was marching along the road almost under the camp-fires of the main body of the army." It is sufficient to say that Cheatham possessed in an eminent degree that indispensable quality of a soldier which enabled him to go wherever duty or necessity demanded his presence. He understood thoroughly that it was better that a leader should lose his life than his honor; and we may believe his statement that "during my services as a soldier under the flag of my country in Mexico, and as an officer of the Confederate armies, I cannot recall an instance where I failed to obey an order literally, promptly and faithfully." We may accept the statement of Major D. W. Saunders, A. A. G., of French's division. "The assumption that Scofield's army would have been destroyed at Spring Hill, and one of the most brilliant victories of the war achieved had it not been for the misconduct of Cheatham, is

one of the delusions that has survived the war. No circumstance or incident that his strategy developed can be found that justifies Hood's attack on the military reputation of General Cheatham." The truth is plainly brought out in the letter of Governor Isham G. Harris, addressed to Governor James D. Porter:

Governor JAMES D. PORTER :

DEAR SIR— * * * General Hood, on the march to Franklin, spoke to me, in the presence of Major Mason, of the failure of General Cheatham to make the right attack at Spring Hill, and censured him in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night. "I did not send him the order!" I asked him if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that "it is due General Cheatham that this explanation should be made!" Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterward General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that "he held him blameless" for the failure at Spring Hill; and on the day following the battle of Franklin I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General Cheatham assuring him that he did not censure him with the failure to attack.

Very respectfully,

ISHAM G. HARRIS.

Memphis, Tenn., May 20, 1877.

The communication referred to in the letter of Governor Harris was received by General Cheatham, and was read by Governor Harris, General Porter, Major Cummins, of Georgia, and Colonel John C. Burch; but General Cheatham, as he says, "not having been in the habit of carrying a certificate of military character," attached no special value to the paper, and lost it during the campaign in North Carolina.

The story of his military career is yet to be written, and this Commonwealth of Tennessee will have no brighter page in its history. I must write briefly of the close of the great chieftain's life.

On the 23d of January, 1866, it was my privilege to receive him by Holy Baptism into the church. On the 15th of March following, I officiated at his marriage to Anna Robertson. Subsequently they both renewed the vows of Holy Baptism in the Rite of Confirma-

tion. I gave them their first communion. I was with the General the week before his death,

"When subtle pain
Wrung his sad soul and racked his throbbing brain,
When weary life, breathing reluctant breath,
Had no hope sweeter than the hope of death."

And in that solemn hour when the battle was fought out, and the weary fainting soldier felt that the sword and shield were slipping from his stiffening hand, I gave him the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of his Saviour, and his lips breathed out his trust in his dear Redeemer.

I officiated at his funeral, at the request of his family taking the entire service both at the church and at the grave.

He was a great and a good man; he was great wherever duty called, whether on the battlefield or in the walks of private life. "I have never seen the day," said Judge John Lawrence, an ex-Confederate soldier, "when I did not want to take off my hat to the great man and hold his honest hand." He was as brave as the spotless Bayard, and as chivalrous as Philip Sidney.

I have written this sketch hastily, and with few records from which to gather the facts, but the writing has brought before my mind a thousand sad, though sacred memories—recollections of the dear boys of the First Tennessee regiment, whose Chaplain I was, of officers and men with whom I was associated during all the war. Many have gone to their rest, the young have grown old, but ever fresh and green will their memory remain in my soul. I cannot better close than by quoting the following poem by the late General Charles G. Halpine, of the Federal army :

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss.
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drunk from the same canteen !

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,
And sometimes applejack, fine as silk,
But whatever the tippie has been,
We shared it together, in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—
We drank from the same canteen !

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
 And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
 From glasses of crystal and green;
 But I guess in their golden potations they miss
 The warmth of regard to be found in this—
 We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
 And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
 And hungry and full we have been;
 Had days of battle and days of rest,
 But this memory I cling to and love the best—
 We have drunk from the same canteen!

I beg you to make my cordial salutations to the members of
 Forbes' Bivouac and to my friends generally.

I am, very faithfully yours,

CHARLES TODD QUINTARD.

Fulford Hall, Sewanee, Tenn., September 28, 1888.

The Second Virginia Regiment of Cavalry, C. S. A.

*A Tribute to its Discipline and Efficiency, and Defiant Resolutions
 passed by it February 28th, 1865.*

The following documents were furnished by General Thomas T. Munford, who writes, "I could ask no prouder epitaph than to have been the colonel of the Second Virginia regiment of cavalry." * * * The communication of General Lee, our then brigade commander, was read after a grand review of the cavalry near Fredericksburg, Virginia."

The second paper will "exhibit the animus of the men who bore Virginia colors. It was published contemporaneously in the Lynchburg *Virginian*."

HEADQUARTERS LEE'S CAVALRY BRIGADE,
January 11th, 1863.

Colonel MUNFORD:

SIR,—I desire to express to you officially my warmest thanks for the excellent marching and military bearing of your regiment upon review yesterday.

The commander-in-chief, General R. E. Lee, was particularly complimentary on your large numbers, the discipline exhibited, and fine appearance of your regiment.

Be kind enough to communicate to your command in the proper manner the contents of the within note, and oblige,

Yours truly,

FITZ. LEE,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

FITZ. LEE'S DIVISION, A. N. V.,

NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA., *28th February, 1865.*

At a called meeting, held in the camp of the Second regiment Virginia cavalry, the following preamble and resolutions were offered by Colonel Munford and *unanimously* adopted :

The officers and men of Second Virginia cavalry, Wickham's old brigade, Fitz. Lee's division, here assembled, have seen with deep indignation the ignoble terms offered by the President of the United States to the Confederate States Peace Commission. We would feel degraded and not possessed of common manhood could we accept such terms from such a source. The proud freemen of these States are told that they can have peace on no other terms than abject submission. Then we welcome war. War with all its horrors is better than life without the right to liberty and property. We are told that the guarantees provided by our fathers to protect our institutions have been absolutely abrogated, that the idea of rights, declared by the representatives of the people, "which do pertain to them and their posterity," as a basis and foundation of government, is an utter fallacy. That all links which bind society together, and the social ties which hallow social and domestic life, have been decreed dissolved. That instead of redress for grievances, for which this war was commenced, our efforts for peace have produced "from our imperious and vindictive administration increased insult, oppression and a vigorous attempt to effect our total destruction." That our slaves, after having been tempted by every artifice to join the enemy, are not only trained and employed against us, but are now openly proclaimed to be free, *without* preparation for the change, without providing security to the master or protection to the slave ; and without home, shelter or property for the latter, other than that obtained by

indiscriminate plunder and murder. That all the residue of our property has been subjected to confiscation, and that our substance is to be taken to pay the expenses incurred by our enemies in a war now waged by them to replenish their exhausted treasury. That the wanton ruin already brought upon our people is not only to be patiently and meekly endured without atonement or redemption, but we are to expect a double measure of desolation as a punishment for our offences. That even in case of submission *Virginia*, our own beloved Commonwealth, is not to be restored to her ancient boundaries, but our territories are to be partitioned among rulers not recognized by our people nor sanctioned by our laws. That *Virginia*, with her proud record and acknowledged fame, is to be subjected to the dominion of Bozeman and Pierpoint,* and the bones of the mighty dead and the monuments of our greatness are to be placed under *their guardianship* and care. Under these circumstances, we are driven, no less by "the eternal law of self-preservation" than by the exalted sense of patriotic duty, to continue our resistance and *to fight on, fight ever*, with a renewed devotion to our cause and a holy purpose under Divine favor to purchase our independence; therefore—

Resolved, That we deem no sacrifice too great and no loss too heavy which will ensure our eternal separation from the dominion of our hated foes. In the language of our national anthem we proclaim:

"Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful of its cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altars reach the skies."

Resolved, That no nation is worthy of liberty that will not defend it against *all invaders*. That the people who prefer to submit to the degradation of begging another government for the privilege of living in their own homes, of using their own property, and of acquiring happiness in their own way, are too pusillanimous to war for liberty and life. That we hold them, therefore, who would endeavor to reconstruct the Union, thus desecrated and perverted from its original purposes, to be traitors to our government and enemies to their country.

*Bogus governors.

Trial of John Brown.

ITS IMPARTIALITY AND DECORUM VINDICATED.

The death of Hon. Andrew Hunter, which recently occurred at his residence at Charlestown, in Jefferson county, West Virginia, has revived interest in the trial of John Brown and his associates, in which Mr. Hunter bore so conspicuous and distinguished a part.

A well-known German writer, Dr. Herman Von Holst, Privy Councillor and Professor in the University of Freiburg,* has announced that Brown's trial was not a fair and impartial one. Dr. Von Holst has written several valuable and able works on the institutions of this country, and has usually been careful and, for a foreigner, singularly accurate in his statements. In the judgment instanced, he has erred—I assume not wilfully, but in ignorance of the facts. In proof of this, I give the following account of the celebrated trial from notes taken at the time.† The crime for which Brown was tried, convicted, and executed may be briefly summarized—passing over the troubles in Kansas and on the Missouri borders (in which Brown played no inconsiderable or law-abiding part) growing out of the agitation of the slavery question.

In August, 1859, he began his operations to take possession of Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, with the avowed purpose of freeing the slaves. There was an arsenal there, and a large number of guns stored in it. His confederates have been stated as being in number twenty-two besides himself; of these, six were colored men.‡

* *The Constitution and Democracy of the United States.* Von Holst.

† *The Life, Trial, and Conviction of Captain John Brown, known as "Old Brown of Ossawatomi,"* with a full account of the Attempted Insurrection at Harper's Ferry. Compiled from Official and Authentic Sources. New York: R. M. Dewitt. See also a Report of Colonel R. E. Lee to the War Department, of date October 19, 1859—*Rep. Com. No. 278, XXXVI Congress, First Session*—which document gives also the "Provisional Constitution and Ordinance for the People of the United States," devised by Brown.

‡ The venerable Judge Richard Parker, who presided at the trial, writes, of date February 19, 1889, as to this computation: "There is at least doubt, as on the trial a witness proved he had counted the party as they crossed the bridge at the Ferry, and they were from seventy-five to one hundred in number, and another witness stated that he saw at least one hundred of them in the town—also Brown stated that he expected large reinforcements."

On the 16th of October, with eighteen of his men, he proceeded to Harper's Ferry, broke down the Armory gate, and overpowered the watchman on duty. By midnight he had distributed his men as patrolmen over the village. He had sent out men to capture and bring in neighboring farmers with their negro slaves, and had a number of the citizens of the place as prisoners.

When the citizens became informed of what had happened, they hastily armed themselves, and several volleys were exchanged, resulting in the killing of a number of persons, several of them being citizens not engaged in the matter. Brown with his force entered the engine-house (the ruins of which are still to be seen, and which is remembered as "John Brown's Fort"). A detachment of marines had been ordered from Washington under command of Colonel Robert E. Lee, and immediately upon their arrival the "Fort" was surrounded. Brown's force in the "Fort" had been reduced to six. He was summoned to surrender, but refused, unless terms were granted him, which was refused, and the marines attacked the "Fort." Many shots were fired on both sides, and finally a battering ram was improvised, consisting of a ladder, and an entrance effected, and all inside were captured. In the meantime several militia companies had also assembled. Under guard of a detachment of the marines the prisoners were transferred from Harper's Ferry for trial by the Circuit Court at Charlestown, over which Judge Richard Parker presided. Brown's avowed object was to free the slaves—peaceably if he could, but forcibly if he must—and after his arrest asserted that if the people had let him alone, and permitted their negroes to be taken away from them without resistance, there would have been no bloodshed; but the latter was provoked by the owners not permitting this, and hence killing ensued. In contemplation of an easy accomplishment of his project, Brown had prepared and printed a form of government which he was to set up, and of which he was to be the chief.

The Governor of Virginia at the time was Hon. Henry A. Wise, who immediately repaired to the scene of murder. By many he was urged to assemble a drumhead court-martial and administer summary and well-deserved justice; but he would not consent to this, preferring to leave the matter to the civil courts as being superior to military rule. All the safeguards and protection of a fair trial were to be accorded the prisoners; and to show to the present generation of readers that Dr. Von Holst's conclusions are erroneous is partly the object of this article; the other object is to duly inform the gene-

ration that has come on the stage since the terrible events we have briefly sketched that there lived in that time a good, great, but unambitious man—a lawyer in every sense of the word, and therefore a good man, for no man can be a thorough and conscientious lawyer without being a good man. This man was Andrew Hunter, of Charlestown, who was designated by Governor Wise to conduct the prosecution.

As is customary in all communities, when a crime is alleged, the accused is brought before an examining court, whose duty it is to hear evidence, and if a *prima facie* case is made out and a felony charged, the prisoner is remanded for investigation by the grand jury. Consequently, on October 25th, 1859, a court consisting of eight magistrates was assembled, and, after hearing evidence, committed Brown and the other prisoners to jail to await the action of the grand jury. On this examination Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, a distinguished citizen and member of Congress, appeared for the accused, with Mr. Lawson Botts, both being assigned by the court.

Hon. Richard Parker presided as judge of the Circuit Court, and considering the condition of public feeling at the time and the degree of apprehension pervading all classes, his charge to the grand jury is a masterpiece of calmness and moderation. He admonished them that prejudice and animosities were to find no abiding place in their councils; that they were to inquire and ascertain if crime had been committed, and if so, by whom committed, and so present. Alluding to Brown and his confederates he said, "As I before said, those men are now in the hands of justice. They are to have a fair and impartial trial. We owe it to the cause of justice as well as to our own characters that such a trial should be afforded them."

The grand jury returned an indictment containing *four* counts, for:

1. Treason.

2. Insurrection and inviting slaves to insurrection.

3. Murder.

4. Murder, with John Copeland as accessory. This indictment embraced all of Brown's confederates who were captured with him.

On the 27th of October, 1859, the case was moved for trial, the Commonwealth being represented by Messrs. Harding and Hunter, and the defense by Messrs. Botts and Green. An ineffectual effort was made on the part of the defense for delay, and the trial proceeded. Of course a full account of the evidence and argument of counsel cannot be expected in this article. Mr. Harding, the junior counsel for the State, opened on the law and was followed by Mr. Botts, and he by Mr. Hunter, who stated his purpose to avoid at

that time anything by way of argument or explanation not immediately connected with the particular issue to be tried, and to march straight forward to the attainment, so far as may be in our power, of the ends of justice, by either convicting or acquitting the prisoners at the bar. He then calmly and forcibly stated the law of treason against the State—the crime of conspiracy and inciting insurrection.

The witnesses were then called and the examination commenced—this was the second day—and continued till 7 o'clock in the evening, when the court adjourned. On the third day George H. Hoyt, of Boston, appeared as associate counsel for Brown.* The testimony was resumed, and continued for the prosecution until late in the afternoon. The defense then called witnesses. During this session of the court Brown addressed the court as follows: "I discover that notwithstanding all the assurances I have received of a fair trial, nothing like a fair trial is to be given me as it would seem," and he continued in that strain for some time, complaining that his witnesses had not been subpoenaed; but it turned out that he was mistaken for they had been served, and subsequently appeared in court, and such of them as were deemed important were examined. On the 4th day, Hon. Samuel Chilton, then of Washington, D. C., but who had served in Congress from the present Eighth District of Virginia—a lawyer of great power and ability—and Harry Griswold, of Cleveland, Ohio, appeared as counsel for the prisoner, and Messrs. Botts and Green withdrew from the case, having been dismissed by Brown the day before. Both made appeals for delay on the ground of recent employment in the case and consequent want of preparation, but the court directed the case to proceed. This was Saturday. The testimony was closed, and the case opened to the jury by Mr. Harding for the prosecution. When he concluded, the court adjourned to Monday following at 9 A. M. Upon assembling, pursuant to adjournment, Mr. Griswold opened for the defense and made as able an argument as almost any one could have made under the circumstances, and never once complained of the fairness of the trial. He argued that treason against the State of Virginia could not be committed by Brown, because Brown was not a citizen or resident. His arguments on the other points was such as is usual in criminal cases of a desperate character, and dwelt upon the doctrine of reasonable doubt. In Brown's confession, or statement of

* Hon. D. W. Voorhees states that George Semat, from Boston, accompanied him as like counsel.

his object in coming into the State with armed men and committing violence, he said that he had received aid and comfort and had the sympathy of a large number of people in the North. This Mr. Griswold flatly and unqualifiedly denied and as a Northern man repudiated. Mr. Chilton followed Mr. Griswold and made a very forcible argument, mostly on the law points raised by Mr. Griswold, particularly on the law of treason.

Then Mr. Hunter closed for the State in a calm, clear, forcible, and unanswerable argument on the law and the facts—an application of the facts to the law such as would have done credit to any advocate in any age. He made no appeal to passion or prejudice. In his speech during the third day of the trial, on the motion to postpone, he had said: "I do not rise for the purpose of protracting the argument, or interposing the slightest impediment in the way of a fair trial. This is fair. * * and so far as I am concerned, I have studiously avoided suggesting anything to the court which would in the slightest degree interfere with it." And this sentiment pervaded his whole conduct of the case. Among those with whom he lived, who cherish his memory and mourn his loss as people mourn for a great and good man taken from amongst them, no further evidence of his fairness in all things, particularly in a matter involving the life of a human being, need be given, but there are people in the United States, unfortunately too many of them, who have fallen into the same error that Dr. Von Holst has, and it is to convince them, if possible, of their great mistake that we have given so much time to this point. And we are not done with witnesses. It will be remembered that Hon. D. W. Voorhees, now United States Senator from Indiana, then one of the rising young men of the times, and whose eminence and eloquence have fulfilled the promises of early manhood, appeared for one of the prisoners, John E. Cook, and made such a plea for mercy as is rarely heard in a court of justice. In a letter to Miss Florence Hunter, of date January 7, 1889, Mr. Voorhees says: "The court itself was a model of judicial decorum, dignity and fairness. If justly represented by the pen of the historian, it would pass into history as the most temperate and conservative judicial tribunal ever convened, when all the surrounding circumstances are considered." * * * "Throughout all this great historic scene your father was a grand, consulting, concurring, and to a great extent, a guiding spirit. He prosecuted, it is true, the picket line, as it were, of the war that was coming on between the sections, but he did it in the spirit of the Christian gentleman, without a single tone of malevo-

lence or of exasperated resentment." After the war was over Mr. Hunter and Mr. Voorhees met in Washington, and of that meeting the latter says: "He had suffered severely by the war; his house had been burned and his home desolated by his kinsman," (Major-General David Hunter, United States Army), "and yet his temper in talking of these things was the sweetest and most charitable I have ever known. He not only found no fault, had no censure, but even found excuses and suggested reasons for conduct which to my eyes was simply brutal. Such was your father as I knew him and as he appeared to me. I saw him a few times afterward, and he always appeared the same—a gentleman of commanding intellect, broad and generous sympathy, and lofty and chivalrous instincts."

No further evidence of the purity of character, eminence and fairness as a lawyer, of Andrew Hunter need be produced. But as regards the fairness of Brown's trial, there is still another witness, whose statement, while not under oath, was made under circumstances of solemnity that far exceeded those surrounding the ordinary witness. As is well known, Brown was convicted. At this result probably no one was less surprised than himself. On the 6th day of the trial he was called to the bar and asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him. In a clear and distinct voice he said he had, and denied everything except an intention to free slaves; he intended to have made a clean thing of that matter, as he had done the winter before in Missouri; he designed to do the same thing here on a larger scale; he never intended to commit murder or treason, and thought it unjust that he should suffer such a penalty. He attempted a justification of his efforts, and continuing, said: "Let me say one word further. *I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial.* Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected." This is the statement of the person most interested in the trial and its result, notwithstanding he had on two or three occasions during the trial found fault with the ruling of the judge, but never with the conduct of counsel for the prosecution. When the final scene in the courthouse was about to be enacted; standing in the shadow of the gallows, as it were; cut loose from the world; a dead man in all except that he still retained breath and speech, and with that breath and speech which he knew must soon cease he declared: "I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial." The testimony of this last and most important witness is commended to the fairness of Dr. Von Holst.

It is not intended in this article to discuss the character or the motives of John Brown. This is left to future historians. He was, if not a lunatic, a dangerous and determined fanatic, who proposed to override the laws of his country, and achieve by unlawful methods his cherished ideas. He announced on his trial that his sole object was the freedom of the slaves. Years before his untimely crusade, some of the ablest of Southern statesmen had formulated plans for the emancipation of slavery, which, but for the mischievous and unlawful interference of such fanatics as Brown, would have been accomplished in peace and under the forms of law. That he was honest in his motives, misguided as were his acts, it is not in our province to discuss. He is, however, sent down to posterity as a saint and a martyr from certain sources, and is extolled in song and story. The cause for which he owned he yielded up his life, the abolition of slavery, became triumphant after the bloodiest war recorded in the annals of the world. It has been honestly accepted by the people most affected by it, and by the civilized world as a proper solution of the question, but the means by which it was brought about may still be a subject of doubt. Regarding the matter of John Brown's thorough devotion to the abolition of slavery, outside of personal interests, it is proper to state that Hon. Eli Thayer, in letters to the *Boston Herald* and *New York Sun*, shows conclusively that Brown committed with his own hands six deliberate murders. Thayer says: "In Kansas he (Brown) dragged from their beds at midnight three men and two boys and hacked them in pieces with two-edged cleavers in such a way that the massacre was reported to be the work of Indians." He says further that Brown traveled under false names, claiming at one time in Virginia to be a geologist. In several places he professed to be a Dr. McLain, a specialist in hernia, and examined all the negroes whose masters would permit him to do so. In a Presbyterian family he would be a Presbyterian minister, while in a Baptist family he would be a Baptist minister, and so on. He was a chameleon in religion, and could change to suit the spot he found himself on. And to show that Brown's professions for the negro were strongly intermingled with personal greed, Mr. Thayer says: "In Missouri he stole about \$4,000 worth of oxen, mules, wagons, harness; and such valuable and portable property as he could find." Such is the estimate of John Brown from the pen of a man who would have no inclination or inducement to do his memory an injustice.

The presiding judge in this historic trial was the Hon. Richard Parker, of Winchester, Virginia, now in his seventy-eighth year.

His great grandfather was Judge Richard Parker, who presided in one of the eastern circuits of Virginia, and died in 1813 at the advanced age of eighty-four. The first Judge Richard Parker had five sons in the Revolutionary army. William Parker, grandfather of the present Judge Parker, was a farmer, and he makes the only break in the line of judges in four generations.

Judge Parker served one term in Congress in 1848. The jailer having Brown in charge proposed to bring him into court under a guard of soldiers; Judge Parker replied that he would not permit armed men in any court of justice over which he presided, and directed the jailer to select four or five men of courage and repute who would see that not a hair of his head was touched.

In conclusion, we append the following extract from the speech made by Hon. D. W. Voorhees in defense of Cooke, one of the parties who was connected and executed with John Brown:

"The mission on which I have visited your State is to me and to those who are with me one full of the bitterness and poison of calamity and grief. The high, the sacred, the holy duty of private friendship for a family fondly beloved by all who have ever witnessed their illustrations of the purest social virtues, commands, and alone commands my presence here. And while they are overwhelmed by the terrible blow which has fallen upon them through the action of the misguided young man at the bar, yet I speak their sentiments as well as my own, when I say that one gratification, pure and unalloyed, has been afforded us since our melancholy arrival in your midst. It has been to witness the progress of this court from day to day, surrounded by all that is calculated to bias the minds of men, but pursuing with calmness, with dignity and impartiality the true course of the law and the even pathway of justice. I would not be true to the dictates of my own heart and judgment did I not bear voluntary and emphatic witness to the wisdom and patient kindness of his Honor on the bench; the manly and generous spirit which has characterized the counsel for the prosecution; the true, devoted and highly professional manner of the local counsel here for the defense; the scrupulous truthfulness of the witnesses who have testified, and the decorum and justness of the jurors, who have acted their parts from the first hour of this court to the present time. I speak in the hearing of the country. An important and memorable page in history is being written. Let it not be omitted that Virginia has thrown around a band of deluded men, who invaded her soil with treason and murder, all the safeguards of her constitution and laws, and placed them

in her courts upon an equality with her own citizens. I know of what I speak, and my love of truth and sense of right forbid me to be silent on this point."

M. J. W.

Washington, D. C., February, 1889.

General M. P. Lowrey.*

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

RIPLEY, MISS., September 30, 1867.

Colonel CALHOUN BENHAM :

DEAR SIR—This is the earliest day possible for me to commence the work that you requested at my hands, and even now I am waiting for some facts for which I have written to other parties, and which I hope to receive in a few days. I hope, however, that you will not be detained in your work on account of this delay, as such a book as you propose to write must not be hastily gotten up. For it is a matter of great importance that it be prepared with the greatest care, and be scrupulously correct ; as it will amply repay the labor required, and will not only be highly prized and extensively read by this generation, but will be read with interest by generations yet unborn. For want of all the material to give you, in that which I propose to write, first I will give you a few facts in relation to my own history, for which you asked me. These will be brief, and such of them as you think proper to give to the world you will please give entirely in your own language, making no *verbatim* extracts from what I shall write.

I was born in McNairy county, Tennessee, the 30th of December, 1828. My father died when I was a small boy, leaving my mother (who yet survives) with a large family of children to raise, and with but little means. I was the youngest of five sons, all of whom are yet living. I had two sisters younger than myself, one of whom died in childhood ; also four sisters older than myself. My mother was not able to give me a good education, and as the first resolution of any im-

*Furnished Mr. Joseph M. Brown, of Atlanta, Georgia, by Hon. L. H. Mangum, Washington, D. C. (who served on the staff of General P. R. Cleburne, C. S. A.), and published in the *Kennesaw Gazette* of November 15, 1888.

portance that I ever formed was to make a fortune, I neglected the cultivation of my mind in early youth. In my fifteenth year my mother removed to Farmington, a little village in Tishomingo county, Mississippi, four miles from where Corinth is now situated.

In my eighteenth year I volunteered in a company that was being raised for the Mexican war, but the call on our State was filled before the company was fully organized, and we were not received.

Then, in my nineteenth year, when recruits were called for to fill up the ranks of the Second Mississippi regiment, I volunteered, went to Mexico, remained in the service until the close of the war, and was mustered out of service with the balance of my regiment at Vicksburg, Mississippi, in July, 1848, having been a soldier nine months and five days. I was a private in Captain Alex. Jackson's company, of the Second Mississippi regiment. This regiment was first commanded by Colonel Reuben Davis, but when I was with it, it was commanded by Colonel Charles Black, who was in the late war a while as brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and afterwards Governor of Mississippi. I was not in any battle in the Mexican war, as our regiment was never engaged. The regiment was well drilled, and was kept under good discipline; and here I formed a taste for military discipline and tactics. At twenty-one years of age I was married to Miss Sarah Holmes, of Tishomingo county, who was a daughter of Isham Holmes, a thrifty farmer, who lived near Rienzi.

I had professed the Christian religion in my seventeenth year, and became a member of the Baptist church. After a long struggle with my almost unconquerable resolution to become rich—a struggle between worldly interest and Christian duty—in my twenty-fourth year I yielded to the call of my church, began the work of the gospel ministry and devoted my whole time to the pursuit of knowledge and to the other duties of my profession. From the very beginning of this arduous undertaking I received great encouragement, both from the church and from the world. I was favored with large and attentive congregations, and my first labors were crowned with encouraging success. I was soon called to positions that opened the way to usefulness—gave me a support for my family—opportunities to improve my education, and to give myself wholly to my profession. As I had gained a victory over my ambition to gain wealth, this was all I asked, and I never indulged a moment's thought of turning from the holy calling to make money, or for any civil or military position.

At the beginning of the late war I lived at Kossuth, a little village

nine miles southwest of Corinth—was quietly pursuing my theological studies—had the pastoral care of some religious congregations to whom I was much attached, and who cherished the warmest affection for me as their spiritual guide and instructor. In political questions I took no part, as I did not think it became a minister of the gospel to engage in the heated discussions that then prevailed throughout the country, and naturally led to the indulgence of immoderate feelings and passions. But our people were all aroused, and were, to a man, for the Confederacy. My feelings ran in the same channel, and there was no neutral ground to occupy. I was called out in several public meetings, and gave free expression to my sentiments. I was also appointed beforehand to address public meetings, and was thus brought prominently before the public in a manner I had endeavored to avoid. As I had had some experience in military service in the Mexican war, I was soon urged to accept the command of men, and was more than once waited on and urged to do so, but positively declined.

But in the fall of 1861, the Legislature of Mississippi passed an act calling out ten thousand men for sixty days, to arm and equip themselves for an emergency. My neighbors raised a company and elected me captain of it, urging that I *could* go with them for sixty days and that it was my duty to do so. I could not refuse. In a few days I was with my company at Corinth, the place of rendezvous; and at the organization of a regiment, I was almost unanimously elected colonel of it. About the first of December, my regiment being fully organized (which was numbered at the State capital "the Fourth regiment of sixty days' volunteers"), I was ordered to Bowling Green, Kentucky, with other State troops, all of which were commanded by General Reuben Davis, who had been made a major-general in the State service. My men having left comfortable homes in the cold winter, and being unused to camp-life, nearly all got sick. Measles and pneumonia prevailed to an alarming extent, and many good men died. At the close of our term we were discharged, and I felt that my military career was at an end. I attempted to return to civil life and to the care of my Christian congregations.

But after the fall of Fort Donelson, the clamor for my services in the field so increased that it was irresistible. Many who had been with me in the sixty days' State service, and who wanted to volunteer for the war, begged me to go with them. Old ladies and old gentlemen earnestly entreated me to go with their sons. Tishomingo county had lost a regiment at Fort Donelson (the Twenty-sixth Mis-

issippi), and our people resolved to put another in the field in its place, and I was selected to raise and organize it. Our State was threatened with invasion, and Tishomingo county was the threatened point. All felt that every man who could bear arms should rise up and stand between his home and the enemy, and he who would not do so was deemed unworthy to be called a Mississippian. Churches felt that they had no use for pastors then—fighting men were in demand. I was restless, and my blood was hot within me. The thought of sitting still until the enemy would overrun my home and family was more than I could bear. The result is soon told: I raised and organized the Thirty-second Mississippi regiment in a little less time than any other regiment was ever raised and organized in north Mississippi. The regiment was organized at Corinth on the third of April, 1862, and I was unanimously elected colonel. This was a few days before the battle of Shiloh; but at the time of that battle the regiment had not been equipped or armed, and was not in the fight, but we received prisoners and captured property, and accompanied prisoners to the interior.

After the battle, my regiment was assigned to Brigadier-General S. A. M. Wood's brigade of Hardee's division. I was very soon the senior colonel in the brigade, except Colonel W. B. Wood, of the Sixteenth Alabama, who was for nearly a year absent from the army. Then, in the absence of the brigadier-general, I was entitled to the command. I was frequently thrown in command of the brigade before the commencement of the Kentucky campaign.

At Chattanooga, before the campaign commenced, the army was reorganized. General Hardee was placed in command of a corps and Major-General Buckner placed in command of our division. As soon as the army entered Kentucky, General Buckner left the division for a time, to encourage the enlistment of Kentucky troops, and General Wood, being the senior brigadier, was placed in command of the division, which left me in command of the brigade. I had engaged in some active skirmishing about Corinth, but the battle of Perryville was the first regular engagement I was ever in. Just before the commencement of the battle, General Buckner resumed the command of the division and General Wood of the brigade, which sent me back to my regiment. But before we got near the enemy General Wood was slightly wounded by a shell, and I resumed the command of the brigade. So, I commanded a brigade in the first battle I was ever engaged in. But I was soon painfully wounded in my left arm, by which I was disabled about eight weeks. At the battle of Murfrees-

boro, my regiment was detached for special service, and did not engage in the first day's fight, but took an active part in the skirmishing that followed it, and I was left to bring off the brigade in the retreat from that place.

Early in 1863, at Tullahoma, the Forty-fifth Mississippi regiment was consolidated with mine, and I was placed in command of the consolidated regiments. Up to this time I had but little opportunity to drill my regiment, but at Tullahoma, in the spring of 1863, we drilled for several months, and my regiment became very proficient in drill. In an inspection by General Hardee of each regiment of Wood's brigade, drilling separately, my regiment was pronounced by him the best drilled regiment in the brigade, and the regiment was complimented in a general order. In the small fights and skirmishes that preceded the retreat from middle Tennessee in July, 1863, my regiment took an active part.

The next regular battle in which I was engaged was that of Chickamauga. In that, after a gallant charge, made by Cleburne's division on the evening of the first day, in which we drove the enemy from a strong position, and in which my regiment charged gallantly through an open field on the most exposed part of the line, General Cleburne complimented me personally; but the gallantry displayed was not mine, but that of my men. In the engagement the next morning, when we charged the enemy's works and were repulsed with heavy loss, my regiment was, I think, in the most exposed part of the line, but held its position until all the troops had retreated, both on the right and left, and then was the first regiment to rally and form for another onset. I was again complimented by General Cleburne, and I and my command were favorably noticed in his official report, as you are aware. My promotion immediately followed this engagement, with the circumstances of which you are well acquainted. My appointment as brigadier-general was on the 4th of October, 1863. I had then served as colonel eighteen months besides my sixty days' service with State troops. I count from the time of my election; but under authority of the war department I had raised and organized the regiment, acting in the capacity and with the rank of colonel. You remember that after my promotion to brigadier-general I was assigned to the command of the old brigade with which I had served from the beginning, and which I had often commanded. From the foregoing you will observe, also, that I had never commanded less than a brigade.

I know you remember all about the part I took in the battle of

Missionary Ridge, as you were on my line several times during the day and brought me the order at night to retreat. I selected the position I occupied on the right, without a guide and without knowing the country, occupied it and fortified it under the fire of the enemy, and held it, protecting the right flank of our army all day. At Ringgold, or Taylor's Ridge, my brigade was at first held in reserve in the gap; and General Polk, having been sent over behind the right hand hill, had sent the First Arkansas regiment upon the hill to watch the movements of the enemy. When General Cleburne saw heavy columns of the enemy moving rapidly to his right, he gave me a verbal order, I think in these words: "Go upon that hill and see that the enemy don't turn my right." I moved by the right flank and, with much difficulty, climbed the rugged hill. I got my horse up the hill with much difficulty, but my field-officers all left their horses and went up on foot. On reaching the top of the hill, I heard firing on the right about a quarter of a mile ahead of me. I left a staff-officer to close up the command in haste, and hurry them on, and I went in full speed to see what the firing meant. On reaching the place, I found the First Arkansas standing alone against a large force of the enemy, who had already reached the summit. They felt that they were overpowered, and were just about to give away, but I dashed up to them and encouraged them, by assuring them that my brigade was just at hand. They gathered courage and held their ground. I dashed back in full speed, and knowing that the position would be entirely lost if I waited to bring my whole command at once, as the line had to be changed, I threw forward a regiment at a time, leading each regiment in person, and by a dash drove the enemy from the top of the hill. As I brought up my last regiment, I discovered that Brigadier-General Polk had hastily formed his brigade still further to the right, and was hotly engaged. A staff-officer came from him in full speed asking me for help, saying that the enemy were charging in massed column on the position then held by the First Arkansas, which, having been so long engaged, were out of ammunition. I took the Forty-fifth Alabama, which I was just then bringing into position, and went in double-quick, threw them in rear of the First Arkansas, and moved them up in time to repulse the enemy. The victory was ours, and the enemy was gone down the hill in perfect confusion. A deafening shout of triumph went down our line, and General Polk, as if enwrapped in the glory of our success, dashed up to me, and seizing me by the hand exclaimed, "Just in time to save us, General!" The men, observing the rapture of their brig-

ade commanders, again pierced the heavens with their shouts of triumph, greatly to the annoyance, no doubt, of the discomfited columns of the enemy. This was the most glorious triumph I ever witnessed on a battlefield. And there is nothing more certain than that tardy movements would have resulted in not only loss of that position, but the defeat of the entire division, and the loss of the trains and artillery of the army. This was on the 27th of November, 1863.

I took an active part in the campaign that opened at Dalton on the 7th of May, 1864. You remember the effort made by the enemy on the New Hope church line on the 27th of May, 1864, to turn our right flank, in which Cleburne's division by a dash defeated the enemy. In that engagement, Granbury, having formed his brigade rapidly on the right of Govan, had nothing but a few cavalry on his right, and these were rapidly giving away before heavy columns of Yankee infantry. My brigade, then being in reserve to Tucker's brigade, was ordered at 5 P. M. to move rapidly to the right. We went about a mile and a half, most of the way in double-quick. General Cleburne met me on the way, and with his usual calmness told me that it was necessary to move rapidly. He then explained to me the situation, and as he left hastily he said, "Secure Granbury's right." Granbury was hotly engaged, and the enemy had already passed to the rear of his right flank, and was pressing on. I found the Eighth Arkansas, of Govan's brigade, hastening to the rescue, and as they were ahead of my command I ordered them to move up rapidly to Granbury's right, and as soon as one of my regiments had passed their right flank threw them forward to meet the advancing foe; and as the regiments moved up I threw them forward in rapid succession, and we drove the enemy back in handsome style. We pursued and drove him from a hill that commanded Granbury's whole line. This was the key to the whole situation, and it would have been impossible for Granbury to have held his ground with the enemy on that hill. This hill was taken by a gallant charge of the Thirty-third Alabama of my brigade; but they seemed to perceive the advantage they had lost, and made several efforts to regain it. The Thirty-third Alabama lost heavily for so short an engagement, and at one time the men wavered, and the position would have been lost but for the immediate presence of the gallant Colonel Adams and myself. I went to his assistance when he was in the midst of his men under a terrible fire, rallying and encouraging them, regardless of danger. I dashed into their midst on old

"Rebel," my favorite horse, and the position was held. Here again a victory was secured by a dash, that could have been secured in no other way. Granbury's gallant Texans fought as but few troops would have fought, and the destruction of the enemy in their front was perhaps the greatest that occurred during the whole war, considering the number engaged and length of time. But the position could not have been held had not the right flank been secured, and I am quite sure this could not have been done if I had waited to put my whole brigade in position, and move them all up at once. Indeed it was one of those times in which the victory trembled in the scale, and the lives of many men, and probably the destiny of an army, hung upon a moment of time. This engagement was on Pumpkinvine creek, just above Pickett's mill, and a little north of a road known as the Acworth road.

I continued with the army, and participated in all the fighting of all that arduous and bloody campaign, commanding my own brigade in all the battles except Jonesboro, in which I commanded the division. You remember the engagement of the 22d of July, near Cobb's mill. In that engagement, after my own brigade had been cut to pieces, having lost half its number, I discovered an opportunity to make an assault on the enemy's flank, and got permission to make the attack with Mercer's brigade and some detachments that had just been brought up from the picket line, which we had left the night before. General Maney, in command of Cheatham's division, who ranked me, had discovered the opportunity, and was forming to make the movement, and I, not knowing it, marched up to his line. I could not move on without running over his line, which my respect for him and his rank would not allow. You were present, and I know you remember how by his tardy movements the opportunity was lost. But I would not like for anything in my personal history to reflect upon another officer.

On the night of the 30th of August General Cleburne took command of Hardee's corps and I of Cleburne's division to move to Jonesboro'. General Hardee went by the train and took command of the forces. On the 31st I made an attack with the division on the enemy's right flank and drove the dismounted cavalry from their works, and we continued to pursue them for at least a mile. This was the only success achieved by our forces that day. I was then ordered back to relieve Lee's corps on our right, which had been ordered back in the direction of Atlanta. It was in the night when I reached the place, and I found works commenced on a part of the line; but

I had to form in one rank and continue the line further to the right. The next day, the first of September, having been deprived of Lee's corps, we fought the enemy five or six to one and held him in check all day. I, with Cleburne's division, occupied the extreme right. On the evening of that day the enemy moved in overwhelming force to turn our right flank. The movement was discovered by General Hardee, and he came to me in person, manifesting more excitement than I ever saw him at any other time, and told me that he had ordered additional forces to report to me, and for me to select a line and put them in position at once. I saw the necessity of retiring the right of the line, so as to form a crescent, so as to deceive the enemy by making them think they had found our skirmish line, and driving them back they would come upon the abatis and form for a desperate attack on our main line. Finding this but a skirmish line they would have to form again, and be thus detained until night, thus favoring us with an opportunity to retire. The plan worked well, and the result was that they did not find our right flank at all. This plan saved us that day. We retired that night to Lovejoy station, and I continued in command of the division about a week. The evening of the 2d, at Lovejoy, the enemy assaulted the position of the line occupied by my old brigade and were handsomely repulsed with considerable loss.

There is nothing else worthy of notice in my military history until the beginning of active service in the campaign into Middle Tennessee. When the enemy began the retreat from the vicinity of Columbia, Tennessee, a large portion of our army crossed Duck river, at Davis' ford, five miles above Columbia. My brigade crossed first early on the morning of the 29th of November, and moved in advance all day. We moved to intercept the enemy at Spring Hill, but were compelled to move cautiously, for we were expecting continually to meet the enemy. The enemy made one bold demonstration on our moving columns in the evening, I suppose for the purpose of detaining us. General Hood was with me in person a good part of the day, and directed me to attack the enemy wherever I found him, without regard to his numbers or position. Late in the evening General Forrest attacked the enemy at Spring Hill, and I moved rapidly to his assistance. The enemy had moved out one mile from the village, and had made strong breastworks of fence rails, and occupied a strong position, from which the cavalry had failed to move him. The moment I arrived on the ground I formed line and moved

against the enemy, drove him from his works and pursued him about a mile through an open field. As soon as Granbury could come up and form he followed to my left, and Govan was brought up and was held in reserve. Granbury did not get into the engagement, as the whole of the enemy's line to my left gave way as my line advanced, but the line to my right stood firm, and as I advanced I left them in my rear.

Here I will introduce an interesting incident in General Cleburne's conduct. As I passed the enemy on my right, the officers by great efforts kept their men in position, and from the cheering and waving of swords and hats which I observed, I thought they were going to charge me on my right flank. I saw Cleburne on the field, dashed up to him and told him that the enemy was about to charge me on my right flank. With his right hand raised, as though he held a heavy whip to be brought down upon his horse, and in a tone that manifested unusual excitement, he exclaimed, "I'll charge them!" And dashing back to Govan's brigade he brought them up and did make a successful charge, driving the enemy in confusion from his position. In the engagement at Franklin my brigade was in the second line. The enemy was driven from his first line, but checked our forces at his second line. I brought up my brigade, and under the most destructive fire I ever witnessed, I threw my brigade into the outside ditch of his massive works, and my men fought the enemy across the parapet. Up to this time about half my men had fallen, and the balance could not scale the works. It would have been certain death or capture to every one of them. I went on my horse to within thirty feet of the works, where I had my horse wounded, and when I saw that nothing more could be done I went to the rear, and began the work of gathering up the fragments of our division. I then commanded the division a few days before the battle of Nashville, when Brigadier-General Smith, who ranked me by four days in date of appointment, came to the division, and was entitled to the command of it. The first day of the fight I commanded my brigade, which was near the extreme right, where we handsomely repulsed several severe assaults of the enemy. On the next day I was put in command of Cheatham's division, which was then on the extreme left. General Cheatham was commanding the corps, and General John C. Brown had commanded this division until he was wounded at Franklin. The division was in line of battle when I was ordered to take command of it. The enemy soon assaulted us heavily in

front, and continued a heavy flank movement to our left. I was compelled to take one brigade from the works to extend my line to the left. Soon Govan's brigade was driven from a hill immediately in our rear. I was then compelled to send my strongest brigade to that point, which left me to hold the works with a single rank, thinly scattered along the works. The brigade I sent to the hill in the rear soon regained the hill; but about the same time Bate's division on my right gave way, and the enemy poured through by thousands in my rear, my line being nearly at a right angle with the main line. My line was soon thrown back, the enemy surrounding me in the shape of a horseshoe, I only left the heel to go out at. At first I saw no chance for myself or any considerable portion of my division to escape capture. But at the only point where escape might be rendered possible, and by my own efforts, assisted by Lieutenant A. J. Hall, my aide-de-camp, a few men were rallied, who held the enemy in check until most of my men passed out and joined our broken and discomfited masses in their inglorious retreat. It was at this point that old "Rebel," my favorite war-steed, was killed. I had ridden him in all the engagements I had ever been in except two, and he had been four times wounded.

I continued in command of this division nearly four months. At Chesterville, South Carolina, I got leave of absence and went to Richmond to tender my resignation, which was accepted on the 14th of March, 1865. My reasons for resigning were as follows:

1. I saw that the cause was lost.
2. I had been separated from the men and officers with whom I had borne the "burden and heat of the day," and to whom I was endeared by a thousand sacred ties, and although I was willing to stand with our broken forces until the end of the struggle, I was unwilling to mourn with strangers at the funeral of "The Lost Cause."
3. Our armies were, by an act of Congress, to be reorganized, and there was a surplus of officers of all grades, and I preferred to leave the offices to those who were more ambitious for military honor and position than myself. My highest ambition as a soldier was to do my whole duty, and advance the interest of that cause which was as dear to my heart as life.

I have now given you a sketch of my course, from which you may glean whatever may tend to the answering of your purpose. I feel much more interest in my character and reputation as a Christian and a minister of the gospel than as a soldier, and that you may

know my standing as such I will give you a few items. I often preached in camp. While in camp at Dalton, Georgia, in the spring of 1864, there was a general revival of religion in the army, and I participated in it, preaching very often to my command. Within two weeks I baptized over fifty of my own men in a little creek near the camp. I believe my religious character gave me influence with my men in camp, on the march and in the field. While our division was in camp at Jonesboro', Georgia, the 16th of September, 1864, having been set apart by the President as a day of fasting and prayer, on that day I preached to a large congregation of soldiers from this text: "Call upon me in the day of trouble ; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." Psalms 50 : 15. Soon after, the following note was clipped from a Montgomery paper :

"A PREACHER GENERAL.—Brigadier-General Lowrey, of the Army of Tennessee, is a member of the clerical profession—a fact which is not perhaps generally known. We have a letter dated Jonesboro', Georgia, September 15th, which says :

"We have had the pleasure of listening to a very impressive and eloquent sermon from Brigadier-General Lowrey. The General is a man of superior acquirements, and is always heard with increasing interest. A faithful soldier of the cross, as well as of his country, devout and brave, he unites, more than any living man, perhaps, those cardinal virtues of mind and heart which combine to make the noble, true, conscientious, Christian warrior.'"

After the close of the war I settled in Tippah county, Mississippi, an adjoining county to the one in which I had formerly lived, and resumed regular engagements as a minister of the gospel. I also engaged as a stated contributor to a religious paper, the *Christian Index*, published in Atlanta, Georgia, and yet continue my contributions.

I have made this sketch much more lengthy than I intended when I commenced ; but those portions of it which are connected with the operations of my command embrace items of information that may be left out in other sketches that I propose giving you. Hoping you will pardon the delay, and any imperfections, or apparent want of modesty in writing about myself,

I am, as ever, yours,

M. P. LOWREY.

The Battle of Chickamauga, 19th and 20th of September, 1863.

*Report of Action of the Third South Carolina Regiment in the
Battle of the Chickamauga.*

HEADQUARTERS THIRD SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT,
Near Chattanooga, Tennessee, October 10th, 1863.

Captain C. R. HOLMES, A. A. G.:

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor, in obedience with circular of the 7th instant from brigade headquarters, to submit the following report of the recent operations of my command. The train conveying my regiment and James's battalion reached Greenwood Mills, on the Western and Atlantic railroad, about 2 o'clock P. M. on Friday, the 18th September ultimo, when I reported to Brigadier-General Kershaw, who had preceded me, and who ordered me into camp with that portion of the brigade which had already arrived at that point. Early the next morning we marched under General Kershaw's command to the neighborhood of Ringgold, where we remained in line of battle to guard a gap in the mountains until a short time after dark, when we took up the line of march for the Chickamauga. After a fatiguing and remarkably dusty march we reached the river, and crossed it at Alexander's bridge, and bivouacked on the left of the road, near three hundred yards from the bridge, about 1 o'clock at night. About 9 A. M. the next morning (Sunday) we were put on the march and moved towards the left of our guard line of battle. After going about a quarter of a mile, we were massed in columns of regiments and rested in reserve for about an hour, when we were advanced by the flank a short distance, and thrown in line of battle about two or three hundred yards behind and parallel to a line of breastworks in the woods, and running, I judge, nearly north and south. The engagement had by this time fairly opened in our front, and we immediately advanced towards the firing, in a westerly direction, crossing (what I understood was) the Lafayette road just to the left of a small house on the left of the road as you approach Chattanooga, and thence through the woods in front, until we reached the fence on the edge of a large corn and stubble field. Here we met a portion of General Hood's division returning in disorder under a feeble fire from the enemy, who seemed to be forming in front, and on a line nearly perpendicular to *our* line of battle. By order from General Kershaw I changed front forward on my first company, and the other battalions conforming to the manœuvre of mine as the

directing one, our line was placed in a position to continue the advance, which we immediately resumed. Our direction was now diagonally across the fields. The enemy's line in front of my regiment rested on the summit of a commanding hill on the west or farther side of the field, along which ran a thickly wooded forest, and I had to encounter their fire, delivered from this advantageous position, before they were driven from it, and after they gave way I suffered considerably while passing over this hill by a fire delivered from the high ground in the woods beyond the field.

We passed two or three pieces of artillery on this hill, which I suppose the enemy had failed to put into position before we were upon them. We pressed forward, crossed the fence (which was afterwards used for making breastworks), and passed about one hundred yards into the woods, where we were halted by General Kershaw, as I understood, until General Humphries could come up on our right.

Soon afterwards, hearing firing on our right, which I suppose was General Humphries, we were again ordered forward. We pressed on under a *very severe* infantry and artillery fire, from which my regiment suffered very heavily until we got within about fifty yards of the enemy's line posted on a strong and elevated position on (what I am informed was) Peavine ridge.

Here the fire directed against my regiment was very deadly. In the meantime, the regiment immediately on my right (and which had already obliques much too far to the right of mine) veered still further to the right, and left a gap between us, I suppose, of at least three hundred yards. With my right flank thus exposed, and my line terribly thinned by the galling fire that still raged in my front, and with no signs of a continued advance on my left, I found it impossible to advance farther with any advantage, and I, therefore, halted and returned the enemy's fire as effectively as I could. I directed an officer to report my surroundings to General Kershaw, who sent an order to retire behind a low ridge just in front of the fence, which ran along the northern side of the field and which we had just before crossed. Here the line was reformed and, seeing the importance of holding this position, I directed my men, in the lull of battle which then ensued, to bring forward the rails from the fence mentioned to make a rude breastwork just behind the crest of the ridge, where we had taken position. Soon afterwards the enemy advanced against us, but were very handsomely repulsed by the cool and deliberate fire of our then thinned line. An irregular fire was

then kept up until, at length, reinforcements came up in General Gracie's brigade, which passed over my line and attacked the enemy in the position in which we had last assailed him; but, so far as I could discover, with no better success. After these reinforcements became engaged, my regiment took no *active* part in the action as, on account of my heavy losses and of the importance of holding the line then occupied in case of failure of the pending attack, I understood that I was to act on the defensive. The wisdom of this order was afterwards illustrated. When Gracie's brigade failed to carry this strong position of the enemy, they retired, with other troops that had been unsuccessfully thrown against the same point. Night was now near and the battle thus terminated in my immediate front. My regiment, with those associated with it, became engaged about 12 M. (I suppose), and continued so until about 4 o'clock P. M. without relief or reinforcements; but we drove the enemy nearly half a mile, and were only stopped when we encountered him in large force in the strong position mentioned. And, though we did not succeed in forcing this position, the enemy eagerly availed himself of the cover of night to retreat from it. A list of casualties is herewith submitted. It will be seen that the losses in the regiment were heavy. Among the gallant men who fell that day was Captain W. A. Williams, Company F, who was acting major of the regiment when he was killed. He was an excellent officer and an estimable man, and his death is a serious loss not only to his company, but to the regiment. Among the most seriously wounded were Lieutenants Pitts and Cunningham, each of whom lost a leg by amputation. They are, therefore, unfortunately lost to the service. Captains Richardson and Swygort and Lieutenant Johnson were severely wounded. Captain Todd, acting Lieutenant-Colonel, and Adjutant Y. I. Pope were also severely wounded. Other officers were slightly wounded whose names will appear on the accompanying list of casualties. After Adjutant Pope was wounded, I detailed Lieutenant John W. Watts to act in his place. He and Sergeant-Major E. M. Hix were of great assistance, and discharged the duties of their offices with entire satisfaction to me. The conduct of officers and men generally was praiseworthy and highly creditable. I am glad to be able to report that all of my dead were well buried, and the unfortunate wounded were conveyed to the infirmaries where they received proper attention.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

JAMES D. NANCE,
Colonel Commanding.

Report of Captain JAMES T. HUNTER, Commanding Fourth Texas Regiment in the Battle of Chickamauga.

IN THE FIELD NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE,
September 28th, 1863.

Lieutenant KERR, A. A. A. General:

During the absence of my seniors in command, the duty devolves upon me of making a report of the part enacted by the Fourth Texas regiment on Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th September, 1863.

Therefore, I have the honor to respectfully submit the following :

At 3:30 P. M., on the evening of the 19th, the brigade was ordered forward, we occupying our natural position in line of battle. We had advanced but a short distance when we met quite a number of men returning (command not known). Soon after a sharp fire commenced on the left of the brigade, and extended down the line to the right. Up to the time we met this line, our progress had not been impeded except by a line of skirmishers and a heavy fire of grape and canister. The regiment moved up in fine style, and met and charged the enemy gallantly, driving them from their position. They then took refuge behind a house, some fencing, trees, etc. Here a desperate struggle ensued, and here it was that Colonel Bane, whilst gallantly discharging his duties, received a wound which compelled him to leave the field (the command consequently devolved upon Captain Bassett). Here, too, fell the gallant Lieutenants Bookman and Killingsworth; also Ed. Francis, our color-sergeant, and many brave and gallant men. In driving the enemy from this position the fighting was desperate. As many as two individual hand-to-hand engagements with the bayonet occurred. In taking this position we forced them to desert a battery that occupied a position in front of the left of the regiment; but by this time our line becoming deranged, we fell back some two hundred yards in the timber, reformed the regiment, moved up and held position a short distance in front of the house until recalled by order about sunset.

On the following day, about noon, we again moved forward in the same position in line we had occupied the day previous. We moved immediately in rear of another line, and consequently had gone a considerable distance before we received a heavy fire except from the enemy's batteries. On arriving at a field about one mile from where

the advance commenced, the enemy appeared on our right flank. This made it essential that our direction should be changed. This was done on the move by making a wheel to the right. We moved direct against their position, which was a very strong one, they occupying an eminence covered with heavy timber. On our gaining the height they deserted it. After holding the position a short time the line on our left gave way, crying out "they were flanked," and consequently we fell back across the field, and reformed in the timber. In crossing this field the gallant and highly esteemed Captain Jo. Billingsley fell. Several other gallant men fell in this fight, and a number of men and officers were wounded. After our line was reformed a temporary breastwork was constructed. We were here exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy's artillery; and here it was that Captain Bassett, who had ably and gallantly commanded the regiment since the wounding of Colonel Bane, received a severe wound by a fragment of shell, which deprived us of his services. This closed the operations of the regiment in the two days' fight.

I cannot close without adding my testimony to the gallant bearing of both men and officers. With a few exceptions, their conduct has never been surpassed on any of the many fields on which they have been engaged.

A full list of casualties has already been furnished.

I am, respectfully, etc.,

JAMES T. HUNTER,

Captain Commanding Fourth Texas Regiment.

*Report of Captain T. T. CLAY, Commanding Fifth Texas Regiment
in the Battle of Chickamauga.*

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT,
On Battlefield, September 21st, 1863.

To Lieutenant JNO. W. KERR, Acting A. A. G. :

SIR,—Major J. C. Rogers and Captain J. S. Cleveland having been wounded in the actions of the 19th and 20th instant, the former upon the first day, and the latter upon the last day, the duty devolves upon me therefore to make the report of the part taken by the Fifth Texas regiment in the late engagement. I have the honor therefore to submit the following:

At 3 o'clock P. M. Saturday, the Fifth Texas regiment, under the command of Major Rogers, being in line of battle, was ordered forward through a thick wood on a side hill, and just before we struck the flat some of our men were struck down by the shells of the enemy, but we pressed forward, and on the edge of the woods, bordering the road to Chattanooga, we encountered the enemy in force. They delivered but one volley, and fell back across the road. The regiment pressed them and urged them into a field, across which they fled. The enemy up to this time were in possession of this entire field; but where the Fifth Texas engaged them, the woods extended much farther out in the direction of the enemy than it did upon our immediate right or left, and we were thus covered by the timber in our advance some two hundred yards further forward than our friends on our flanks. Our numbers being thus hid from the view of the enemy, the impression prevailed among them, both upon the right and left of us, that they were flanked, and after delivering a feeble fire into our flanks they fled across the field to the cover of the woods beyond, and it was with the greatest difficulty that our men could be held back from their pursuit. After a time Major Rogers, assisted by Captain Cleveland, succeeded in getting the regiment in line on the side of a ravine running near and parallel to the field. Here we remained for one hour or more, the enemy giving us occasional volleys from their small arms, and throwing over us charge upon charge of grape and canister. We held them in check, preventing any forward movement in our immediate front or flanks, and we thus remained until ordered to fall back, Major Rogers having sent repeatedly in the meantime to notify our friends upon our left of our position. After falling back some two hundred and fifty yards we were halted, and in a short time the enemy advanced and showed themselves about fifty yards off. Major Rogers ordered us to charge, and we threw ourselves upon them at a run, the enemy falling back in great disorder. The men followed the fleeing enemy to a ravine in the field, the brave Major Rogers all the time urging them forward, until he saw that our friends had failed to come up upon our right and left, when the order was reluctantly given to fall back. We were here exposed in going in and returning to an incessant shower of grape and canister from a battery on the opposite side of the field. It was in falling back from this field to our original position that the gallant Major Rogers fell from a severe wound, and the regiment is thus deprived for a time of the services of one of its best officers. In this last charge the regiment sustained

its greatest loss in men and officers. On falling back, under cover of the woods, Captain Cleveland reformed the regiment, and ordered Lieutenant Fuller forward with some twelve or fifteen men, who held the ground until our wounded were removed. This was about 6 o'clock, and we were ordered back some hundred and fifty yards, where we lay in line of battle until the next morning, September 20th, 1863.

At daylight on this morning (20th) we were aroused and remained drawn up in line for some time, when we were moved by the right flank about half a mile, where we were held in line of battle until about 10 o'clock A. M., when we were ordered to lay down to allow Polk's corps to pass over us to the front, but they never appeared on that portion of the field. We remained thus until about 11 o'clock A. M., a spirited fire being kept up upon our right and left, when we were ordered up and forward, there being, as we were told, two lines of battle (Confederate) in front. Captain Cleveland, previous to our advance, addressed a few encouraging words to the regiment and placed himself in front of the colors, where he remained as long as I saw him. We were moved forward in quick time across a wooded flat, and before we gained the hill beyond the enemy hailed down upon us a perfect shower of shot and shell; but we pressed forward and, just after crossing a small field, we found the enemy's first line of breastwork, but we encountered no one here, the enemy having fled precipitately. About three hundred yards further on we crossed the Chattahoochee road, and, on entering a thicket beyond, we were hid for a time from the rest of the brigade, and here an order came from our right to fall back, and Captain Cleveland, supposing it was a general order, commanded us to fall back, and the regiment dropped back about a hundred yards, but, failing to see that our left had done so, he halted us, and had just got us in line, when an order came from General Robertson for the regiment to press forward. The regiment soon pressed forward, and by the time we had entered the field beyond the road before mentioned, the balance of the brigade, assisted by a portion of the Fifth, had run over and captured a battery on our left. We were advancing rapidly across this field to rejoin our brigade when we received a fire into our right flank, the enemy being in the woods to our right. The regiment immediately made a right half wheel, and fired a volley which proved so fatal that they scattered and fled. Captain Cleveland, taking the flag and a portion of the regiment, moved off and joined the brigade, and just as he reached the woods upon the heights, the brigade com-

menced to fall back, recrossing the field, and, in doing so, this gallant officer received a severe wound in the fleshy part of the thigh. When Captain Cleveland moved off to join the brigade, he left me and some twenty-five or thirty officers and men to hold in check the enemy that were then making their appearance in this quarter. This we did, and, at the same time, drove a body from their breast-works near by, causing them to set fire to them and their knapsacks. We here took several prisoners, and three pieces of artillery. The artillery we held until the Eighth South Carolina came up and a brigade was brought up by General Law, when we were ordered to join our brigade on the left. I was then put in command of the regiment, and we were shortly moved to the right, where we were held until nearly night, when we were carried forward to the left, and our brigade took possession of the heights, relieving General Kershaw's brigade, the enemy, in the meantime, evacuating the field. We had one officer killed and seven wounded, twelve non-commissioned officers and privates killed, eighty non-commissioned officers and privates wounded, and twelve missing, making our total loss, in killed, wounded and missing, one hundred and twelve, a list of which has already been furnished.

T. T. CLAY,

Captain Commanding Fifth Texas Regiment.

The Twentieth Georgia Regiment at the Battle of Chickamauga.

The Twentieth regiment of Georgia volunteers reached the vicinity of Ringgold on the night of the 17th of September, 1863. Early on the morning of the 18th it moved along with the brigade to the suburbs of that place, and there remained until about sunset, when we were marched to a point near Reed's bridge, going into bivouac about 12 o'clock that night. The morning of the 19th we crossed at Reed's bridge, and, bearing to the left, took position in front of what I think was the position occupied by Walker's division of reserves. About 2 o'clock P. M. we advanced upon the enemy, and soon became hotly engaged. The enemy slowly gave way before us, for a distance of two miles or more, until our line had crossed, nearly at right angles, the main public road leading from Lafayette, Georgia, to Chattanooga, Tennessee. In the farther edge of this road, near a small framed house, had been planted a battery of four guns. The enemy succeeded in carrying back his cannon, caissons, etc., by

hand, after losing several horses and a number of artillerists. At that point we could make no further advance in consequence of greatly depleted ranks and want of artillery on our side, while the enemy was superior to us, five-fold in numbers, in position naturally stronger than ours, rendered stronger still by a rudely constructed breastwork of logs, with three batteries in full play upon our line. That position we held until the firing ceased at nightfall, when, being considerably in advance of the troops on our right, we were withdrawn some three hundred yards, and the whole line ordered to be dressed. The loss in killed and wounded on the 19th was about one hundred; probably one hundred prisoners captured.

We lay under arms that night with orders to be ready for action by dawn following, not however to advance and renew combat until firing should be heard *nearing* us on the right coming down the line, as it was not deemed advisable to press the enemy too hotly below his centre until General Polk's corps had driven his left (our right) across the Chattanooga road, so as to cut off the best road of retreat. For some reason, I have never learned, General Polk's troops did not begin the fight of Sunday, the 20th, before 10 o'clock A. M., or very little before. At the appointed signal we began to advance, and had proceeded but a few hundred yards before coming up with a brigade (I think from Arkansas) at a halt. We passed it, *obliquing* somewhat to the left, and soon engaged the enemy. Six regiments of infantry were supporting a battery of four (4) guns; at least, in capturing the battery (which we did), six infantry regiments had representatives among the prisoners, besides the artillerists. In charging this battery it was that General Benning had his horse killed under him. With his pocket-knife he cut the traces, etc., of another from a caisson, mounted him *bareback*, and in a few moments, *so mounted*, led another charge upon a battery of four (4) guns, which was also captured by his brigade. The officer in command of that battery stood to his post, discharging his pistol as we advanced until we were within twenty feet of him, when he fired at and shot down a private of Captain Breazeal's Company, A (I regret that I cannot recall his name, though I knew him well), who was rushing a few feet in advance (and directly in advance of myself) for the colors. That shot emptied the officer's pistol. Then it was he proposed surrender. Before I could tell him that his conduct was, in effect, raising the "*black-flag*," he was riddled with bullets. Flight was as dangerous as standing, and he doubtless determined to do all the harm he could, then take his chances for safety in surrender. I

could not have saved him if I would—very sure am I, that I would not if I could. Here there was a cessation of activity on our part for more than an hour, awaiting reinforcements. None came. Collecting our own brigade, along with Law's Alabamians and some of Robertson's Texans, we began advancing, and happily striking the enemy at a weak point, penetrated his line, whereby fully one-fourth of Rosecrans's army was completely cut off. Information was immediately transmitted to the rear, but no advantage was taken of it. Governor I. G. Harris or Judge D. S. Terry can give you full and valuable information upon this point—particularly as to the parties upon whom blame for the failure should justly rest.

Here we lay until about 4 o'clock P. M., when we were ordered to a position up the Chattanooga road to repel an attack from Granger's corps, advancing rapidly, as was reported, from that direction. We found there A. P. Stewart's corps. We took position immediately in his front. Generals Law and Benning (officers of great but most signally unappreciated merit, then and afterwards, by those high in command) rode to the front and, after a hurried reconnoissance, suggested the propriety of bringing up some twenty pieces of artillery and opening upon Granger's advancing forces from *directly* up the Chattanooga road. It was done with a grand success. If any of his infantry bore part in that evening's fight, it was not in our immediate front—unless, indeed, losing a large number of prisoners may be construed to mean "bearing part." They fired no muskets, and their cannon did but little damage.

Our loss in the regiment was about fifty on the 20th, among them a most valuable officer. Captain W. W. Breazeal was as modest as a woman, as affectionate as a girl, as brave as a lion, and a truer heart than his never quickened its pulsations at the mention of liberty. The whole brigade was eager for pursuit that night, hungry and worn as the men all were. Pursuit was not ordered then, nor the next day; and so the full fruits of a fairly won victory we were not permitted to taste of.

I never met the Western army except at Chickamauga and at Lookout Valley—that *insensate night blunder!* I saw at Chickamauga what I never saw in Virginia, or Maryland, or Pennsylvania. At Chickamauga we broke the enemy's lines three separate times on the 19th of September in the space of half a mile. *They reformed twice in an open, level corn-field without cover from a stinging fire.* True, they did not allow us to approach nearer than one hundred yards before breaking. The Virginia troops stood firmer, allowed

closer approach, but when once broken, I never knew them to rally under fire. At Second Manassas the Twenty-ninth New York stood until it was necessary to use the bayonet. At Gettysburg four regiments maintained unbroken front until the hostile colors almost kissed.

A large number of prisoners (over one thousand) were captured Sunday, but as Stewart's men had part in the capture, I cannot say what number thereof properly belonged to the brigade. It was at Benning's suggestion that Stewart made any captures at all, however, for I heard it made and Stewart assent.

The Siege of Knoxville.

Report of the Operations of Third South Carolina Regiment from the 4th November to the 22d December, 1863.

H'DQ'RS THIRD SOUTH CAROLINA REG'T,
NEAR RUSSELLVILLE, TENN., *January 6, 1864.*

Captain C. R. HOLMES, A. A. G.:

CAPTAIN—In obedience to instructions from brigade headquarters, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the command from the time it left Chattanooga to its arrival at this camp:

Nothing of special interest occurred to the regiment from the time, 4th November, the date it left Chattanooga, to the 8th November, when we arrived at Sweetwater, or to the 14th November when we arrived at London, nor until the 17th, when we reached Knoxville, although after the 15th instant we were constantly in the presence of the enemy, who were retiring upon that town.

On the evening of the 17th, when within three miles of Knoxville, I was ordered by Brigadier-General Kershaw to cross the railroad on my left and flank the enemy's advanced line of skirmishers, which crossed the railroad perpendicularly about two miles from town and extended at least to the woods on the west side. I immediately sent scouts in advance and followed with the regiment, crossing Second creek and the railroad, and making into the woods beyond, when I turned to the right and marched parallel to the railroad.

After going in this direction about a third of a mile I discovered,

from my own observations as well as from the reports of my scouts, that the enemy's skirmishers had withdrawn to the east side of the railroad, but they were plainly visible in a line perpendicular to the railroad and running over the hill which was carried by assault the following evening. I was then on their flank, but too far to deliver an effective fire.

Upon a reconnoissance made by myself and scouts, I found that I could not push further to the north so as to come more in the enemy's rear without disclosing the movement to their videttes, who were still on the west side of the railroad, and in an open field to the north of the woods. I therefore concluded to work my way as quickly as possible to the edge of the woods next to the railroad, and then make a dash upon their flank. Accordingly, after throwing Captain Nance's company on my left, deployed as skirmishers, to report any movement of the enemy, and to guard against any flank attack from that direction, I moved out of the woods unperceived by the enemy, and simultaneously opened fire and charged on their right flank. They immediately broke and retired beyond the hill on which they were posted, but just before we reached the railroad I discovered for the first time a considerable body of troops, who were unmasked by our passing from behind a thicket of small pines, posted on the railroad about five hundred yards to our left, some of whom were mounted and others dismounted. Under these circumstances I halted at the railroad, where I found protection for my men behind the embankment, and engaged the enemy—who changed front and returned my fire from behind the brow of the hill—intending to act as circumstances might dictate. Just beyond the railroad was an open meadow, which it was inadvisable to enter while the enemy's cavalry was on my flank. There was no sign of an advance of our line of skirmishers (whose left rested on the railroad) to connect with my right. Captain Nance reported a large body of cavalry facing around my left and to my rear towards the woods from which I had just emerged; and a fire at the same time being opened on my left from up the railroad, I determined, upon consultation with my field-officers, to retire by the same route by which I approached. I did so, and after some time, having reached the woods, I received an order from General Kershaw through Lieutenant Dwight, A. A. G., to rejoin the brigade on the London road. I did so immediately. Not knowing the exact purpose of my orders, I cannot say how far the design was executed, but if not fully carried out it was as much so as circumstances would allow.

A list of casualties in this affair is herewith submitted. Among the wounded was Lieutenant Wade Allen, who was struck while bearing a message from me to Captain Nance. I regret to state that he fell into the hands of the enemy when we retired from Knoxville. On the morning of the 18th, by order, I took my position in line of battle, and after marching near to Mr. M. M. Armstrong's house I was halted in a ravine to the left of the road, where I remained until late in the afternoon. During the whole day there was heavy skirmishing in front and considerable cannonading from our batteries, the effort being to carry a high hill on the left of the road, and just to the southwest of Mr. M. M. Armstrong's house.

I received an order about 4 P. M. from General Kershaw, through Lieutenant Doby, A. D. C., to carry the enemy's rail defences situated on this hill, but not to advance beyond them. I was told that the line of these works was indicated by two cedar trees on the top of the hill, and I directed my men not to stop short of these trees, but not to go beyond them. We then advanced in excellent condition, under heavy fire, until we reached the cedars. But perceiving that the trees were short of the works, I urged my men forward by every means in my power, but perhaps because of the general direction, "not to go beyond the cedars," and on account of having once halted and the difficulty of renewing the advance under such a terrible fire, there was some hesitation, which was further increased by the regiments on my right failing to come up in time on account of natural obstacles encountered in their advance. At length the left of the regiment reached the breastworks, when cries of "we surrender" issued from their ranks. I ceased firing and went forward to receive the surrender, but, upon being fired on, I immediately renewed the firing and soon took possession of their works, after killing about seventeen of their men and taking several prisoners, a few of whom were wounded. It is but truth to state that this was the most desperate encounter in which my command was ever engaged, and as it was perhaps one of the most brilliant charges of the war, I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of my comrades. In reference to the alleged bad faith of the enemy in pretending to surrender, it is a charitable construction, and perhaps not an unreasonable one, to suppose that they did not understand each other, rather than that they intended to deceive.

A list of casualties from this assault is herewith submitted. Among the mortally wounded was First Lieutenant D. S. Moffitt. Circumstances had often thrown him in command of his company for long

periods, and his competency as an officer was well tried and well established. He was efficient and gallant, and his loss is a severe one to his company and regiment. Among the killed and wounded were many of the best spirits in the command. As we advanced to the charge that memorable evening, we overtook at the foot of the hill the skirmishers, commanded by Major William Wallace, Second South Carolina regiment, who, with his command, joined us, and contributed their share to the brilliant success. Major Wallace was conspicuous for gallantry and coolness, and it is with pleasure I make this honorable mention of him. We entrenched ourselves that night in that position, where we remained for several days. Besides picketing and lying in the trenches, nothing occupied us until the night of the 3d December, when we retired from Knoxville. We marched in the direction of Rogersville, the neighborhood of which we reached on the 9th of December. On the 14th we returned as far as Bean's station, where in the afternoon the brigade, as well as other portions of the corps, became engaged with the enemy's mounted infantry. Although my command was on the field, and in proper position, it did not become very actively engaged. After nightfall I was ordered by General Kershaw to march across the fields on the left of the valley until I came to the road, and there to halt and report. I came into the road just at McGill's house, where I halted and reported as ordered, and soon afterwards was directed to establish pickets in my front, and go into camp with the rest of the brigade. Near the house of McGill I captured several inferior horses, saddles and bridles, enough bacon and crackers to ration my command for about two or three days, besides other articles of inconsiderable value.

On the morning of the 18th, by order, I assumed command of the brigade, but as nothing special occurred after that date, I may complete the report of the operations of the command by saying that it remained at Bean station until the 20th December, when we took up the line of march for this point, which we reached on the 22d December, 1863. Besides lists of casualties, already referred to, you will observe a list of men left behind in front of Knoxville, who have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

I am, very respectfully,

JAMES D. NANCE, *Colonel Commanding.*

Notes on the Battle of Cedar Creek.

By Major G. B. GERALD, Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment.

In regard to the battle of Cedar Creek, General Early was certainly incorrect as far as my brigade is concerned. After the line commenced on our left to retreat, we remained in position until Gordon's division had all fallen back and in great disorder, and the brigades of our own division following suit up to ours, which was the extreme right of Kershaw; and then, with no troops for a considerable distance on our right and the field to the left a mass of fugitives, Colonel Sims, of the Twenty-first regiment, at this time in command of the brigade, consulted me and we both deemed it prudent to withdraw the brigade, which was done under fire and in reasonable order, for a half mile, or about that distance, when the brigade was halted on the brow of a hill and formed by him on a stone fence fronting to the enemy, and all the regiments in their places.

Colonel Sims was killed in a few seconds after we halted, and the command devolved on me. On our left were a few hundred men of our division in irregular order, on our right General Ramseur's division (or part of it, rather) formed. I passed up and down the whole length of my brigade, seeking to inspire among my men a confidence of holding them in check and of repairing the disaster. About an hour after we had halted, General Ramseur rode up to me and asked if I thought I could hold my men in their position until night. I answered I could, I thought, if my ammunition did not fail, and that I had sent several couriers to the rear for the same and none had returned. He proposed to send some of his, and turned to ride to his command, and, as I afterwards learned, was mortally wounded before he rode fifty yards from the right of my line. His men soon gave way, and the enemy pressing upon the disordered line on our left, they retreated in the utmost confusion. I gave the order for my brigade to retreat, and designated a piece of woods as a point for the regiments to rally, but before the retreat was advanced fifty yards the men began to break into squads and hurried away. All efforts to pursue order now became useless, and in a few moments the organization of the brigade was gone; myself and staff were on foot, and I had been wounded twice (slightly) in the arm and once in the foot, and from the latter I was suffering a great deal. I attempted to form a skirmish line of a few scattering men that still remained with me, and partially succeeded in presenting some show of resistance until I

reached the hill overlooking the creek, and I then halted with the squad, placing them in some Federal breastworks, hoping and believing that there had been enough men rallied and formed, or would be, to prevent the enemy from crossing.

I had been here but a few moments when an officer, riding rapidly from the left towards the bridge, informed me that I had better leave unless I wished myself and men captured, as the Federal cavalry had crossed the creek. I then ordered those who had stood by me to the last (about forty men) to get away the best they could, and leaning upon the arm of a faithful soldier (private Bass) of my own regiment, I hobbled off the field thoroughly disheartened, crossed the bridge under the fire of the advancing infantry and passed in twenty yards of the Federal cavalry, who were hurrahing over our captured artillery, and made the best of my way through the rapidly and, to me, most welcomely approaching night by a circuitous route to Fisher's Hill, having picked up upon the road almost half of what was left of my brigade.

I do not know the strength of my brigade when it entered the fight, but I don't think it could have much exceeded five hundred; my regiment I know went under fire that morning with ninety-two muskets. I am also fully satisfied that when the brigade was formed behind the stone fence referred to, after the first retreat, that it contained as many men as Ramseur's whole division (I think my brigade at this time contained two hundred and fifty men), and the crumbling ashes of the gallant dead of my own brigade who fell behind this wall, bravely defending their country, their liberty and their flag, will not permit me to remain silent when opportunity offers to controvert the report of General Early, which, as well as I remember, says that Ramseur's division and some scattering men of Kershaw's were all that halted after the first retreat and attempted to retrieve the disaster. As to the amount of straggling in the morning, referred to by him, I can only say in regard to my own regiment that upon the retreat that evening there was from its ranks less straggling than I ever saw before in battle. I don't pretend to deny but that the last scene was a disgraceful one, but "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." I had on that morning sought to impress on my men the necessity for remaining at their post and gaining a victory, and to their credit can I say that until the last retreat they obeyed me.

Very truly yours,

G. B. GERALD.

Notes by General H. L. Benning on Battle of Sharpsburg.

SHARPSBURG, 17th September, 1862.

My report of this battle you have in print,* I suppose, but I know a few facts which I wish to state in justice to General Toombs.

Toombs was nominally in command of a division, consisting of his brigade, Anderson's brigade, and Drayton's brigade; but at Sharpsburg he had only one regiment of Drayton's brigade, the Fiftieth Georgia; five companies of the Eleventh Georgia, of Anderson's brigade, and his own brigade. The rest of the division was immediately under General Jones. Two regiments of Toombs's brigade, Fifteenth and Seventeenth, and the five companies of Eleventh Georgia, had been sent off after the enemy's cavalry that had escaped from Harpers Ferry, so he was reduced to the Second and Twentieth Georgia under my command, the former having about 120 or 130 men and officers, and the latter about 220 or 230, and to Kearsse's regiment, Fiftieth Georgia, consisting of from 130 to 150. Besides, he had Richardson's battery, four guns.

The Second and Twentieth held the bridge until 1 o'clock P. M. The Fiftieth on their right left its position. The enemy about 1 o'clock advanced a very long line, with its centre about opposite the bridge and the flanks far beyond ours. These flanks, having nothing to oppose them in their front, waded the creek, which, though wide, was shallow, and came around to envelop the Second and Twentieth. I then ordered them back. In fact, their ammunition was exhausted.

Lieutenant McCrimmon, of the Twentieth Georgia, with sixteen men, not all under him, was captured at the mouth of the bridge, the enemy who had waded the creek above coming in behind them to their surprise, while occupied with the enemy in front at the other end of the bridge. When the seventeen men surrendered, the enemy enraged were about to massacre them, saying they had fought too long against such odds. A colonel rode upon the bridge and remonstrated with the men and mollified them, and then sent the prisoners under guard to General Burnside's headquarters. As they marched off, this colonel rode down to the water's edge to let his horse drink; whilst there a shell from one of our guns burst near him and killed him.

About the same time the other two regiments and the five com-

* It was never printed and cannot be found.—E. P. A.

panies returned from their pursuit of the cavalry, worn down by marching day and night. I took command of them, and was ordered by Toombs to place them behind a stone fence far to the right of the road from the bridge, and stay there till relieved by some of A. P. Hill's troops from Harpers Ferry. In about two hours General Gregg came and relieved us, and then we started to the rear to rest, as we had been informed we should.

As we moved off we saw the enemy's lines, one after another, advancing from the bridge on our lines that held Sharpsburg, but soon we got out of sight; presently Captain Troup, General Toombs's aid, met me and said, "the General (Toombs) wished me to move faster." I increased the speed a little. He soon returned and urged me to go faster. I did so. In a few minutes he galloped rapidly back and said the general required me to double-quick. The double-quick was commenced. Troup led the way. Soon we turned down a lane, a road to the right, which led into Sharpsburg. I asked what it meant. He said the enemy have Sharpsburg. A field of rank corn intervened and kept them from view. As soon as this corn was passed, their line became visible at an order arms, occupying our late line, about one hundred yards distant, with three captured guns of McIntosh's battery between us and them. Their line extended from the corn over to the road running from the Antietam bridge, its right being in the orchard. I halted the Fifteenth and Seventeenth, and the five companies of the Eleventh Georgia, as soon as the head of the line got as far as I thought it could, and yet leave a few of the rear men behind the corn, so as not to expose our weakness. The men fired as each came up, and *by the rear rank*. No time to form. The fire on both sides was very spirited but not effective—they shooting over us, we under them. Very soon our fire improved and became deadly. In ten or fifteen minutes their line showed signs of wavering. At this moment a shot or two from a gun went quartering over us and struck near them; they broke and ran under the hill, and were out of sight in less than a minute. We then advanced, recovered McIntosh's three guns, and continued to advance, until by night the enemy were nearly all forced back across the Antietam. These men, Fifteenth and Seventeenth, and five companies of Eleventh Georgia, some of the Twentieth Georgia, and some of the Second, did all the fighting at the place where the enemy first broke, and nearly all afterwards. There were some troops on our right in the corn. General Branch was killed there by a sort of random shot, as I heard, and others of A. P. Hill's troops came up before night,

but none of them had much part in the fight; none of them had any part in first breaking the line. I give the above detail for the benefit of General Toombs, as I have understood that the credit of retaking Sharpsburg was perhaps claimed for General A. P. Hill. Toombs is the man, however. Jones's division (I think it was) was driven from Sharpsburg. The plan was conceived by Toombs, acting on his own views in the manner aforesaid with the troops aforesaid.* Troup, his aid, he sent to General Lee for artillery. Troup found Lee just after Jones had found him and had reported to him the loss of Sharpsburg. Troup said to General Lee that if General Toombs had some artillery he thought he could drive them back quite across the creek. "What!" said General Jones, "haven't the enemy got Sharpsburg?" "No," said Troup, they had it, but have been driven out, and we have it. Then General Lee said, "tell General Toombs to take any guns he can find, and use them as he thinks best,"—he and General Jones evidently highly elated. Troup told me these facts himself. Of course I give the substance only of the conversation.

Hagood's Brigade.

Its Services in the Trenches of Petersburg, Virginia, 1864.

[An address by General Johnson Hagood before the Survivors' Association of Charleston District, South Carolina, April 12, 1887, at Charleston, South Carolina.]

The Survivors' Association of Charleston District, including the present county of Berkeley, held its annual meeting at the German Artillery Hall April 12, 1887. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. Aiken Kelly; First Vice-President, John S. Fairly; Second Vice-President, A. G. Magrath, Jr.; Third Vice-President, Zimmerman Davis; Fourth Vice-President, D. B. Gilliland; Secretary, J. W. Ward; Treasurer, H. F. Faber.

The following ex-Confederates were admitted to membership: F. W. Wagener, James F. Izlar, F. L. Meyer, F. C. Schulz, E. T. Legaré, W. W. White, F. W. Lesemann, W. H. Bartless, A. H.

* See report of Colonel Corse of Seventeenth Virginia of his capture and recapture.

Prince, Joseph Riddock, James Campbell, W. H. Sutcliffe, Louis Elias, Wade H. Manning, the Rev. Robert Wilson, D. D., and T. L. Ogier, M. D.

An invitation to attend the unveiling of the Calhoun monument was accepted, and an appropriately engraved certificate of membership was adopted.

General C. I. Walker then addressed the meeting in feeling terms on the death of General Arthur M. Manigault, a member of the Association. Colonel Zimmerman Davis introduced resolutions of regret at the death of General Roswell S. Ripley. General Huguenin referred eloquently to the life and public services of the late General J. C. Minott, and Colonel John S. Fairly proposed resolutions of regret on the death of Captain Thomas M. Miller, a brother member of the Association, which were unanimously adopted. After this, the members and invited guests adjourned to the adjoining hall, where an elegant supper was served.

At the head of the table were seated President Kelly, with General Johnson Hagood and Colonel P. C. Gaillard on either side. Among the guests were Dr. G. B. Lartigue, of Barnwell, formerly of General Hagood's staff; General James F. Izlar, of Orangeburg, and Captain W. H. Bartless, of Beaufort, ex-captain of the Yeadon Light Infantry.

President W. Aiken Kelly, after a brief and eloquent introduction, proposed the first toast of the evening :

"The Annual Reunion of the Survivors' Association of Charleston District—Always hailed as the occasion when we can fight our battles over again, and recall the reminiscences of the eventful past."

Responded to by General Johnson Hagood, who spoke as follows :

GENERAL HAGOOD'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Survivors' Association—I have been requested by your committee to prepare for this occasion a sketch of the service of Hagood's brigade in the trenches at Petersburg. It gives me pleasure to do so. Some detailed account of the part borne by one brigade in that siege is indicative of the service of others, and while the narrative must necessarily be largely personal to the men whom I had the honor to command, the record of their devotion is that of all who there "followed the sword of Lee."

After the disastrous repulse at Cold Harbor in June, 1864, Grant lingered for a few days on that front of Richmond, and then determined to transfer his operations to the south side of the James,

making Petersburg his immediate objective. In the arrangement at that time of the defences of the Confederate capital, this position constituted their right flank, and covered the communication with the South and West, upon the maintenance of which depended a successful defence. By the 13th the Federal army was in full march from Cold Harbor. Lee followed, intervening between it and Richmond on the north side of the James, as it was still open to Grant until he had crossed that stream to turn directly upon the capital. In this movement Hoke's division, of which Hagood's brigade was a part, followed in reserve. At 5 P. M. on the 14th it was ordered back some eight miles to the vicinity of the pontoon bridge near Drewry's Bluff. Here it was in position to return to Lee or go speedily to Beauregard at Petersburg. The passage of the James at Harrison's Landing developed fully Grant's design, and Lee, ordering Hoke to Beauregard, followed with the remainder of his army. Hoke crossed the river at 11 A. M. on the 15th and marched by the turnpike; but when opposite Chester station was informed that partial transportation by rail awaited him, and was directed to hurry forward his command. Hagood's brigade was at once dispatched by rail; Colquitt followed some time after, and the remaining brigades continued their march on the pike.

At noon on the 15th Smith's corps of the Federal army, being Grant's advance, was before the eastern defences of Petersburg, manned by Wise's brigade and the local militia, composed of the boys and old men of the city. After consuming the evening in reconnoissance and preparation, Smith assailed with a cloud of skirmishers and easily carried the works, capturing some artillery and prisoners. Just after this success Hancock's corps arrived; but the enemy, instead of pressing on and seizing the town, which lay at his mercy, determined to await the morning before making a decisive advance.

Hagood's brigade reached Petersburg at dark, and while the men were being got off the cars and formed in the streets, its commander proceeded to Beauregard's headquarters to report for orders. General Beauregard was on the lines, and Colonel Harris of his staff was instructing General Hagood to move out on the Jerusalem plank road and take position where it issued from the lines, when a courier arrived announcing that the enemy had carried our works from battery No. 3 to battery No. 7 inclusive, and that our troops were in full retreat. Hagood was now instructed to move out immediately upon the City Point road (the road uncovered by this success of the

enemy) and take a position to check his advance, and upon which a new defensive line might be established. It was a critical moment. The routed troops were pouring into the town, spreading alarm on every hand, and there was no organized command available for resisting the advance which the enemy was supposed to be making, except this brigade and Tabb's Virginia regiment, which still held a portion of the lines. It would be daylight before Hoke's division could all get up, and the main body of Lee's army was miles away. In this emergency Beauregard directed the withdrawal of the troops on the Bermuda Hundreds line (between Petersburg and Richmond) and their transfer to the threatened point. Finding these lines abandoned, Butler next day took possession of them, and even essayed to renew his efforts against the Petersburg and Richmond railroad. With the arrival, however, of the main body of the Confederate army, he was without much trouble again remanded to the limits within which he had been consigned by the previous battle of Drewry's Bluff.

It was after dark when General Hagood received his orders, and being entirely ignorant of the localities, as well as unable to learn much from the confused and contradictory accounts of the volunteer guides who accompanied him, when he reached the fork of the City Point and Prince George roads, just beyond the New Market race course, he halted the brigade, and leaving it under Colonel Simonton, rode forward, accompanied by Captain Molony and Lieutenant Martin, of the staff, to make a personal reconnoissance. He encountered the enemy's picket on the latter road at the ford, where it crosses Harrison's creek, inside of the original line of defences. The reconnoitering party had nearly ridden into it when they were warned by a wounded Confederate by the road-side. They were not fired upon. Turning across the fields toward the City Point road, General Hagood was opportunely met by a courier with a map from Colonel Harris, who had also the foresight to send with it a bit of tallow candle and matches.

General Colquitt at the same time coming up ahead of his brigade, in conference with that officer, and with the aid of the map, the line of Harrison's creek was determined on, and Hagood's men put in position. Colquitt's brigade arriving, took post on the right, and extended the line across the Prince George road, having first brushed out the picket at the ford with skirmishers. Harrison's creek emptied into the Appomattox in rear of Battery No. 1, which was the initial point of the original defences, and on the bank of the river.

Its west fork crossed these defences near No. 15. The line now taken was, therefore, the chord of the arc of our captured or abandoned works, and ran along the west bank of the main creek and its western fork, having very good command over the cleared and cultivated valley in its front. The old line from Battery 1 to Battery 2 was held by Tabb's regiment, and it was relieved by the Twenty-seventh South Carolina. The brigade left thus rested on the river, and its right extended to near the Prince George road. The Confederates immediately and rapidly intrenched themselves.

The next morning, the 16th of June, was the anniversary of the battle of Secessionville, and the first shell fired by the enemy in the gloaming, and when it was yet entirely too dark to know more than the general direction in which to aim it, killed Captains Hopkins and Palmer and Lieutenant Gelling, of the Twenty-seventh regiment, who had all served with distinction in that battle, and the first of whom had been then severely wounded. The same shell also wounded several enlisted men of the Twenty-seventh. The brigade commander, wearied out, had fallen asleep some half hour before, and this shot awaked him. Its successors from the same battery showed that the position of the Twenty-seventh was completely enfiladed, and the morning light made evident a fact that had not been appreciated in the night—this regiment was advanced beyond the general line. It was accordingly at once drawn back to the west side of the creek. Two field-pieces, abandoned by our troops the day before on the City Point road, beyond our present position, were also brought in. They were found to be spiked, and were, therefore, sent to the rear.

The enemy shelled Hagood furiously all day, and the skirmishers on his front were constantly engaged. The Federals several times appeared to be forming for battle beyond rifle range, there being no artillery on his portion of our line, and about dark assailed his centre. They were repulsed after keeping up the effort for an hour, never having got nearer than seventy-five yards to his entrenchments. On Hagood's right the enemy's assault was better sustained, and they suffered heavily. They met with no success. Lieutenant Allemong, of the Twenty-seventh regiment, was killed to-day.

On the 17th the same heavy shelling and skirmishing continued on our front. About half-past 6 the enemy again assaulted heavily the brigade on our right, and were repulsed with considerable slaughter. Still further to the right several assaults were made during the day, one of which met with some success, but the Confederates rallying drove them back. The loss in the Federal ranks to-day was ac-

knowledgeed to be four thousand. They claimed to have captured four guns, and probably got in addition some two hundred prisoners. Their long range artillery practice on Hagood's front was accurate, as it always was when there was no artillery to reply, and the brigade suffered several casualties.

In the meantime General Beauregard had determined on taking a more compact and shorter line of defence than the one now occupied, and during these two days' fighting it had been partially prepared for occupation. It was this last line which was held during the siege that ensued. It was some eight hundred yards nearer the city, and, like the line first taken, was the chord to an arc of the original defences, still more of which was now abandoned. This line was at first a simple trench with the parapet on the further side, and though it was afterwards amplified it retained the general character of a trench and was known as "The Trenches," in distinction from the portion of the original lines retained by us. The last were artillery redoubts connected by infantry breastworks. The "trenches" opposed Grant's front of attack; the remaining portion of the enceinte was not assailed until, perhaps, the closing day of the siege in 1865.

At 1:30 A. M. on the 18th, Hagood's brigade moved back on the new line to the position assigned it. His left was again on the Apomattox, thence running southward nearly at right angles to the river, his line crossed the City Point road and extended to the eminence known as Hare's Hill, where Colquitt prolonged the general line. The New Market race course was in front of the right of the brigade, and the approach to its position was generally level. By daylight the Confederates were quietly in position and diligently strengthening their incomplete works.

Shortly after daylight the enemy advanced upon our old works, and finding them abandoned came on with vociferous cheers. As soon as their skirmishers encountered ours in the new position, their line of battle halted and heavy skirmishing commenced. This continued until about 2 P. M., the skirmishers alternately driving each other. The brigade lost several killed and wounded and a few prisoners, but inflicted an equal or greater loss upon the enemy and captured twenty-five or thirty prisoners.

At 2 P. M. the enemy formed for assault upon the portion of the brigade between the river and the City Point road, and a little later moved forward. A regiment was pushed up along the bank of the river, under cover of the grove and buildings of the younger Hare, some two hundred and fifty yards on our left front. It came in

column, and as soon as its head was uncovered endeavored to deploy. The remainder of their force came forward in line of battle. A rapid fire was opened upon the column as soon as it showed itself, and upon the line at about three hundred yards. The column never succeeded in deploying, and the line broke after advancing about fifty yards under fire. They were rallied and again brought forward, but were repulsed in confusion and with heavy loss. The voices of the Federal officers in command could be plainly heard. The Twenty-first, Twenty-seventh and Eleventh regiments repulsed this attack. South of the City Point road the Seventh battalion and Twenty-fifth regiment were not at this time assailed. Later in the afternoon, when the enemy made a general assault upon the Confederate lines to the right, the Twenty-fifth fired a few volleys obliquely into the assailing lines moving over Hare's Hill. The skirmishing here, however, in the morning was particularly heavy and obstinate. Major Rion, of the Seventh, commanded the brigade skirmishers with his usual gallantry. He was wounded in the arm, but continued in the field until night. Lieutenant Felder, of the Twenty-fifth, was also wounded, and Lieutenant Harvey, of the Seventh, was killed.

These three days' fighting resulted, on the part of the Confederates, in taking a line of defence which, constructed and from day to day strengthened and developed under fire, grew into formidable siege works, impregnable to all direct attack. On the Federal side the loss of ten or twelve thousand men in the three days was proof that, even in their present incomplete condition, held by such men as Lee commanded, they could not be carried by assault. Grant accordingly sat down regularly before the place and ordered siege operations begun.

Compared with the enemy's, the Confederate loss was inconsiderable. In Hagood's brigade the casualties of the three days amounted to two hundred and twenty, of which thirty-six were killed. The loss in the character of the officers killed was, however, severely felt. Ward Hopkins was the senior captain of the Twenty-seventh regiment, and, after Colonel Gaillard, commanded the confidence of the men perhaps as much as any officer in it. His loss was a calamity to the regiment. Captain Palmer was a graduate of the State Military Academy and an efficient officer. Lieutenants Allemong and Harvey were also good officers. Lieutenant Gelling was the adjutant of his regiment, and his brigade commander had had occasion to notice and specially commend his conduct at Cold Harbor.

On the 21st Grant extended his line of investment somewhat more

to his left, gaining no material advantage and losing three thousand men to Lee in the operation. His cavalry were at the same time dispatched against the railroad communications of Petersburg to the south and west, and succeeded in doing some slight damage, when they were encountered by the Confederate cavalry at Stony Creek and completely overwhelmed. A remnant escaped into the Federal lines before Petersburg, having lost their entire artillery and train and a thousand prisoners.

There now occurred an episode in the siege that attracted no general attention, but was a bitter experience to Hagood's brigade, which bore the consequences of its miscarriage. Grant's line had by this time extended a considerable distance from the river, and his communication with his base at City Point was behind his right flank, which rested on the river. General Lee, in conjunction with General Beauregard, determined to assume the offensive, drive in Grant's right wing, seize his line of retreat, and, forcing him away from his base, inflict such a blow as would raise the siege if not put an end to the campaign. The plan appeared feasible. The *morale* of the Confederate army was at its highest; that of the enemy at probably its lowest during the campaign, and the great disparity of losses inflicted by Grant's sledge-hammer style of fighting had brought the two armies at this time to no insurmountable inequality of numbers, other conditions being favorable.

Accordingly, a powerful battery of forty-four field-pieces was, on the night of the 23d June, got into position on the north bank of the Appomattox, here quite narrow, to enfilade the enemy's line, and Fields's division of Longstreet's corps, with other troops, was massed behind Hagood's position, next the river, to follow up the attack which the latter was to lead. Anderson's brigade headed Fields's column, and Benning's brigade, under Colonel DuBose, was next. The following official papers narrate what followed.

"H'DQ'RS HAGOOD'S BRIGADE,

"HOKE'S DIVISION, 26th June, 1864.

"*Captain Oley, A. A. G. :*

"CAPTAIN—I am required to make a full report of the operations of my brigade in front of Petersburg on the 24th instant. My brigade occupied the left of our line of entrenchments, resting on the south bank of the Appomattox, the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-first and Eleventh regiments filling the space from the river to the City

Point road, and the Twenty-fifth and Seventh battalions extending along the lines south of the road. The enemy's entrenchments were, at this point, parallel to ours, at a distance of near four hundred yards, an open field, with a rank growth of oats upon it, intervening. Each side had slight rifle-pits a short distance in front of its entrenchments. Our line of entrenchment was single. The enemy appeared to be entrenched in three lines close together, and the attack developed the fact that in their first line they had four and a half regiments, numbering some sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred men.

"My division commander had instructed me the night before to be ready for movement in the morning, without indicating what it would be. About dawn on the 24th, he, in person, informed me that a general engagement was contemplated that day, and instructed me in detail as to the part my brigade was to take in bringing it on. A heavy cannonade was to be opened from the north side of the river upon the enemy's position, and five minutes after it had ceased I was to charge the portion of the line between the river and the City Point road, with the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-first and Eleventh regiments. He informed me that I was to be closely supported by Anderson's brigade. When we had succeeded in driving them from their first line, Anderson was to occupy it until his supports arrived, when he was to press on against their second and third lines, while pivoting my three regiments on their right and bringing up the other two regiments of the brigade, I was to form along the City Point road perpendicular to my first position, then, taking the enemy's first line as a directrix, I was to clear Colquitt's front as far as Hare's Hill.

"While General Hoke was still explaining the plan of battle to me, Lieutenant Andrews reported from General Anderson, stating that the latter was in position and had sent him to keep in communication with me. In consultation with General Hoke my plan of attack was settled and every preparation made.

"The artillery opened precisely at 7 A. M. and ceased precisely at 7:30. At 7:20 A. M. I sent Lieutenant Andrews to General Anderson to say I would move in fifteen minutes. He left me with speed. A delay of several minutes, however, occurred in my movement, and at precisely 7:42 I advanced. I am so far thus accurate as to time because I did not see my support; did not know their exact distance in the rear; and, being governed in my instructions by time, noticed the watch closely.

"My advance was made with four hundred picked men and officers as skirmishers, followed by the remainder of the three regiments

(about five hundred and fifty men) in a second deployed line at close supporting distance. Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson, Seventh battalion, commanded the skirmishers. I took direction of the second line. The attack was made. The enemy were driven from their rifle-pits without resistance of moment ; their first line was gained, and a portion of it captured ; some thirty prisoners were taken and sent to the rear, and the enemy's whole line was seriously shaken, his men in numbers running from the works.

"Discovering our small force, and the attack not being followed up, his first line rallied, reinforcements were rapidly pushed up from his rear, and we were compelled to fall back. This was done slowly, and the enemy endeavoring to follow us, was driven back. My men, under orders, laid down amid the oats about half-way between the two hostile entrenchments to await Anderson's advance, and then go with him. Numbers of them, however, got back to our rifle-pits, and were permitted to remain there with the same orders as the more advanced line. None of them came back to our entrenchments, except a few skulkers, whom every attack develops, and in this case I am happy to say they were very few.

"How much time was occupied in these movements I am unable to say, as I did not look at my watch again. When the vigor of my attack was broken and my men had begun to fall back, the left of Benning's brigade, moving by a flank and coming from across the City Point road, reached the right of the entrenchments I had left in advancing, and then stopped. A discussion between Major-Generals Hoke and Fields ensued, and after some delay this brigade moved in and was ready to advance. The report of Colonel DuBose, commanding Benning's brigade, will show the time of his arrival and the then condition of affairs. General Anderson's report will explain the delay in his arrival. Major-General Hoke was on the ground during the whole morning, and can speak of his personal knowledge.

"The order of attack being countermanded, I kept out all day as many of my men as the rifle-pits would hold, withdrawing the remainder by squads. At night all were withdrawn. My loss was about a third of the force engaged, twenty-five being killed, seventy-three wounded and two hundred and eight missing, making an aggregate of three hundred and six. The gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson, of the Seventh, Captains Buist and Mulvaney and Lieutenant White, of the Twenty-seventh, Captain Rayser and Lieutenant Riley, of the Eleventh, and Lieutenant Clements, of the Twenty-first, are missing. Lieutenants Huguenin and Trim, of the Twenty-

seventh, Lieutenants Ford and Vandeford and Chappell, of the Twenty-first, and Lieutenant Smith, of the Eleventh, are wounded, and Captain Axson, of the Twenty-seventh, was killed at the head of his company.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JOHNSON HAGOOD,
"Brigadier-General Commanding."

"H'DQ'RS HOKE'S DIVISION, *July 2, 1864.*

"CAPTAIN—In obedience to orders from department headquarters, I respectfully report that a plan of an attack upon the enemy was settled upon on the 23d June, 1864, which plan is fully known to the commanding general. On the night of the 23d June General Hagood was made familiar with the mode of attack sufficiently for him to make the necessary arrangements. No other officer of my command was aware of the intended advance. This precaution was taken fearing that by some means the enemy might learn our intentions and prepare for us.

"In accordance with the plan my arrangements were made, which are fully and properly given in the enclosed report of General Hagood. Dividing my forces to the left into two heavy skirmish lines, one to be supported by the other, and the whole to be supported by Brigadier-General Anderson's brigade of Fields's division, formed in line of battle behind the hill in rear of the entrenchments then occupied by Hagood's left. As was directed, the artillery from the batteries on the north side of the river opened fire upon the entrenchments of the enemy as soon as the morning mists had cleared away, and continued its fire with great accuracy, but no execution, for half an hour. After the lapse of five minutes the fire of these guns was directed upon the batteries of the enemy, drawing in a great degree their fire from the advancing infantry, which, as far as I could see, was the only service rendered by our guns. Indeed, I fear we were injured more than we gained by their use, as it notified the enemy of our intended attack. My intention was to attack immediately after our guns opened upon the enemy's batteries; but as General Anderson had not reported I delayed, and immediately one of his staff-officers appeared, by whom General Anderson was informed that in fifteen minutes the advance would certainly take place, which would give

him time to reach the entrenchments then occupied by General Hagood. At the time appointed the advance was ordered, and immediately my second line followed. The first line gallantly entered the entrenchments of the enemy and did their duty nobly, and (as was witnessed by General Lee himself) succeeded not only in breaking the enemy, but drove them from their works. It was never expected that the entrenchments of the enemy could be held by these two lines of skirmishers, but that they should occupy them till the line of battle should come up. I asked Major-General Fields, who was on the ground, to order General Anderson forward, as a moment's delay would be fatal. He immediately sent the order, which had been previously sent, to General Anderson to go forward. It is proper here to state that this was my third effort to get General Anderson forward after my first notice to him that "in fifteen minutes I would certainly move forward." Some time after General Fields's second order was sent to General Anderson, he received a note from him saying that the entrenchments were still occupied by General Hagood's troops. In this he was greatly mistaken, as will be seen by General Hagood's report; and, if necessary to prove this mistake, Colonel DuBose, commanding Benning's brigade, will corroborate the fact that the entrenchments were then free of troops, except some stragglers, of whom I am sure no command is exempt. Colonel DuBose had by this time moved up in line of battle on the right of General Anderson's position, and after reaching the trenches moved by a left flank down them, and occupied the point in them which Anderson was to have taken. After some time (I suppose an hour) General Fields put another brigade in the trenches on the left of the City Point road with a view to attack, and seemed anxious to do so; but I advised against it, as the enemy had had time and had made all preparation for us, and I felt assured he would sustain a heavy loss and accomplish nothing. At this time orders were received from General Lee for me to report to him in company with General Fields; and, hearing the condition of affairs, he directed the attack abandoned.

"I was much troubled at the loss of my men, who did their duty truly and well, without results which to me appeared certain and surely ought to have been reaped. It is not my desire to place blame or responsibility upon others; I fear neither. In making the foregoing statements I merely give facts to the best of my knowledge, and the commanding general can draw his own conclusions. I have unofficially heard that both I and my command were censured by

the commanding general. My regret is in attempting this attack without full command of all the forces which were to participate. Both the plan of battle and attack were good, but failed in the execution. The enemy became extremely uneasy along his entire line when the attack was made, and had we been successful at that point, our results would have been such as have not been heretofore equalled. General Hagood did everything in his power to give us success, and desired to push forward when, in my judgment, it would have been hazardous.

Very respectfully,

"R. F. HOKE, *Major-General.*

"*To Captain John M. Oley, A. A. G.*"

(*Endorsement.*)

"Respectfully forwarded to General R. E. Lee for his information. It will be seen by the reports of Generals Hoke and Hagood that they are not responsible for the failure of the attack on the 24th ult., which would undoubtedly have been successful had the supports advanced in time. General Hoke is mistaken, if he refers to me, when he says: 'I have heard unofficially that both I and my command have been censured by the commanding general.' I stated only that 'the success would have been most brilliant had the skirmishers been properly supported.' His report and that of General Hagood prove the correctness of my assertion.

"General Hoke says on second page of his report: 'After a lapse of five minutes the fire of the guns' (*i. e.*, forty-four guns on the north side of the Appomattox,) 'was directed upon the batteries of the enemy, drawing in a great degree their fire from the advancing infantry, which, as far as I could see, was the only service rendered by them. Indeed, I fear we were injured more than we gained by the use of our guns, as it notified the enemy of our intended attack.' The object of opening the fire of the batteries, referred to during the half hour preceding the infantry attack, was to demoralize the enemy's troops occupying the defensive lines which were to be attacked, and which were enfiladed and taken in reverse by those batteries. It was expected also that the heavy artillery fire would throw into confusion any supports the enemy might have concealed in the woods near his line. The best proof of the entire success of the plan is the facility with which an *unsupported* line of skirmishers got possession of those lines, with a loss of only twenty-five killed and seventy-two wounded. I am decidedly of opinion that,

regard being had to locality and attending circumstances, no better results could have been obtained than by the plan adopted, and which failed only because not properly supported.

"G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*

*"Headquarters Department North Carolina and
South Carolina, 5th July, 1864."*

Thus failed a brilliant design which might have given a different complexion to the history of this famous siege. The reports given are the only official papers in connection with it that have come to the knowledge of the writer. No court of inquiry was held. So carefully was the knowledge of the intended movement guarded, and so completely did it fail in the very beginning of its execution, that its purpose appeared at the time not to have been suspected by either army, and to the men and officers of the line of Hagood's brigade it appeared inexplicable why they had been rushed upon a triple line of entrenchments, garnished with artillery and manned with four-fold their number of infantry. Some of their best blood paid the penalty.

Colonel Nelson was standing by Hagood's side on the right of the line when Hoke's aide brought the order to advance. The men who had been told off to follow his lead were intently watching him, and when he was directed to go, without speaking he drew his handkerchief from his breast and raised it aloft. The men sprang over the parapet with a yell, and rushed upon the enemy across the intervening space, he moving upon the right of the line. When they were driven back and had laid down amid the oats, keeping up their fire and awaiting the coming of the supports, he moved erect along the whole length of his line, and shortly after reaching the left disappeared. Subsequently it was learned that he was killed. Thus fell a devoted patriot, a gallant soldier, a courteous gentleman.

Captain Axson was a valuable officer. He was mortally wounded early in the charge, and lingered painfully for some hours, where succor could not reach him. Captain Mulvaney was captured upon the enemy's works waving his cap and cheering on his men. Lieutenant Trim lost his arm, and was put on the retired list. Lieutenants Smith, Vandeford and Chappell died of their wounds. Chappell was a young officer, whose good conduct at Walthall Station, and again at Drewry's Bluff, had attracted the attention of the brigade commander, and had in each instance procured him a compliment on

the field. At first he seemed likely to recover from his wound and he had obtained an invalid leave. When pulling on his boot, preparatory to leaving the hospital for home, he ruptured an artery near which the ball had passed and bled to death. Some days after he had been wounded, General Hagood had sent him a handsome pistol captured from a Federal officer, with a note saying that it was intended as a testimonial of his uniform gallantry and good conduct. When the surgeon informed him that the blood could not be staunched, and that he must die, he called for his pistol and had it laid beside him on his cot. The pistol with its history was carefully forwarded to his widowed mother as a memorial of her noble boy.

There was slain, too, upon this field, among the non-commissioned officers, Pickens Butler Watts, First Sergeant of Alston's company, Twenty-seventh regiment, the most distinguished soldier of his rank at that time in the brigade. He had been mentioned for conspicuous gallantry in every battle in which his regiment had been engaged in this campaign, and in the pursuit of the routed Federal army into its lines at Bermuda Hundreds, when weak from sickness he had fainted on the march, he declined to use an ambulance, but recovering, pushed on and at nightfall was in the ranks of his company, skirmishing with the enemy. Eldred Gault, sergeant-major of the Eleventh regiment and brother of its colonel, was also wounded in this affair and died some days later.

On the morning of the 18th of June, when Beauregard retired from the Harrison creek line to the one now held, the latter, from the bank of the Appomattox to near the Jerusalem plank road, where it ran into the line of the original defences, was in some places a trench not over two feet deep; in other places not a spade had been put in the ground, the line had been merely marked out by the engineers. The enemy following up immediately, this portion of the defences, as previously noticed, was constructed in the intervals of battle or under the constant fire of sharpshooters; and consequently remained a siege trench—the men standing in the ditch from which the earth was taken that formed the parapet and the latter having no exterior ditch and but little elevation; in place of which, to impede an assailing column, resort was had to abattis, *chevaux-de-frise*, palisades, back-water, etc. Very little artillery was placed on the line of the infantry trench. Generally the mortars and guns used were placed in suitable positions in rear. There were few, if any, guns used by the defence of heavier calibre than a Cohorn mortar or a field-piece. In the progress of the siege, with incessant

labor night and day, the Confederate works were strengthened in profile, drained, traversed and covered approaches made. There were few, if any, bombproofs; and the men had no shelter from the weather save an occasional tree on the line, or their blankets hoisted after the fashion of the tent *d'abris*.

Grant's lines conformed to the general direction of the defence, at distances ranging from two to four hundred yards, and between the opposing lines each side had its rifle-pits occupied by a picket-line at night, which was withdrawn in the day. At the Jerusalem plank-road the lines ceased their parallelism, and the Federal line proceeded southerly toward the Weldon road, where bending back it eventually rested upon the Blackwater Swamp, thus ensconcing the besieging force in a complete entrenched camp. Upon the latter portion of their lines collision was only occasional, and partook of the nature of field fighting. But from the Jerusalem plank road back to the Appomattox the fire of artillery and sharpshooters was incessant, frequently continuing night and day, never ceasing from dawn till dark.

The morning of the 19th opened with heavy firing from sharpshooters, which continued all day, and ceased at night on Hagood's front. For this and several days the casualties were numerous from the imperfect protection as yet secured by the men. There were two Napoleons on Hagood's line where it crossed the City Point road, and on the 21st he caused one of them to be arranged for vertical fire by depressing the trail in a pit until the gun had an angle of forty-five degrees elevation, and firing with small charges. He had seen it done at the siege of Charleston; and here, as there, it answered admirably as an expedient. On the 23d eight Cohorns were placed in position, in rear of his left, and subsequently another battery of these was established behind his right, when it joined Colquitt. The enemy had mortar batteries in our front by the 27th, but the fire from these did at no time much damage on this portion of our line. He found it difficult to drop his shell upon the thin riband of a trench running parallel to him, and falling front or rear of it, they did no harm. When they fell in the trench, which was seldom, the frequent traverses limited their destructive effect. The most galling artillery fire to which the brigade was subjected was from Hare's Hill, whence its line was partially enfiladed. The enemy now also erected, at some distance in rear of his right, a battery of Parrotts, and commenced shelling the city. The portion of it within range was soon abandoned by the inhabitants, though some remained, taking refuge

in their cellars when the bombardment was heavy. After making his own works in our front secure from assault, Grant at first appeared to have resorted to regular approaches by zig-zags and parallels, but these were discontinued after little progress had been made, and the impression prevailed on the Confederate side that he had resorted to mining. Accordingly, counter-mines were commenced at the points where the hostile lines were nearest. In the construction of these the shaft, with a cross-section of six by four feet, generally began to be sunk some thirty or forty feet behind the infantry trench, and descended at an easy grade till it reached the water-bearing stratum at the particular point, which was seldom over thirty feet beneath the surface. Then pushing forward until from sixty to a hundred feet in front of the trench had been gained, the gallery was extended laterally right and left for a greater or less distance to cover the menaced point. This was the general outline of their construction, but some were very elaborately executed, ramifying in every direction. All were ceiled with plank and scantling as the work advanced, and were lighted and ventilated by perpendicular shafts. Holes were also bored with earth augers from the galleries horizontally towards the enemy to serve as acoustic tubes in conveying the sounds of hostile mining. Sentinels were kept in the galleries night and day, and their cool, quiet aisles were delightful retreats from the heat and turmoil of the trenches. It must be confessed, however, that there was something in the dank stillness that reigned within them which, with the ever present death above-ground, was suggestive of the grave.

About the 28th of July the Federal commander was discovered transferring troops to the north side of the James, and Lee began to send over troops to meet this threat against Richmond. On the 29th, Grant suddenly brought back his troops, and on the 30th July, at daylight, sprung a mine under the salient on the Baxter road, held by Elliott's South Carolina brigade. The breach was immediately assailed and occupied, but the enemy were unable to get beyond the Crater, where he was held at bay until the arrival of reinforcements expelled him, and our original lines were re-established. This was, perhaps, the most prominent event of the siege, but it is not within the scope of this sketch to go into its details, Haygood's brigade being in no way connected with it. The fighting over the Crater was desperate, the Confederates sustaining twelve hundred casualties, and inflicting a loss of over six thousand upon the enemy, of which eleven hundred were prisoners.

The ordinary details from the troops for guard and picket and fatigue duty were very heavy. All the men were required to sit in line of battle upon the banquette, arms in hand and officers at their posts, for the half hour preceding and the half hour after dark. From this time till an hour before daylight one-half of the men, not on other duty, were kept awake at a time in the same position, while the other half were allowed to get what sleep they could in the bottom of the trench, their arms and accoutrements laid aside, but near at hand, and disturbed by the frequent passage of inspecting officers or fatigue parties blundering along in the dark over their prostrate forms. From an hour before day until after good daylight all were aroused and stood to arms fully equipped and prepared to repel assault. Again, during the day only one-half were allowed to lay off their equipments at a time, and none were permitted, day or night, to leave their assigned places in the trench without special permission. The company officers remained at all times with their men in the trench; the field officers and brigade staff had their respective pits some six feet in rear of the general trench, and were permitted to use them except when the men were standing to arms. Division commanders were from six hundred yards to half a mile in rear, and generally occupied houses in the suburbs. Generals Lee and Beauregard had their headquarters near each other on the hill north of the Appomattox, near Pocahontas bridge, and, with their staffs, were in tents. The men in the trenches served as sharpshooters by regular detail. The constant use of the shoulder in shooting produced bruises and soreness, so that they accustomed themselves to resting the rifle on the parapet and firing it as a pistol. The accuracy of their fire was frequently spoken of by letter-writers to the Northern papers, and our men, as at Wagner, became very fond of it. It was a relief to the passive endurance which made up so large a part of their duty.

Such severe service, continued day in and day out for so long a time, was trying to the last degree upon men already jaded by an active campaign. For some time during July not a field-officer was present for duty, and four out of the five regiments of the brigade were commanded by lieutenants. To preserve anything like organization and efficiency, General Hagood was compelled to consolidate companies temporarily and to assign to duty, as commissioned officers, non-commissioned officers and even privates. In doing this, he selected men who had hitherto been mentioned for good conduct in battle. Not a day passed without more or less casualties, and from

the fact that the wounds were generally in the head or upper part of the person, and from the enfeebled state of the general health of the men, they were mostly fatal. Diseases of a low nervous type carried the men to the field infirmary, and at one time there were five hundred cases in Hagood's alone. These field infirmaries were places in the woods by some roadside in the rear of the city, provided sometimes with a few tents, never with enough, and sometimes with none, where the men were sent whom it was thought possible to restore to duty in a short time, and where the surgical operations were performed. The regimental surgeons were here. The assistant surgeons were in some place more or less sheltered, as near as one could be found to the lines. Litter-bearers brought the wounded to them, and after temporary treatment they were dispatched in two-horse ambulances to the infirmary. The various post hospitals in Petersburg, Richmond, and even further off, received the severe cases. These hospitals were generally well managed, but the field infirmaries were the scene of much suffering, partly unavoidable and partly from mismanagement. It depended entirely upon the fidelity and administrative ability of the senior surgeon of a brigade how each was managed. The brigade commander was expected to exercise a supervision over them, which his duties in the trenches prevented from being more than nominal, and the higher medical officers were not, within the writer's observation, particular enough in supervising their brigade subordinates.

The foregoing narrative has given the outline of the military events and surroundings—the naked skeleton of the history; but it is difficult to convey to one who has not had a similar experience an idea of the actual reality, of the labor and sufferings of the men, who for those long hot summer months held, without relief, the trenches of Petersburg. The following extracts from the journal (MSS.) of Lieutenant Moffett, then acting inspector on the brigade staff, and who gallantly and faithfully discharged his full share of the duties performed, presents vividly the life we led:

"Seldom," says he, "are men called upon to endure as much as was required of the troops who occupied the trenches of Petersburg during the months of June, July and August. It was endurance without relief; sleeplessness without excitement; inactivity without rest; constant apprehension requiring ceaseless watching. The nervous system was continually strained, till the spirits became depressed almost beyond endurance. * * * * Day after day, as soon as the mists which overhung the country gave way to the dawn, and

until night spread her welcome mantle over the earth, the sharp-shooting was incessant, the constant rattle of small arms and the spiteful hissing of bullets never ceased, and was only drowned by the irregular but daily bombardment from heavier metal. No place along the line could be considered safe; the most sheltered were penetrated by glancing bullets, and many severe wounds were received in this way. The trenches themselves were filthy, and, though policing was rigidly enforced, it was impossible to keep down the constant accumulation. Vermin abounded, and diseases of various kinds showed themselves. The digestive organs became impaired by the rations issued and the manner in which they were prepared. Diarrhoea and dysentery were universal; the legs and feet of the men swelled until they could not wear their shoes, and the filth of their persons from the scarcity of water was almost unbearable. But all of this they endured, and, although in a few instances desertions occurred, and even self-mutilation was resorted to, to escape the horrid nightmare that brooded upon spirits not highly enough tempered to endure it, the great majority of men stood all their sufferings with unflinching constancy, and never yielded till disease drove them to the field infirmary." * * *

Such was the life of the soldier in the trenches; and the following verses, appearing anonymously in a Petersburg paper during the siege, depict what was its frequent ending. The verses may lack smoothness, but those who were there will recognize the realism of the picture:

"Dirty and haggard,
Almost a blackguard,
They bore him away
From the terrible fray;
From the clash and the rattle,
In the front rank of battle,
Almost dead, shot through the head,
They reached his gory ambulance bed.

"The ambulance jolts,
But the driver bolts,
And away he flies,
Drowning the cries
Of the poor private,
Glad to arrive at
The hospital door, where to be sure
The surgeon, he thinks, can effect a quick cure.

"So wan and pale,
With plaintive wail,
All alone he dies;

But nobody cries.
Bear away the clay,
To the dead-house ; away !
Who cares ! who ever sheds tears
Over ragged and dirty soldiers' biers !

" A box of pine,
Say three feet by nine,
They place him in ;
Away from the din
Of battle and strife,
Then hurried for life,
Under the stones to bury the bones
Of the poor soldier whom nobody mourns.

" In his home far away,
A letter some day,
Perhaps may tell
How the poor soldier fell.
Then tears, ah ! how deep,
The loved ones will weep,
When they hear that the bier
Of him they so loved, awoke not a tear."

Hagood's brigade served sixty-five consecutive days in the trenches of Petersburg, entering them with an aggregate of twenty-three hundred men and officers. When withdrawn on the 20th of August, to participate in the fighting on the Weldon road, incident to Grant's turning operations, but fifty-nine officers and six hundred and eighty-one men remained present for duty.

General Hagood's address was received with enthusiastic applause, which was indefinitely prolonged when Colonel P. C. Gaillard, his old comrade in arms, walked up and congratulated him.

Soon after the conclusion of General Hagood's address, the second regular toast was proposed by Colonel John S. Fairly :

" Our Dead—

" Nor shall their glory be forgot
While Time her record keeps,
Or Honor guards the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

Drank standing and in silence.

Third toast, by D. B. Gilliland, fourth vice-president :

" The Confederate Soldier—Poorly paid, clad and fed, with little training or rigid discipline, he endured more, accomplished more, and fought better than any soldier in any army in any age."

In response, Colonel Zimmerman Davis read a letter from a distinguished officer of the English army, who also served in the Confederate army, paying a glowing tribute to the exalted heroism and indomitable valor of the individual men composing the Confederate army.

Fourth toast, by Captain A. W. Marshall: "The Infantry—They stood like a stone wall." Responded to by the Rev. Robert Wilson, D. D.

Fifth toast, by Dr. F. L. Frost: "The Artillery—'A little more grape, Captain Bragg.'" Responded to by the Rev. C. E. Chichester.

Sixth toast, by Colonel Zimmerman Davis: "The Cavalry—The men who were always fighting." In response, a letter was read from General M. C. Butler, warmly commending the Soldiers' Home established at Richmond, Va.

Toasts to "Our Southern Women" and "The Press" were proposed and fittingly responded to, and after many volunteer toasts and a social interchange of war reminiscences and adventures o'er flood and field, the assemblage dispersed.



Seal of the Southern Historical Society and the Great Seal of the Confederate States of America.

A seal of the design herewith presented was adopted by the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, in meeting held October 26th, 1888, and it will be observed that it decorates the title-page of this volume also.

The design, offered by the Secretary, was, as is obvious, adapted from the familiar great or broad seal of the late Confederate States of America, and it may be assumed that there will scarce be division in sentiment as to its peculiar appropriateness as the insignia of the body charged with the just preservation of the muniments of that obliterated government and quieted cause. The seal, which is one and one-half of an inch in diameter, may be thus described: a soldier mounted—the horse in motion (adapted from the equestrian statue of Washington, by Crawford, in the ground of the State Capitol of Virginia), within a circle. This circle surrounded with a wreath composed of the staple vegetable productions of the Southern States—corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco and sugar—and within outer circles the legend, "THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ORGANIZED MAY 1, 1869," and the motto, "DEO VINDICE," with the further inscription, within the smaller circle and immediately above the equestrian figure, "Re-organized August 15, 1873."



The seal, which is excellently engraved, was generously executed, without cost to the Society, by Mr. M. S. O'Donnell, Boston, Massachusetts.

It seems meet that some account of the origin of the famous prototype of the seal of the Society should be given here. Further, a recent publication in that admirable exponent and enlightened medium, the *New Orleans Picayune*, happily gives so many ungarnered details of the adoption of the Great Seal, that it becomes a duty to aid in their permanent preservation.

The Great Seal of the Confederate States of America was engraved in 1864, by the late Joseph S. Wyon, of London, England, predecessor of Messrs J. S. and A. B. Wyon, chief engravers of Her British Majesty's seals, etc., and reached Richmond not long before the evacuation of the city, April 3, 1865. It was of silver, and in diameter measured nearly four inches. At the evacuation it was overlooked by the Confederate authorities, and subsequently fell into the possession of the late genial and accomplished Colonel John T. Pickett, of Washington, D. C., who, after having a number of electrotype copies in copper, silver and gold plating made from it, presented the original to Colonel William E. Earle, of Washington, D. C. This last gentleman, on December 27th, 1888, formally presented it to the State of South Carolina. The announcement of the gift elicited from the *Picayune*, in its issue of January 6, 1889, the interesting report of an interview, by one of its representatives, held with Hon. Thomas J. Semmes, of New Orleans, which follows:

"Mr. Semmes said it always afforded him pleasure to converse on the events of the war, particularly the transactions of the Confederate Senate. He was attorney-general of Louisiana in 1861. When it became necessary to elect to the Confederate Senate, organized under the new constitution, Mr. Semmes and General Edward T. Sparrow were chosen senators from this State. In drawing for terms he drew that for four years, while General Sparrow drew that for six years. This was at Richmond, Va., in February, 1862.

"In speaking of his services in the Senate, Mr. Semmes said he was appointed a member of the finance committee in conjunction with Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, and Hon. Robert Barnwell, of South Carolina and a member of the judiciary committee, of which Hon. B. H. Hill was chairman. He was also chairman of the joint committee on the flag and seal of the Confederate States. He drafted, under the direction of Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, the 'tax in kind'

bill, which practically supported the Confederacy during the last two years of the war.

"As member of the finance committee, he advocated the sealing and calling in of the outstanding Confederate currency, on the ground that the purchasing power of the new currency to be issued in exchange would be greater than the total amount of the outstanding currency in its then depreciated condition. He made a report from the judiciary committee adverse to martial law.

"Upon being questioned as to the seal which he had designed, Mr. Semmes said it was a device representing an equestrian portrait of Washington (after the statue which surmounts his monument in the capitol square at Richmond), surrounded with a wreath, composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy, and having around its margin the words: 'Confederate States of America, 22d February, 1862,' with the motto, '*Deo vindice*.'

"In the latter part of April, 1864, quite an interesting debate was had on the adoption of the motto. The House resolutions fixing the motto as '*Deo Duce Vincemus*' being considered, Mr. Semmes moved to substitute '*Deo vindice majores aemulamur*.' The motto had been suggested by Professor Alexander Dimitry. Mr. Semmes thought '*Deo vindice*' sufficient and preferred it. He was finally triumphant."

In this connection it is appropriate and interesting to reproduce the speech made by Mr. Semmes on that occasion. It was as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT—I am instructed by the committee to move to strike out the words "*duce vincemus*" in the motto and insert in lieu thereof the words "*Vindice majores aemulamur*," "Under the guidance and protection of God we endeavor to equal and even excel our ancestors." Before discussing the proposed change in the motto, I will submit to the Senate a few remarks as to the device on the seal.

"The committee has been greatly exercised on this subject, and it has been extremely difficult to come to any satisfactory conclusion. This is a difficulty, however, incident to the subject, and all that we have to do is to avoid what Visconti calls 'an absurdity in bronze.'

"The equestrian statue of Washington has been selected in deference to the current popular sentiment. The equestrian figure impressed on our seal will be regarded by those skilled in glyptics as to a certain extent indicative of our origin. It is a most remarkable fact that an equestrian figure constituted the seal of Great Britain from the time of Edward the Confessor down to the reign of George

III, except during the short interval of the protectorate of Cromwell, when the trial of the King was substituted for the man on horseback. Even Cromwell retained the equestrian figure on the seal of Scotland, but he characteristically mounted himself on the horse. In the reign of William and Mary the seal bore the impress of the king and queen both mounted on horseback.

"Washington has been selected as the emblem for our shield, as a type of our ancestors, in his character of *princeps majorum*. In addition to this, the equestrian figure is consecrated in the hearts of our own people by the local circumstance that on the gloomy and stormy 22d of February, 1862, our permanent government was set in motion by the inauguration of President Davis under the shadow of the statue of Washington.

"The committee are dissatisfied with the motto on the seal proposed by the House resolution. The motto proposed is as follows: '*Deo Duce Vincemus*'—(Under the leadership of God we will conquer).

"The word '*duce*' is too pagan in its signification, and is degrading to God, because it reduces him to the leader of an army; for scarcely does the word '*duce*' escape the lips before the imagination suggests '*exercitus*,' an army for a leader to command. It degrades the Christian God to the level of pagan gods, goddesses and heroes, as is manifest from the following quotation; '*Nil desperandum Tenero duce*.' This word *duce* is particularly objectionable because of its connection with the word '*vincemus*'—(we will conquer). This connection makes God the leader of a physical army, by means of which we will conquer, or must conquer. If God be our leader we must conquer, or he would not be the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, nor the God of the Christian. This very doubt implied in the word '*vincemus*' so qualifies the omnipotence of the God who is to be our 'leader,' that it imparts a degrading signification to the word '*duce*' in its relations to the attributes of the Deity.

"The word '*vincemus*' is equally objectionable because it implies that war is to be our normal state; besides, it is in the future tense—'we will conquer.' The future is always uncertain, and, therefore, it implies doubt. What becomes of our motto when we *shall have* conquered? The future becomes an accomplished fact, and our motto thus loses its significance.

"In addition to this there are only two languages in which the words will and shall are to be found—the English and the German—and in those they are used to qualify a positive condition of the mind and

render it uncertain; they are repugnant to repose, quiet, absolute and positive existence.

"As to the motto proposed by us, we concur with the House in accepting the word 'Deo'—God. We do so in conformity to the expressed wishes of the framers of our Constitution, and the sentiments of the people and of the army.

"The preamble of the Provisional Constitution declares that 'We, the deputies of the sovereign and independent States of South Carolina, etc., invoking the favor and guidance of Almighty God, do ordain,' etc.

"In this respect both our Constitutions have deviated in the most emphatic manner from the spirit that presided over the construction of the Constitution of the United States, which is silent on the subject of the Deity.

"Having discarded the word 'duce,' the committee endeavored to select in lieu of it a word more in consonance with the attributes of the Deity, and therefore more imposing and significant. They think success has crowned their efforts in the selection of the word 'vindex,' which signifies an assenter, a defender, protector, deliverer, liberator, a mediator and a ruler or guardian. 'Vindex' also means an avenger or punisher.

"No word appeared more grand, more expressive or significant than this. Under God as the asserter of our rights, the defender of our liberties, our protector against danger, our mediator, our ruler and guardian, and, as the avenger of our wrongs and the punisher of our crimes, we endeavor to equal or even excel our ancestors. What word can be suggested of more power, and so replete with sentiments and thoughts consonant with our idea of the omnipotence and justice of God?

"At this point the committee hesitated whether it were necessary to add anything further to the motto 'Deo Vindice.' These words alone were sufficient and impressive, and, in the spirit of the lapidary style of composition, were elliptical and left much to the play of the imagination. Reflection, however, induced us to add the words 'majores aemulamur,' because without them there would be nothing in the motto referring to the equestrian figure of Washington. It was thought better to insert something elucidative or adaptive of the idea to be conveyed by that figure. Having determined on this point, the committee submitted to the judgment of the Senate the words 'majores aemulamur,' as best adapted to express the ideas of 'our ancestors.' 'Patres' was first suggested, but abandoned be-

cause 'majores' signifies ancestors absolutely, and is also more suggestive than 'patres.' The latter is a term applied to our immediate progenitors who may be alive, whereas 'majores' conveys the idea of a more remote generation that has passed away.

"That being disposed of, the question arose as to the proper signification of the word 'aemulamur.' Honorable emulation is the primary signification of the word; in its secondary sense it is true it includes the idea of improper rivalry, or jealousy. But it is used in its primary and honorable sense by the most approved authors.

"The secondary and improper sense of the *aemulari* is excluded in the proposed motto by the relation it bears to 'Deo vindice.' This relation excludes the idea of envy or jealousy, because God, as the asserter of what is right, justifies the emulation, and as a punisher of what is wrong checks excess in case the emulation runs into improper envy or jealousy. In adopting the equestrian figure of Washington, the committee desires distinctly to disavow any recognition of the embodiment of the idea of the 'cavalier.' We have no admiration for the character of the cavalier of 1640 any more than for his opponent, the Puritan. We turn with disgust from the violent and licentious cavalier, and we abhor the acerb, morose and fanatic Puritan, of whom Oliver Cromwell was the type. In speaking of Cromwell and his character, Guizot says that 'he possessed the faculty of lying at need with an inexhaustible and unhesitating hardihood which struck even his enemies with surprise and embarrassment.'

"This characteristic seems to have been transmitted to the descendants of the pilgrims who settled in Massachusetts Bay to enjoy the liberty of persecution. If the cavalier is to carry us back to days earlier than the American Revolution, I prefer to be transported in imagination to the field of Runnymede, when the barons extorted Magna Charta from the unwilling John. But I discard all reference to the cavalier of old, because it implies a division of society into two orders, an idea inconsistent with confederate institutions."

Mr. Semmes moved to amend by substituting "vindice" for "duce," and it was agreed to.

In taking his leave, the reporter was informed by Mr. Semmes that he did not know the seal was in existence and was glad to learn that it had been presented to the State of South Carolina, the first State which seceded from the Union.

The Old South.

[An address by Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill, on Memorial Day, June 6th, 1887, at Baltimore, before the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland.]

*Comrades of the Society of the Army and Navy
of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland:*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Years and years ago, “the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,” I was a subaltern artillery officer in the United States army. There was great striving with the young lieutenants of that day to be stationed at Fort McHenry; for they said that everybody in the world knew that the most beautiful and graceful ladies in the solar system were in the city near by. I give this as a reminiscence of the long ago, and not as a piece of flattery, or as an endorsement of the astronomical opinions of the lieutenants of artillery of that pre-historic period.

But to-day, the battle-scarred veterans all over the South pay a higher and grander tribute than that to the mere beauty and grace of the ladies of the present generation, when they tell, with tearful eyes and husky voices, of the kindness and sympathy shown them while they were hungry, ragged, sick and suffering prisoners of war. In all ages of the world, poetry and song have embalmed the ministrations of mercy of the beautiful to the brave; but these offices of charity rise into the sublime, when the gentle ministrants receive scorn, contumely and contempt for their gracious deeds to the friendless, the hated and the despised. May God bless the noble women of Baltimore forever and forevermore.

But there came a time when my people owed a still deeper debt of gratitude to your generous city. It was the time of the gentle fanning of spring breezes, of the rustling of the new-born leaves on the trees, of the wafting of perfumery from buds and flowers, of the busy humming of freshly-awakened insect life, of the glad some singing and love-wooing of birds. The booming of cannon and the ringing of church bells told of the rejoicing of twenty-five millions of people over a restored Union. There was gladness everywhere but in the eleven States scorched and withered by the hot blasts of war. Lee had surrendered, and sorrow had filled the hearts of those stern warriors who *had battled for four years with the world in arms*. But the grief of surrender had turned into sullen despair, when they

came back in this joyous springtime to their suffering families to find desolation and destruction everywhere ; blackened ruins marked the sites of the stately mansions of once lordly planters ; the fields, once white with the world's great staple, were now fenceless and unplowed ; "the fig tree had not blossomed, neither was there fruit in the vine ; the labor of the olive had failed, and the fields yielded no meat ; the flocks had been cut off from the folds, and there were no herds in the stalls" ; the cities were without business, trade and commerce, and grass was growing in the streets of the villages almost deserted of inhabitants. "The elders had ceased from the gates, the young men from their music (yea, the best and the bravest of them filled bloody graves.) The joy of their heart had ceased, and their dances had been turned into mourning. The crown had fallen from the head of their beautiful South-land, and the Lord of Hosts had seemed to cover Himself with a thick cloud so that the prayers of widows and orphans could not pass through."

It was at this time, when our whole people were shrouded with a pall of gloom and anguish, and absolute starvation was imminent in many places, that the generous heart of your city throbbed with one simultaneous pulsation of pity. Then both sexes, all classes and conditions, friends and foes alike, forgetting political and sectional differences, vied with one another in sending relief to the afflicted South.

In the name of my countrymen, thus rescued from despair and death, I invoke the blessings of Almighty God upon the heads of their deliverers, whatever be their religious creed or political faith ; whatever be the skies of their nativity or their opinion of the righteousness or unrighteousness of the Southern cause.

My subject is the Old South ; the Old South of pure women and brave men ; the South of Washington and Jefferson ; of Carroll and Rutledge ; of Marshall and Taney ; of the Pinckneys of Maryland and South Carolina (for they were of the same stock) ; of Andrew Jackson and Winfield Scott ; of Decatur, McDonough and Tatnall ; the generous Old South which, rich, prosperous and peaceful under British domination, cried, "the cause of Boston is the cause of us all," and had her sons slain and her land desolated in defence of her Northern sister ; the magnanimous Old South which, without ships and commerce, hoisted in 1812, in the interest of the carrying trade, the banner inscribed "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights;" the chivalrous Old South, crying out in the person of Randolph Ridgely, when Charley May was about trying the novel experiment of a

charge of cavalry upon a battery of Mexican artillery, "hold on, Charley, till I draw their fire upon myself." Ah! my countrymen, that Old South did many unselfish deeds which, in the slang of the day, "didn't pay." But the world was made purer, nobler and better by them, and they should be as ointment poured forth, fragrant through all the ages.

Christopher Columbus has justly been considered mankind's greatest benefactor, and surely no one ever did great deeds under more adverse circumstances. Crowned heads had tantalized him with hope, but to baffle his expectations; jealous courtiers sneered at him; men of science called him a dreamer and a madman; his own sailors were insubordinate and mutinous. Through it all, this wonderful man had borne himself grandly, never losing heart or hope until success had crowned his efforts. The fame won by Columbus stimulated the enterprise of the world for the next three hundred and fifty years, until all the highways and byways of the ocean had been thoroughly explored, and all its creeks, bays and estuaries had been thoroughly surveyed. Then discovery ceased, and it was said that there were no more continents, no more islands, no more coral reefs, no more sand-bars to be found in all the wide waste of waters. This lull in discovery ceased until 1868, when an enterprising brother from somewhere north of Mason & Dixon's line announced to the startled world that he had discovered a hitherto unknown region of vast extent, with fertile soil, varied and wonderful products, the loveliest scenery and the finest climate on the globe—cities, towns, villages and a vast rural population—all speaking the English language, though it was not told whether they were Christian or heathen. The great navigator had called his discovery the New World, and other navigators had called theirs New Caledonia, New Zealand, New Britain, New Hebrides, New Holland, etc.; this land navigator of the year of grace 1868, called his discovery the New South.

The thing stranger to me than even finding this hitherto unknown land is, that the English-speaking race discovered there have adopted the name given them, are proud of it, brag about it, and roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues. All other barbarians have resented the name imposed upon them by their discoverers, and have clung to their old names, their old ideas, and their old traditions.

It will be my business at this time to speak to you, Veterans of this Association, of the Old South for which we fought and for which so many of our comrades, as dear to us as our own heart's blood, laid down their precious lives. I would tell you, young people of that

dear Old South which has passed away, that you may admire and imitate whatever was grand and noble in its history, and reject whatever was wrong and defective.

Dr. Channing, of Boston, one of the ablest and fairest of the many gifted men of the North, said more than forty years ago, that the great passion of the South was for political power and the great passion of the North was for wealth. I quote his words: "The South has abler politicians than the North, and almost necessarily so, because its opulent class makes politics the business of life. * * * In the South, an unnatural state of things turns men's thoughts to political ascendancy, but in the Free States men think little of it. Prosperity is the goal for which they toil perseveringly from morning until night. Even the political partisan among us (the Northern people) has an eye to property and seeks office as the best, perhaps the only way of subsistence."

This was a frank confession from a Northern scholar and thinker, that Northern politicians sought office with an eye to property and subsistence, while ambitious Southerners sought for place and power from love of political supremacy. Now, the motive of the latter class was not good, but these lovers of high position did have a restraining influence upon the lovers of money. The scandals that have brought shame upon the American name occurred when the Old South was out of power. Who has not heard of the Credit Mobilier swindle, in which high Government officers, Senators and Representatives, were implicated? Then there were frauds known as Emma Mine stock, Seneca Stone contract, Whiskey Ring swindles, Pacific Mail subsidies, sales of Sutlers' Posts, steals of Government lands, back salary grabs, Star Route robberies, etc., etc. When Southern statesmen had a controlling influence, these knaveries were unknown, because they were impossible. No official from the Old South, whether in Cabinet, Congress, Foreign Mission or public position of any kind was ever charged with roguery. No great statesman of that period ever corruptly made money out of his office. Calhoun, Clay and Webster were comparatively poor. Some of our greatest presidents were almost paupers, notably Jefferson, Monroe and Harrison.

Dr. Channing gave the distinction between the North and the South with great candor and fairness. But we might still inquire: Why did the North seek property as the chief good, and why did the South seek political supremacy as the chief good? The reason of the difference between the two sections seems to me perfectly

plain. It was not a race difference between the two peoples, for they were of the same blood and the same speech. The ambition of each section as to the avenues in which it should seek its own self-aggrandizement was determined by its surroundings. The Northern States of the Old Thirteen had magnificent bays and harbors, but a bleak, inhospitable climate, in which African slaves could not thrive, and a soil not adapted to producing the things which the world specially needed. The people of that region then freed or sold into the South the negroes whom they had brought from Africa and whom they found to be unprofitable slaves in their latitude. Naturally, these Northerners turned away from unremunerative agriculture to the wealth-giving sea and became the boldest and hardiest navigators the world had ever seen ; but with all their courage, pluck and energy they were averse to war and personal conflicts as interfering with the peaceful gains of trade. They were too busy to be turbulent. They put thousands of ships upon the ocean as fishing-smacks, whalers and merchantmen. Their shipping interests called for great centres of trade and for foundries and machine shops. They built great cities and huge dock-yards ; they opened vast mines and established rich factories. They became money-getting from the situation in which their surroundings had placed them. Anglo-Saxon energy and indomitable will had made them masters of whatever was at first unfavorable in their situation.

The South had but few ports, and these were in unhealthy places ; it had a climate well suited to the African and a soil well adapted to produce those things which the world most needed. Hence the people of the Old South maintained slavery and devoted themselves almost exclusively to agriculture. They built no great cities, for they had no trade ; they developed no mines and erected no factories, for their laborers were better at field work than at anything else. The Southern men of property went to the country and became feudal lords of black retainers, the best fed, the best clothed, the gayest, happiest, healthiest, strongest serfs the world had ever seen. The towns and villages at the South were shakily, mostly with unpaved and unlighted streets. The rural mansions were spacious and comfortable, seldom grand or elegant. An agricultural people are seldom rich, and the profuse hospitality of the Southern planter kept him generally straitened in his means. The Old South labored under a more serious disadvantage ; there were few literary and scientific men among them. History shows that the great men of the world have been born chiefly in the country, and that they gained distinction,

not there, but in cities and towns. The fire may be hid in flint for countless ages and the spark only be given out when the flint is struck by the steel. So the intellectual giants, reared in the free, fresh air of the country, have only given out their grand thoughts under the influence of other minds in populous places.

Thus, the men of the Old South, being cut off from wealth, from mining, manufacturing, commerce, art, science and literature, found but two fields open in which they could distinguish themselves—war and politics—and into these they entered boldly and successfully, and became leading statesmen and renowned warriors. So the surroundings of the Old South determined the destiny of its sons, just as the surroundings of the North determined that of its sons. Exceptional cases occurred at the South where fame was won outside of politics. Thus Audubon, of Louisiana, was the first, as he is the most distinguished, of American ornithologists. Washington Allston, of South Carolina, ranks among the foremost of American painters. M. F. Maury, of Virginia, has done more for navigation than any one of this century, and he received more medals, diplomas and honors as a man of science from European nations than any other American. John Gill, of Newberne, North Carolina, is the true inventor of the revolver, that has revolutionized the tactics of the world. Dr. Clemens, of Salisbury, North Carolina, is the true inventor of the telegraph, which has made almost instantaneous the intercourse between the most distant nations of the earth. McCormick, of Virginia, was the first to put the reaper into the field, which has done so much to develop the vast grain fields of the West. Stevens, of South Carolina, was the first to use iron as a protection against artillery, and thus the whole system of naval warfare has been changed. Dr. Reed, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, is the inventor of rifled cannon, which have made useless fortifications of stone and brick. Richard Jordan Gatling, of Hertford county, North Carolina, is the inventor of the terrible gun that bears his name. The Georgians claim that their countryman, Rev. F. R. Goulding, is the inventor of the sewing-machine. General Gabriel J. Rains, by the construction of a peculiar friction primer, made the use of torpedoes successful in the Southern waters during the civil war, and demonstrated that weak maritime nations could be protected against the most powerful. The Le Contes, of Georgia, are to-day among our foremost men of science. Dr. J. Marion Sims, of South Carolina, had more reputation abroad than any other American physician. In literature, we have had such men as Marshall, Kennedy, Gayarre,

Wirt, Gilmore, Simms, Hawks, Legare, Hayne, Ryan, Timrod, the Elliotts, of South Carolina, Tichnor, Lanier, Thornwell, Archibald Alexander and his sons, Addison and James W., Bledsoe, Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Terhune, &c. Brooke, of Virginia, solved the problem of deep sea sounding, which had so long baffled men of science. But the other day, General John Newton, of Virginia, was at the head of the Engineering Department of the United States. Stephen V. Benet, of Florida, is now head of the United States Ordnance Department, and Dr. Robert Murray, of Maryland, is Surgeon-General.

Most of the Southern inventions were lost to those whose genius devised them, because the Old South had no foundries or machine shops in which they could be made, and no great centres of trade by which they could be put upon the market. With rare magnanimity, Southern congressmen had voted for protective tariffs, fishing bounties, and coast-trade regulations, which did so much to build up the big cities and great commerce of the North and to fill its coffers to overflowing. Even Mr. Calhoun had voted to protect "infant industries," believing that the infants would in the course of time learn to crawl and walk, and do without pap. But that time has not yet come. Thomas Prentice Kettell, a Northern man, estimates that in these three ways the Old South contributed from 1789 to 1861, \$2,770,000,000 of her wealth to Northern profits. Our statesmen knew, surely, that their own section would never get one dollar in return from this enormous expenditure. But they were patriotic enough to be willing to make the nation rich and prosperous, even at the expense, for a season, of their own beloved South. My countrymen! that Old South was a generous Old South. The world scoffs at such generosity, and says "it don't pay." The Old South believed with the wise man, that "A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches, and loving favor rather than gold and silver." But the world does not think with Solomon and the Old South, and chooses great riches rather than the good name, and gives its loving favor to the holders of the gold and silver. But while the Old South had some success in literature, art and science, the character of its people ought to be judged mainly by what they accomplished in the two departments to which their efforts were mostly restricted—politics and war. Did the Old South give to the country wise statesmen and brave warriors? This will be the subject of the present investigation.

Mr. Bancroft says: "American Independence, like the great rivers of the country, had many sources, but the head spring which colored all the stream was the Navigation Act." The whole of New England

was in a blaze of fury because of it. The effect of it upon their commerce and shipping interest was most disastrous, and they believed that ruin impended over them. The Old South was equally excited, though it had no carrying trade and was in no wise affected by the Act. But an agricultural people, living much by themselves, develop large individuality, and are always liberty-loving. Hence, though in many respects the gainers by intercourse with England, the sons of the Old South stoutly resisted all encroachments upon their freedom by the Mother Country—a term of endearment they still loved to use. The Old South denounced the Navigation Act, which did not hurt its interests at all, just as severely as it did the Stamp and Revenue Acts. All were blows at the inalienable rights of freemen, and all were alike opposed. Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, in a speech delivered in Charleston in 1766, advocated the independence of the Colonies, and he was the first American to proclaim that thought. The first American Congress met in Philadelphia on the 7th of October, 1774. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was elected President of that body. On the 20th of May, 1775, the Scotch-Irish of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, absolved all allegiance with the Crown of Great Britain, and set up a government of its own. On the 12th of April, 1776, the Provincial Congress of North Carolina took the lead of all the States in passing resolutions of independence. On the 7th of June of that year, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, moved: "These united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." It was upon this motion in the Continental Congress that the separation from Great Britain took place. It was a Virginian who wrote the Declaration of Independence. It was a Virginian who led the rebel armies to victory and to freedom. It was a Southerner—Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina—whose draft of the Constitution was mainly adopted.

Thus, independence was declared upon the motion of one Southerner; its principles were set forth in the Declaration written by another Southerner. A third led the armies of the rebel colonies to victory, while a fourth framed the Constitution, which, though denounced at one time by the South-haters as "a covenant with death and a league with hell," has lived for a hundred years, and is likely to live for many hundreds more.

You of this newly discovered region need not be ashamed of your ancestors and blush that they lived in the Old Bourbon South. That Bourbon regime lasted for eighty years, the grandest and noblest of American history. Eleven of its seventeen Presidents were of South-

ern birth. Fifty-seven years of the eighty were spent under the administration of Southern-born Presidents. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson, each served eight years, in all forty years—just one-half the life of the Nation. Of the six Northern Presidents John Quincy Adams was elected by the House of Representatives and not by the people, and contrary to the wishes of the people. Nor was Mr. Fillmore elected to the Presidency, but on the death of General Taylor succeeded to the office and served out the unexpired term. So during the existence of the Old South, John Adams, Van Buren, Pierce and Buchanan were the only Northern Presidents elected by the people. A remarkable thing is, that all the Southern Presidents were re-elected by the people, except Mr. Polk, and he did not seek a renomination. This fact speaks volumes for the capacity of Southern men for the administration of affairs. Another curious fact is, that every Northern President had associated with him as Vice-President a man from the Old South. Thus, the first Adams had Jefferson, the second Adams had Calhoun, Van Buren had R. M. Johnson, Pierce had W. R. King, and Buchanan had Breckenridge. On the other hand, Jackson served one term as President with a Southern man, Calhoun, as Vice-President; Harrison and his associate were both born in Virginia; Lincoln and Johnson were both born in the South.

This period of eighty years has been called by the North: "The Era of the Domination of the Slave-power." Without raising an objection to the discourteous phraseology, I would simply say that it is an admission that the South had marvelous success in its desire for political supremacy—one of the two objects of its ambition. Before passing to our second question: "Did the Old South produce brave and successful warriors?" I will allude to a few characteristic incidents of the Old South, which do not bear materially upon either of the two questions under consideration.

"In the year 1765, on the passage of the Stamp Act, Colonel John Ashe, Speaker of the House of Commons of North Carolina, informed Governor Tryon that *the law would be resisted to every extent*. On the arrival of the British sloop of war Diligence in the Cape Fear river, he and Colonel Waddell, at the head of a body of the citizens of New Hanover and Brunswick, marched down together, frightened the captain of the sloop so that he did not attempt to land the stamped paper. Then they seized the boat of the sloop, and carried it with flags flying to Wilmington, and the whole town was illuminated that night. On the next day they marched to the Governor's

house and demanded that Governor Tryon should desist from all attempts to execute the Stamp Act, and forced him to deliver up Houston, the Stampmaster for North Carolina. Having seized upon him, they carried him to the market-house, and there made him take an oath never to attempt to execute the duties of his office as Stampmaster.

"It was nearly ten years after that the Boston tea-party assembled, when a number of citizens, disguised as Indians, went on board a ship and threw overboard the tea imported in her. This was done in the night by men in disguise, and was directed against a defenceless ship. But the North Carolina movement, ten years earlier in point of time, occurred in open day, and was made against the Governor himself, ensconced in his palace, and by men who scorned disguise."—*Senator T. L. Clingham.*

Every school-boy knows of the Boston tea-party of 1773; how many of my intelligent audience know of the Wilmington party of 1765? Yea, verily, the Old South has sorely needed historians of its own.

Virginia gave seven Presidents and many illustrious statesmen and warriors to the nation. She gave Patrick Henry, the war-trumpet of the revolution, Washington, its sword, and Jefferson, its mouth-piece. When independence and white-winged peace came to the colonies, she gave to the Union that vast northwest territory, out of which have been carved the great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Oh, but generosity does not pay. Possibly the "mother of States and statesmen" thought so when the soldiers of these five great States swarmed over her soil, and grand old Virginia became District No. 1.

I'll now take up the second question: "Did the Old South furnish brave soldiers?" The commander-in-chief in the rebellion against Great Britain was the Southern-born Washington, of whom Byron lamented that the earth had no more seed to produce another like unto him, and of whom Wellington said: "He was the grandest, the sublimest, and yet withal the plainest and simplest character in the world's history." That the Old South did its duty in this war, I will try to show, notwithstanding imperfect records and deceptive pension rolls. The Old South went nobly to the assistance of their Northern brethren, who were first attacked, and nearly all the battle-fields of the North were drenched with Southern blood. In the retreat from Long Island, Smallwood's Maryland regiment distin-

guished itself above all the continental troops, losing two hundred and fifty-nine in killed and wounded. The Virginians made up a large portion of the army of Washington at Trenton and Princeton, where the wails of despair of the American people were changed into shouts of victory. Two future presidents of the United States of Southern birth were in those battles, one of whom was wounded. The only general officer there slain was in command of Virginia troops. Southern blood flowed freely at Brandywine and Germantown, and, in the latter battle, a North Carolina general was slain, whose troops suffered greatly. It was General George Rogers Clarke, of Virginia, who, with a Virginia brigade, chastised the Indians that committed the massacre in the valley of Wyoming. He made a Stonewall Jackson march to the rear, penetrated to the Upper Mississippi, captured the governor of Detroit, and took large booty in his raid. At Monmouth and Saratoga Southern blood was commingled with the Northern in the battles of freedom. In the battle of Saratoga, Morgan's Virginia Riflemen greatly distinguished themselves and slew General Fraser, the inspiring spirit of the British army. The guerilla troops, under Sumter, Marion, Moultrie, Pickens, Clarke, etc., drove the British step by step back to Charleston, where they were cooped up till the end came. It is my deliberate opinion that no battles of the Revolution will compare in brilliancy with the defence of Moultrie, the defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain, and the defeat of Tarleton at Cowpens, all fought by Southern troops on Southern soil. In the last fight the victory was won when almost lost by the cavalry charge of William Washington, and the free use of the bayonet by that peerless soldier, your own John Eager Howard. The old tar-heel State, on the 16th of May, 1771, in the battle of the Alamance, poured out the first blood of the Revolution in resistance to British tyranny. The battle of Guilford Courthouse, fought on her soil solely by Southern troops, gave Cornwallis his first check in his career of victory, and led eventually to his capture. The first victory of the Revolution was won at Moore's Creek Bridge, in North Carolina, by Caswell and Lillington, in which one thousand Scotch loyalists were captured. Who knows of that battle? Oh! modest tar-heel State, in the slang of the newly-discovered country, "modesty does not pay." Nevertheless, true courage and true modesty walk hand in-hand. One word as to the misleading rolls of the Revolution. I was born in the Scotch-Irish settlement of Carolina, which furnished troops to Sumter, Pickens, Davie, Davidson, Shelby, etc., etc. These men were never regularly

enrolled; they gathered together for battle, and went back to their plows when the fight was over. There were no Tories in that region; it was thoroughly Whig. But I never heard of more than one pensioner in all that country. These men scorned the bounty of the government for simply doing their duty. No official records ever bore the names of those gallant partisans, whose daring deeds are known only to the Omniscient. There were no horn-blowers and quill-drivers among them.

If we come to the war of 1812, all will concede that Jackson, of North Carolina, and Harrison, of Virginia, gained the most laurels, as shown by the elevation of both of them to the presidency. All, too, readily concede that the brilliant land-fights of that war were in defence of New Orleans, Mobile, Craney Island and Baltimore, all fought by Southern troops on Southern soil.

Although that war was waged in the interests of the maritime rights of the North, it soon became unpopular in New England, because it seriously damaged trade and commerce. The Hartford Convention shows how deep was the defection in that region. The doctrine of secession was taught there half a century before the South took it up.* Hence, in this war, the old South furnished more than her proportion of troops. Southern troops flocked North, and, in the battles in Canada, a large number of general officers were from the old South: Harrison, Scott, Wilkinson, Izzard, Winder, Hampton, Gaines, Towson, Brooke, Drayton, etc. Kentucky sent more men for the invasion of Canada than did any other State.

All honor to the United States sailors of the North, who had no sympathy with the Hartford Convention, and nobly did their duty—Perry, Bainbridge, Stewart, Lawrence, Porter, Preble, &c. The

* In Barnes' History of the United States, the author tells us (page 167) of the ravaging of the Southern coast in the war of 1812 by the noted Admiral Cockburn. He says: "Along the Virginia and Carolina coast he (Cockburn) burned bridges, farm-houses, and villages; robbed the inhabitants of their crops, stock, and slaves; plundered churches of their communion services, and murdered the sick in their beds." And then the author explains why the Southern coast was devastated and the New England coast was not disturbed. This explanation is in a foot-note, which reads as follows: "New England was spared because of a belief that the Northern States were unfriendly to the war and would yet return to their allegiance to Great Britain."

This is the statement of a Northern writer, and not the fabrication of an enemy. How did the belief start among the British people that New England wished to return to its allegiance to the "Mother country?"

"Don't Give up the Ship" of dying Lawrence is a precious legacy to the whole American people.

But the unmaritime South claims, among the naval heroes of that period, Decatur, of Maryland; MacDonough, of Delaware; Jacob Jones, of same State; the two Shubricks, of South Carolina; Jesse D. Elliott, of Maryland; Blakely, of North Carolina, etc. A very large proportion of the naval heroes of the war of 1812 came from Maryland.

In the Mexican war, the commanders-in-chief on both lines were born in Virginia, one of whom became President for his exploits, and the other an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency. This war was unpopular in the North, and hence the South furnished the troops to carry it on, out of all proportion to her population. The Old South, out of a population of 9,521,437, gave 48,649 volunteers for the Mexican war, and gave also the rifle regiment, recruited within her borders, making in all 50,000 soldiers. The North, out of a population of 13,676,439, gave but 24,698 volunteers. All New England gave 1,057 volunteers. (I use the American Almanac for these figures, and the census report of 1850).

It will be admitted, without question, that Butler's South Carolina regiment and Davis' Mississippi regiment gained more reputation than the other volunteer regiments. I think it will be equally admitted that Quitman's Southern division of volunteers had the confidence of General Scott, next to his two divisions of regulars. Scott's chief engineers on that wonderful march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico were Swift, of North Carolina, and R. E. Lee, of Virginia. His chief of ordnance was Huger, of South Carolina.

The most brilliant exploit of that war was the attack of Tatnall, of Georgia, in a little gunboat, upon the castle of San Juan D'Ulloa and the land batteries at Vera Cruz. If there was anything more daring in that war, so full of great deeds, my eyes were not so fortunate as to behold it.

The bold, bluff tar of that day had a gentle, loving heart, full of kindly sympathy with his own race and lineage, as shown by rowing through shot and shell to offer such assistance as international law permitted to the British Admiral suffering under the murderous fire of the Peiho forts in China. "Blood is thicker than water" was the grand sentiment of the grand sailor, as he hurried to the rescue of the sufferers of his own race and blood. These things don't pay; nevertheless, it would be a cold, miserable, selfish world without them.

Maryland had no reason to suppose that her sons had degenerated from the days of Otho Williams, John Eager Howard, and William Smallwood, when the Mexican war brought out such men as Ringgold, the first organizer of horse artillery; Ridgely, his dashing successor; and Charley May, the hero of the cavalry charge upon the Mexican battery.

Coming down to the Civil War, the President on the Union side was a Southern-born man, his successor was born in North Carolina, and the commanding General, who first organized his troops, was a Virginian. His great War Secretary, the Carnot of that day, was born in Edgecombe county, North Carolina, though he would never admit it.

The Union Generals who struck us the heaviest blows, next to those of Grant and Sherman, were from our own soil. From West Point there came forth forty-five graduates of Southern birth, who became Federal Generals. I have their names, from George H. Thomas and George Sykes to David Hunter and John Pope, with the States of their nativity, viz: George H. Thomas, Va.; George Sykes, Del.; E. O. C. Ord, Md.; R. C. Buchanan, Md.; E. R. S. Canby, Ky.; Jesse L. Reno, Va.; John Newton, Va.; R. W. Johnson, Ky.; J. J. Reynolds, Ky.; J. M. Brannan, D. C.; John Buford, Ky.; Thomas J. Wood, Ky.; John W. Davidson, Va.; John C. Tidball, Va.; Alvan C. Gillenn, Tenn.; William R. Terrill, Va.; A. T. A. Torbert, Del.; Samuel L. Carroll, D. C.; N. B. Buford, Ky.; Alfred Pleasanton, D. C.; O. M. Mitchell, Ky.; George W. Getty, D. C.; William Hayes, Va.; A. B. Dyer, Va.; John J. Abercrombie, Tenn.; Robert Anderson, Ky.; Robert Williams, Va.; Henry E. Maynadier, Va.; Kenner Garrard, Ky.; H. C. Bankhead, Md.; H. C. Gibson, Md.; John C. McFerran, Ky.; B. S. Alexander, Ky.; E. B. Alexander, Ky.; Washington Seawell, Va.; P. S. Cook, Va.; G. R. Paul, Mo.; W. H. Emory, Md.; R. H. K. Whitely, Md.; W. H. French, Md.; H. D. Wallen, Mo.; J. L. Donaldson, Md.; Fred T. Dent, Mo.; David Hunter, Va.; John Pope, Ky. Most of these were good officers, and some of them were superb. I could name six or eight of them who did the very best they could for their native land by going on the Federal side. In addition to these forty-five West Point Southerners in the Federal army, some of the high officers of that army were born in the South, but not educated at West Point; Joseph R. Hawley (now Senator from Connecticut), John C. Fremont, the three Crittendens, Frank Blair, &c.

If we come to the United States Navy, we find abundant proof of

Southern prowess. Farragut, of Tennessee, was considered the hardest fighter and most successful commander, as shown by his elevation to the highest rank—that of Admiral—a rank specially created in order to honor him. Winslow, of North Carolina, was made a Rear-Admiral for sinking the Alabama. Goldsborough, of Maryland, was made a Rear-Admiral for the capture of Hatteras. Many other names of gallant Southerners will readily occur to you who are more familiar with the United States Navy than I am.

I will refer to but five points more in connection with the Civil War:

1st.—*Disparity of Numbers.* The population of the eleven States that seceded was, in 1860, 8,710,098, of whom 3,520,840 were slaves. That of the other States and Territories was 22,733,223, giving an excess over the whole seceded population of 14,023,125, and over the white population of 17,543,965; the excess of population being nearly double the whole population of the States in revolt, and more than three times the white population of those States. These be tremendous odds, my countrymen, and the Old South need not be ashamed of her sons who contended for four years against them.

But as the job of "suppressing the unnatural rebellion" still dragged its slow length along, 54,137 sympathetic Union men in the Rebel States joined the Federal army, and 186,017 "brothers in black" were in some way induced to enter the same service. Secretary Stanton assured the world that "the colored troops fought nobly," and that without them "the life of the nation could not have been saved." There is another interesting aspect of the numerical statistics. The seceded States are supposed to have had, from first to last, 700,000 men in the field, and you must admit that this is a very large number out of a population of five millions.* The other belligerent had in the field, from first to last, 2,859,132, or more than

*Macaulay, in his essay on Frederick the Great, says: "The proportion which the soldiers in Prussia bore to the population seems hardly credible. Of the males in the vigor of life, a seventh part were probably under arms." Doubtless, Macaulay would have thought it not at all credible that the South put into the field, not one-seventh of the males in the vigor of life, but one-seventh of the entire white population, including men, women, and children. General Grant expressed tersely the draft made upon the male whites of the South, when he said: "The Confederacy robbed the cradle and the grave to recruit its armies."

It is plain that 700,000 soldiers is a high estimate for the Confederate forces from first to last.

four times the Confederate forces. Where did these immense hosts come from? The Southern States on the border—slave-holding States—furnished in all 301,062, and thus the entire South gave to the Union army 541,216 fighting men. From what quarter of the globe did the remaining two millions and three hundred thousands come?

Rosengarten, in his book, the "German Soldier," puts down the number of Germans in the Federal army at 187,858. I don't know certainly, but I suppose that the Irish soldiers were as numerous as the German in the Federal army, for the Irish seemed to lead every attack and cover every retreat—Sumner's Bridge, Marye's Heights, Sharpsburg, Chickamauga—always fighting with the indomitable pluck of their race. I once complimented for their gallantry some Irish troops in our service, and I modestly claimed that I had Irish blood in my own veins. But as I had broken up some barrels of whiskey a short time before, they would not own me, and I heard that they said: "Af the owld hapocrit had one dhrop of Irish blood in his veins, he would never have smashed whaskey as he did." Then there were in the Federal army Russians, Austrians, Hungarians, Slavs, Magyars, and Teutons alike—Scandinavians, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Canadians, and the inhabitants of the far-off isles of the sea. I think, then, that it is true that the seceded States and the border slave-holding States gave more native-born soldiers to the Union army than did the North give of her native-born sons to that army. Surely, then, General Sherman was mistaken in saying that the Civil War was a war of races, the South against the North. This is hardly fair to Farragut and Thomas and their gallant associates of the army and navy, and the half million of brave men who fought with them.

2d. *Disparity of Resources.*—Oh! my dear brethren of the loyal North, do not taunt us with our poverty, when your own writer, Thomas Prentice Kettell, tells the world that the South gave \$2,770,000,000 of her wealth to swell Northern profits. If that money were given back to us, we could get up a "big boom" sure enough, and become a veritable New South. As it was, we were very poor in military resources in 1861. We were without mines, without factories, foundries, machine shops, roller mills—without mechanical appliances of every kind. We rushed into war, not only without ships of war and trade, but without a single mill to make powder in the whole Confederacy, and without even a single machine to make percussion caps. We had been dependent upon the North for everything, even for the

paper upon which the Ordinances of Secession were written, and for the ink and pens used in the writing. There never was a people on earth so destitute of all means of making war material and of supplying comforts and conveniences for those in camps and for those at home. From first to last, we had to depend largely upon the spoils taken from the enemy with Stonewall Jackson as Quartermaster and Commissary General. From first to last, ours was the worst fed, worst clothed and worst equipped army in the world, deficient in medical stores, in ordnance stores, in wagons, tents, shoes—even in artillery and rifles. Theirs was the best organized, the best equipped and the most pampered army in the world, with abundant commissariat, medical supplies, transportation, ordnance stores, etc., etc.

A young rebel lieutenant, who had been accustomed at home to a dram before each meal, and at frequent intervals between these three periods, was asked when the war would be over. "I am no military man," groaned he. "I know nothing of military affairs; but one thing I do know, and that is that the Confederacy has started the biggest temperance movement the world ever saw."

You all know how readily the Irish of the two armies affiliated when they came together as captors and prisoners. At Second Manassas I was amused at a conversation between some Federal Irishmen and their countrymen in my division, who were in charge of them. One of the Irish prisoners complained to one of my Irishmen that he had not had anything to eat in twenty-four hours. My man replied: "And are you after complaining of such a trifle as that? Why, Pat, me boy, in the Southern Confederacy we have one male (meal) a week and three fights a day."

3d. I wished to say a few words in regard to the Confederate Navy, and I regret that I am so ignorant on this subject. I had the honor to know a few, and a few only, of our naval heroes, but these were all grand men. Among them were Semmes, the Chevalier Bayard of the ocean; J. J. Waddell (of an illustrious North Carolina lineage), almost the peer of Semmes as a successful cruiser; M. F. Maury, the greatest benefactor to the merchant and naval marine the world has ever known; the brave W. F. Lynch, the Christian scholar and explorer; the gallant Pegram, Hunter, Alexander and a few others. I was proud before the civil war of the fame of Tatnall, Ingraham and Hollins, and was glad that they cast in their lot with their own people. I always regretted that I never saw your own Franklin Buchanan, the hardest fighter on our side, as Farragut, of Tennessee, was on their side. These two Southerners rose to the

highest rank in their respective navies. But what I know so little, I do not wish in my ignorance to make distinctions. I have introduced the subject merely to express a long-felt opinion, viz: that it required a higher and nobler patriotism for our sailors to leave the navy than for our soldiers to leave the army, for the following very obvious reasons: 1st. The flag to the sailor not only told him in foreign lands of his own country, but it spoke of his far-off home, with all its endearments. It was hard for him to give up the old flag with all these sacred associations. 2d. Our army officers gave up generally subordinate positions to command regiments, brigades, divisions, and armies. The naval officers gave up fine positions on great ships of war to serve in little tubs of vessels, of which they must have been ashamed. 3d. The true sailor is a sailor and not a land-lubber. He never gets off his sea-legs on shore. Our patriotic naval officers knew certainly that the failure of our cause would drive them from sea, and compel them to seek business on land, in which they would feel as awkward as Commodore Trunnion on the fox-hunt. All honor to the noble men who put country above self and self-interest. The Old South had thousands of unselfish men, but I put these in the forefront of them all.

4th. *Indebtedness of the Nation to the Old South.*—The statesmen of the Old South were all broad-gauge men, with nothing narrow and contracted about them. They had fully the instincts of the Japhetic race for land-grabbing, and they were eager to fulfil the prophecy in regard to the enlargement of Japhet's borders. We find, accordingly, that every inch of territory that has been added to the area belonging to the original thirteen States has been added under Southern Presidents, and all has been acquired, save bleak Alaska, during the "Era of the Domination of the Slave-power." When Jefferson came to the executive chair the whole Union comprised but 830,789 square miles. By his wise policy and diplomacy, he won, without one drop of bloodshed, for the paltry sum of \$15,000,000, that vast territory out of which have been carved nine great States and six large Territories, embracing in all 1,282,005 square miles, or 415,216 square miles more than the United States possessed before his administration. That is, he doubled the area of the United States, and had this respectable slice left over. Mr. Blaine, in his recent speech at St. Louis, said in reference to this grand achievement: "In the annals of American greatness, Jefferson deserves to be ranked as the second Washington.

Monroe found a troublesome neighbor in Florida, and by the pay-

ment of \$5,000,000, with a few hangings by Andrew Jackson thrown in, he made loyal citizens of the United States out of the Spaniards and mongrel breeds in that territory, and enlarged the area of the Union by 58,680 square miles. Next came the annexation of Texas, under Tyler, and the Mexican war, under Polk, which added to the Union two huge States and four huge Territories and 855,410 square miles. These were notoriously Southern measures, advocated by Southern statesmen, and carried out by Southern Presidents, spite of the opposition of the South-hating philanthropists. This policy enlarged our territory 2,196,095 square miles, nearly trebled its area, extended the power of the government from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and gained the richest mineral, farming and grazing grounds on the globe. With prophetic vision, Southern statesmen had seen that our country must extend to the Pacific, and from its ports carry on a trade with the populous nations of the East. Think of it, but for the Old South, a Spanish province would bound the United States on the south, and the Mississippi river, under the control of France, would bound it on the west. Compare, ye English-speaking Americans, the United States which Jefferson found with the United States which Polk left, and then you will form some conception of the indebtedness of the nation to the Old South.

Next came the purchase of Alaska, and the gain of 577,000 square miles of territory. By a singular providence, this acquisition was advocated by the South-hating philanthropists, and consummated by a Southern President. Southern men favored it, not that they expected to gain anything thereby, but the land-grabbing instinct was strong in them, and they knew that the wives of their neighbors in the loyal North would need furs and sealskin sacques. Thus we see that, under Southern Presidents, the area of the United States has increased from 830,789 square miles to 3,603,884 square miles; that is, it is now four times as big as it was. There is not a man of intelligence in the Union who does not know that this vast increase has been due to Mr. Jefferson and the Old South.

Oh! men of the loyal North, in view of what the Old South has done in quadrupling the national domain, with all of the inestimable advantages thereof, let us cry quits and stop talking about Jeff. Davis and the sour-apple tree, and talk rather of Jefferson, Monroe, Tyler, Polk and Johnson. Probably, too, a few words might be whispered in commendation of the Old South for its Japhetic proclivities, for its gift of Washington, and a long line of statesmen and warriors, and

for its donation out of its poverty up to this date of more than three billions of dollars to swell the wealth of the North.

5th. *Results of the War.* I would place first of these the general diffusion of love for the Constitution of the United States. Time was when the South-hating philanthropists denounced it as "a covenant with death and a league with hell," gotten up by the slave-power in the interests of slavery. But in 1861, the philanthropists experienced a change of heart, and ever since have talked of the Constitution as that "sacred instrument," that "bulwark of freedom," that "palladium of liberty," etc., etc. I am glad of their conversion, suspiciously sudden though it was, and I hope that they will never fall from grace. As a stalwart Presbyterian, I believe in the perseverance of the saints.

2d.—*Change of views in regard to the intellectual, moral and social status of the Negro.* The philanthropists used to tell of the cruelty and brutality of slaveholders to their slaves, and said that they had reduced the negroes to the lowest state of ignorance, barbarism and bestiality. But in the reconstruction period, the philanthropists underwent a radical change of views and discovered that these negroes, whom they had described as more savage and degraded than the barbarians on the Congo, were not merely enlightened and civilized enough to be freemen and voters, but also to be United States Senators and Congressmen, Foreign Ministers, Consuls and Marshals, Governors of States, Judges, Members of State Cabinets, &c. I am glad that the philanthropists found out that the Old South had trained its slaves so carefully for these high and responsible duties. No other masters in the world's history ever gave such training to their slaves. The 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments to the Constitution of the United States are the grandest possible eulogies to the Old South.

But there was one great error in this training. The simple-hearted, confiding Southern masters, always careless of their own money, did not teach their slaves to be cautious about their investments, and tens of thousands of these credulous creatures put their money in a bank in Washington, established by the philanthropists, and *lost it all*.

3d.—*Development of Great Men.* I love to hear the praises of the wonderful deeds of McClellan, Grant, Meade, and Hancock, for if they were such great warriors for crushing with their massive columns the thin lines of ragged Rebels, what must be said of Lee,

the two Johnstons, Beauregard, and Jackson, who held millions at bay for four years with their fragments of shadowy armies?

Pile up huge pedestals and surmount them with bronze horses and riders in bronze. All the Union monuments are eloquent of the prowess of the ragged Rebels and their leaders. Suppose the tables had been turned, and that either of the five Southerners named above had been superior to his antagonists in all the appliances and inventions of war, and had been given, moreover, an excess of two millions of men over them, how many statues, think ye, my countrymen, would there be of bronze warriors and prancing chargers?

The Congressmen from the Old South have voted liberally for all legitimate pension bills to Union veterans, for they know what a tough job it was for the 2,859,132 Union soldiers, with their magnificent outfit, to overcome the 700,000 Rebels, poorly fed, poorly clothed, and poorly equipped. These pension bills are splendid tributes to the pluck, patience, perseverance, and fortitude of the chivalry of the Old South.

I love to hear the philanthropists praise Mr. Lincoln and call him the second Washington, for I remember that he was born in Kentucky, and was from first to last, as the *Atlantic Monthly* truly said, "a Southern man in all his characteristics." I love to hear them say that George H. Thomas was the stoutest fighter in the Union army, for I remember that he was born in Virginia. When the old lady of the Old South hears the eulogies upon these men, she pushes back her spectacles that she may have a better view of the eulogists, and says: "These were *my* children." Then the old lady adds: "I have another son born in Kentucky, and he is not a step-son, nor did I raise him to die on a sour apple tree."

The Battle of Cedar Creek.

BY A SURGEON OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

[*Richmond Dispatch*, December 27th, 1888.]

The battle of Cedar Creek, fought on the 19th of October, 1864, was a very remarkable one, and differed from any other of equal magnitude fought during the war, in the fact that on that day each army was completely routed and driven from the field by the other, first the army of General Sheridan by that of General Early, and afterwards the army of General Early by that of General Sheridan.

There was also a singular coincidence between the battle of Cedar Creek and the battle of Winchester, fought exactly one month previously. When General Sheridan advanced on Winchester only Ramseur's division was ready to meet him. General Early and the rest of his troops were some distance off and reached the field of battle by a forced march and in detail. The result was that, after a hard day's fight, our men were compelled to retreat with a heavy loss in men and officers, including Generals Rodes and Godwin, who were killed on the field of battle.

So, when General Early attacked Sheridan at Cedar Creek, the latter was at Winchester, and woke to find his army routed and in full retreat. This gave occasion to his famous "ride" made to meet and rally his fleeing soldiers.

The evening before the battle, the ominous order to "prepare rations" was received. A short time before daylight the ordnance and medical officers were ordered to move out on the Valley pike and to take their wagons to the foot of Fisher's Hill; the one containing the implements of death and destruction, and the other bandages, medicines and surgical appliances to repair the mischief the first might do.

The troops had left some time previously, but so well had the secret of the plan of attack been kept that we had no idea of the direction they had taken.

It was a beautiful October night, clear and frosty. Around were the mountains, their grandeur but half revealed in the darkness. Above, the starry and resplendent heavens. So calm, so tranquil, so peaceful the scene that it seemed a sacrilege to break its stillness by war's rude alarms, or to mar its loveliness by strife and bloodshed.

Just as day was breaking and faint streaks of light appeared in the east, the sound of musketry and the cheers of the troops down the creek disclosed the attack and the plan of battle. Our army had been moved quietly down the creek and around the end of Massanutton mountain by a very difficult route, under the cover of night, and had made a complete surprise of the enemy's camp.

The line of fire moved rapidly up the creek, showing that the attack met with little resistance. The boom of cannon captured from the enemy and turned upon their fleeing owners, mingled with the sound of musketry. Soon the bridge was reached and cleared, and our artillery and ordnance wagons passed over to assist in the attack.

On the extreme right of the enemy time had been given for the troops to form, and the resistance was stubborn. But early in the

day the lull and final cessation of firing in the distance showed that the battle was over and the field in possession of our troops.

The surgeons, with due regard for the safety of the wounded, did not cross over the bridge, but established their hospitals on the western side. Very soon after a battle commences the wounded begin to come in—first those who can walk, holding a wounded hand or arm with the uninjured one, and then those more seriously wounded in ambulances. One of the first to reach the hospital that day was a young lieutenant, bright and handsome, whom I had met while on a visit to a family in Winchester a short time previously, whose left eye had been completely destroyed by a bullet.

Late in the evening there came a rumor that our troops were falling back. It was discredited at first, but soon a surging mass of men crossing the bridge and filling the plain at this end of the bridge confirmed the report. The wounded were hastily placed in the ambulances, which, with the medical wagons, were sent to the rear.

The line of Cedar Creek offered an excellent position for rallying the troops and checking the advance of the enemy, none of whom were then in sight. The officers went among the men and begged them to form in line of battle. But the commands were all mixed up, discipline was utterly lost, and as fast as a line was formed it would break and melt away like a rope of sand. The men were all the time drifting to the rear like a herd of cattle. There can be no question that a bold and resolute stand at this point would have checked the advance of the enemy.

The men were not cowards. Most of them were veterans who had seen honorable service in nearly all of the great battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia. But they had become separated from their commands. Men who will fight bravely and give prompt obedience to orders when side by side with their comrades and under the control of officers whom they have been accustomed to obey, will lose their enthusiasm when separated from their companions, and pay no attention to the commands of an officer whom they have never seen before.

While futile efforts were being made to rally our troops, the sharp crack of rifles was heard on our left. Looking in that direction, I saw some ten or twelve men—Sheridan's dismounted cavalymen—lying flat upon the brow of a hill about two hundred yards off, and firing deliberately down upon our men below.

Although there were at least one thousand men in the disorganized throng below, nearly all of whom had their muskets, only one man

returned their fire. They scattered and quickly got out of range, retreating in the direction of Strasburg. The pike was filled with artillery, wagons, and ambulances. One of the wagons, in passing over a bridge covered with loose plank, ran too near the end and overturned, throwing off the plank. This blocked the way and caused the capture of a large number of wagons and pieces of artillery by a few of Sheridan's cavalry who had pressed on in pursuit.

General Ramseur, who was wounded, was in one of the ambulances. A cavalryman rode up and asked the driver who was in the ambulance. General Ramseur ordered him not to tell, whereupon the driver replied, "The General says I must not tell." The trooper called to his companions that there was a General in the ambulance, and it was quickly surrounded and the General captured.

By this time it was dark and the pursuit was stopped; but the retreat of our army continued until late in the night, and the road was lined for miles by fires, around which the wearied soldiers slept.

C. S. M.

Appomattox Co., Va., December 19, 1888.

Colonel Eugene Waggaman, Who Led the Tenth Louisiana Regiment in the Famous Charge at Malvern Hill.

[*New Orleans Picayune*, February 10th, 1889.]

But few of Louisiana's sons fail to add brilliancy to her laurels by their gallantry in war. Of those who fought in the great struggle between the States, none have a nobler record than those who were taught bravery in her homes; and of the gallant men who went to the front from this State, none are held in higher regard, none fought with truer conception of the "cause" from beginning to end, than Colonel Eugene Waggaman. He entered the war with more than man's usual portion of wealth and honors and history already possessed. He had only the triumph of his principle to gain by victory. He had wealth and luxury to lose by defeat. But he was one of the first to volunteer to defend the South, and when the war with its mournful end was over, his name had been made worthy of those borne by his fathers, and in the hearts of the men he had commanded for four years he had gained a place which will be occupied by memories of his deeds as long as a Confederate soldier lives.

Colonel Waggaman comes of families not simply titled, but his-

toric in each generation. His ancestry can be traced far back among the noble families of Europe. His great grandfather was the Baron Rudolph von Brouner, who, after an eventful life, came to Louisiana with the commission of the King of Spain, as a comandante of the province of Louisiana. He was a Swiss, and commanded a regiment of Swiss infantry, which saw service under three kings. The first of these was Amadee I. of Italy, who presented to Von Brouner the title of baron, a medallion, a gold snuff-box containing the portrait of the king and ornamented with diamonds, and other tokens of friendship and appreciation. The services of the Swiss were next enlisted in the cause of the last Stanislaus of Poland, after which they came to Louisiana to preserve the interests of the Spanish dominion. With him to America, as his bride, the Baron brought Christine Carbonari, of the celebrated Spinola family. Two daughters were the issue of the union, one of whom married Cyril Arnoult, a Flanders merchant who had settled in New Orleans and participated in the battle of January 8th, 1815. Their daughter, Camille Arnoult, married George Augustus Waggaman, a Marylander, whose forefather, Bartholomew Ennals, had settled in Dorchester county, Maryland, shortly after the foundation of the colony by Lord Baltimore.

George Augustus Waggaman, the father of Colonel Eugene Waggaman, speedily became prominent in this State. He became a judge in the Federal courts, then Secretary of State for three Administrations, and finally, in 1831, was elected to the United States Senate for six years. He was one of the leaders of the Whigs, and took an active part in the excited political occurrences of that time. So bitter did the partisan feeling become, and so earnest and fiery were the leaders, that a duel resulted. Denis Prieur was leader of the Democrats. The encounter took place under the oaks at Metairie ridge. Senator Waggaman did not desire the life of his opponent. With his first shot he attempted to "wing" him, but failed. At the second exchange Prieur's bullet cut the femoral artery of Waggaman's leg. This was on the 20th of March, 1843. On the 22d the Senator died of gangrene, having refused until too late to have his leg amputated. Had he lived six months longer he would have been made Minister to France by President Tyler, who had married his cousin, and who was his personal friend.

Senator Waggaman's children were: 1. Henry St. John, who became a lawyer and died at an early age; 2. Christine, who married Sanfield McDonald, the first Prime Minister of Ontario, Canada, and

who refused the order of knighthood offered by Queen Victoria; 3. Eugene, who is the subject of this sketch; 4. Mathilde, who married Judge Henry D. Ogden; 5. Eliza, who married John R. Conway, and Camille, who died in youth.

Eugene Waggaman was born in this city in a building corner Customhouse and Royal, which has since been burned, on the 18th of October, 1826. He was educated at Mount St. Mary's College, Maryland, and graduated from there as valedictorian of the class of '46.

Returning to this State from school he took charge of his mother's and his own sugar plantation in Jefferson parish, and at the age of twenty five years married Miss Felicie Sauve, the daughter of Pierre Sauve of the same parish. During the years 1858-'9 he was a member of the State Legislature which called the constitutional convention. In the next the war had come. With the martial blood of his ancestors tingling in his veins, he at once prepared for the fight. He raised in his own parish a company of cavalry known as the Jefferson Chasseurs. These were the young men of the plantations accustomed to the saddle from infancy, and perfect masters of their animals. Being chosen their captain, he went on to Montgomery, the seat of the Confederate Government, and offered the services of his company.

The value of cavalry was not appreciated by the new government. The Virginia campaigns had not yet happened to teach them the lesson. The cavalry was declined as too costly to support, and Captain Waggaman was compelled to return and so declare to his men. But he was determined. He asked the company to fight on foot, but not one man complied. Coming to New Orleans he enlisted as a private in the Tenth Louisiana Regiment, commanded by his cousin, Colonel Mandeville Marigny. Before the regiment left, he became captain of the *Tirailleurs d'Orleans*, a company composed in large measure of foreigners—Greeks, Italians, Indians, Spaniards, and representatives of all the southern European nations. To drilling and molding this strange mass he devoted himself with telling effect, and to the end they were amongst the most loyal to the cause.

The Tenth Louisiana went to Virginia and shared in all the battles of the retreat. Promotion was rapid in the regiment where, out of the forty officers allowed it at one time, thirty-one were killed or wounded. So not many months of active service had been seen by the regiment before Captain Waggaman was made a lieutenant-colonel, commanding the Tenth Louisiana.

On the 1st of July, 1862, came the battle of Malvern Hill, and with it came glory and fame to the Tenth. The story of the battle is well known, but the account of "that charge, less famous, but equally as desperate as that of Balaklava," will bear repetition. The following narrative of it is taken from the *Military Record of Louisiana*, by the late lamented Napier Bartlett, published some fifteen years ago, viz :

"A daring attempt in the first place had been made to flank Malvern Hill ; but this movement had been met by a superior flanking party of the enemy. The brigade now pressed forward across the open field fronting Malvern Hill with the ardor of young soldiers panting for their first laurels, and ignorant of the madness which had doomed so many of their numbers to cruel wounds or certain death. As they advance the troops on the flank give way, though all of Semmes' brigade continued on gallantly in spite of the waning light. When within five hundred yards of the Federals the brigade reformed, and the desperate cry rang out, 'Fix bayonets—charge !'—commands almost equivalent to a death sentence. But with the natural ardor of the troops from the Pelican State, the men labored up the crest of the plateau immediately in front of thirty-three pieces of artillery. Up the hill they go at a double-quick, Colonel Waggaman jumping imprudently far in advance of the regiment, but the men tearing on after him. On the last fifty yards of the charge comes the strain. It lasts but five minutes. In that time one hundred and twenty-seven men are lost out of two hundred and seventy-two. So withering was the storm of shell and bullets with which they were received that at one time they walked over a whole regiment who were lying down, colors and all, and who appeared in the dusky twilight to be so many corpses. Onward still the little band pursued its way, although unsupported by the other troops, until it crossed bayonets with the Federal infantry. It thus happened (one of the rarest occurrences of the war) that the whole of the Tenth Louisiana engaged in a bayonet struggle along almost their entire line, with a force fifteen times greater than their own number. The advanced line of the Federals having been driven back, the Tenth finds itself among the cannoners. While Dean, a brave Irishman, was receiving his death wound at the side of the leader of the Tenth by a bayonet through the neck, the latter succeeded in knocking up the muskets in his immediate front and in cutting a path as far as the second line of the enemy's artillery. His death seemed inevitable. Cries of 'Kill him,' 'bayonet him,' sounded on all sides. His command,

which it may be said in passing, had been ordered forward by a military error, and never for a moment had a ghost of a chance of success, were of course nearly all either killed or captured by the formidable line in their immediate front. Those of the Tenth who succeeded in stumbling back over the bodies of their fallen comrades owed their escape to the darkness."

Colonel Waggaman was captured, and with some sixteen others, including Captain I. L. Lyons, was taken to Fort Warren, near Boston, where they remained until exchanged. They were everywhere treated with courtesy, and one pleasant incident, at least, mingled softening remembrances with those of his imprisonment. Just before his capture he had thrown away his sword to prevent surrendering it. This was a weapon valuable both for the quality of its steel, its make and the fact that it had been in use by the family for over one hundred and fifty years. At the exchange, this sword was returned to him by Assistant Adjutant-General Thomas, who had been specially commissioned to do so.

After the exchange Colonel Waggaman was sent back to Louisiana as a recruiting officer, but was shortly afterwards recalled to Virginia by special order of General Lee. He took Stafford's command of the Second Louisiana Brigade. He did brilliant fighting in the second Valley campaign. He was wounded in the forearm at Winchester, but even while suffering from his inflamed wound continued in command. At Petersburg he led the Second brigade in another desperate charge, and again saw perilous action when the brigades were covering the retreat.

Then Appomattox and surrender came. There it was Colonel Waggaman's sad honor to surrender all that was left of the 16,000 men who composed the Louisiana brigades. When they had been drawn up in ranks for the ceremony, Colonel Waggaman begged of them the privilege of becoming the depository of a piece of the brigade's battle flag. This was willingly granted. The flag had to be surrendered, but a piece could be taken from it. With that sword which had saved his life at Malvern Hill he cut a section including the lateral side and two stars. This he has sacredly preserved with the same old saddle-bag and papers in which it was placed, to be transmitted as his most valuable heirloom to his children. Only one person has ever induced him to part with a portion of it. That one was the daughter of his old commander—Miss Mildred Lee. He gave her, some twelve years ago, a small piece, including one of the stars, and in return received a splendid portrait of her father.

At Appomattox every respect was shown the Louisiana soldiers. At the surrender they marched with heads as erect as ever. When they impinged on the line of the conquering army, the victors shouldered arms with grave faces on which was neither smile of cynicism nor suggestion of the defeat of their adversaries.

Colonel Waggaman returned to New Orleans with the remnant of the Louisiana troops. His fortune was shattered, and he has since shown as much fortitude of body and character in supporting his large family as he did while leading his regiment on the Virginia fields. Several times since his State has called upon him for his services, and every time he has responded faithfully and well.

Two Cavalry Chieftains.

[*New Orleans Picayune*, August 12th, 1888.]

The other day, when the great soldier who commanded the United States army had closed his mortal career and had passed over the dark river to the silent encampment whither so many of his late companions in arms and so many of those against whom he had fought had preceded him, old soldiers all over the country, without regard to the flag under which they had served, eulogized the distinguished general and recalled incidents of his splendid career, of which they happened to have knowledge. Among these was a recital by Senator Plumb, of Kansas, himself a gallant soldier, who related an account of an interview he had once had with General Sheridan in regard to his celebrated cavalry raid on Richmond on the 11th of May, 1864. Colonel Plumb's story has been printed before, but it is worth repeating :

"I always think of Sheridan in connection with a conversation I had with him. 'General,' I said, 'you were in the West before you came East. What was your opinion of the Army of the Potomac?' You remember it was characterized about that time as not doing its share of the work.

" 'Oh, the Army of the Potomac was all right,' said Sheridan, 'the trouble was the commanders never went out to lick anybody, but always thought first of keeping from getting licked.'

" 'Sheridan,' continued the Senator, 'came East when the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was not in good condition, and Grant

gave him the task of reorganizing it and raising its efficiency. He had worked some time when General Meade sent him over the Rapahannock on a reconnoissance. Sheridan came back and, in making his verbal report, alluded to a brush he had with Stuart's cavalry. 'Never mind Stuart,' said Meade, interrupting, 'he will do about as he pleases anyhow. Go on and tell what you discovered about Lee's forces.'

"That made Sheridan mad and he retorted: 'Damn Stuart, I can thrash hell out of him any day.' Those were times, you know, when men's utterances, like their deeds, were not fashioned upon the models of these days of peace. Meade repeated the remark to Grant, who asked, 'Why didn't you tell him to do it?'

"Not long after, Sheridan got an order to cross the river, engage Stuart and clean him out. 'I knew I could whip him,' said Sheridan, 'if I could only get him where he could not fall back on Lee's infantry, so I thought the matter over, and to draw him on, started straight for Richmond. We moved fast and Stuart dogged us right at our heels. We kept on a second day straight for Richmond, and the next morning found Stuart in front of us, just where we wanted him. He had marched all night and got around us. Then I rode him down; I smashed his command and broke up his divisions and regiments and brigades; and the poor fellow himself was killed there. Right there, Senator, I resisted the greatest temptation of my life. There lay Richmond before us and there was nothing to keep us from going in. It would have cost five hundred or six hundred lives and I could not have held the place, of course. But I knew the moment it was learned at the North that a Union army was in Richmond, then every bell would ring, and I should have been the hero of the hour. I could have gone in and burned and killed right and left. But I had learned this thing—that our men knew what they were about. I had seen them come out of a fight in which only a handful were killed, discontented, mad clear through, because they knew an opportunity had been lost or a sacrifice, small as it was, had been needlessly made, and I have seen them come out good-natured, enthusiastic and spoiling for more when they had left the ground so thickly covered with dead that you could have crossed portions of the field on the bodies alone. They realized that notwithstanding the terrible sacrifice, the object gained had been worth it. They would have followed me, but they would have known as well as I that the sacrifice was for no permanent advantage.'"

Senator Plumb was not an eye-witness of the battle of Yellow

Tavern, and his story, while in the main correct and not intentionally inaccurate, is, nevertheless, not wholly consistent with actual events. Here is Governor Fitzhugh Lee's account of that battle in which he participated. His narration was made in an address delivered on the 18th of June of the present year when a monument, erected on the spot where General Stuart fell, was dedicated. He said :

"Probably the Confederate capital was never in such danger of capture, from the moment it was first beleaguered by the hosts of the enemy to the time of its final fall, as it was on the day of the fierce battle at Yellow Tavern. At that time Lee was confronting Grant and his powerful army near Spotsylvania Courthouse. General Butler was pressing close upon the lines near Petersburg, while Richmond nearly stripped of troops, depended chiefly for defense upon the local forces, composed of the employees in the government offices and workshops. It was at this critical moment that General Grant sent out a strong force of cavalry under Sheridan, whose reputation as a cavalry commander was already at its highest, to march rapidly upon Richmond and capture it before the city could be reinforced.

On the 8th of May, 1864, the Federal cavalry corps was concentrated near Fredericksburg, and on the morning of the 9th marched by Hamilton's Crossing to the Telegraph road, and moving to the right of General Lee's right flank, marched to Beaver Dam station on the Newport News and Mississippi Valley railroad, and from that point by the Louisa or "Old Mountain Road," *via* Glen Allen, a station on the Fredericksburg railroad, to the Yellow Tavern. His command consisted of three divisions under Generals Merritt, Wilson, and Gregg, numbering, according to the official returns of the Federal army, dated May 11, 1864, 9,300 men in the saddle. His brigade commanders were Custer, Devins, Gibbs, Davies, J. Irvin Gregg, McIntosh, and Chapman.

General Stuart followed these seven brigades of Sheridan with the three brigades of his command, viz: Lomax's and Wickham's of Fitz Lee's division, and a North Carolina brigade under General Gordon, making a total effective force of some 3,000 troopers. On the morning of the 11th General Stuart intercepted, at Yellow Tavern, Sheridan's line of march, and succeeded in interposing his small force between Richmond and the Federal cavalry. The battle was desperate and bloody, but it resulted in the saving of the Confederate capital at the cost of many a precious life. General Stuart was mortally wounded during the last part of the fight and died the

next day. General Sheridan, repulsed and defeated, abandoned his raid and escaped down the Chickahominy.

The battle commenced early in the forenoon, and continued with much charging and counter charging until late in the afternoon, for General Stuart did not fall until about 4 o'clock. If General Sheridan had not been intercepted and so vigorously repulsed by Stuart's greatly inferior force, he might have ridden into Richmond in the morning, but opportunity was offered by the delay of many hours created by Stuart's force, and successful opposition, for infantry to be concentrated in the formidable works on that side of the fateful capital where the battle was fought, and then it was scarcely possible for cavalry to have entered the city. Richmond was entirely surrounded by a ditch and embankment, impassable for cavalry, and after the works were properly manned by infantry, as they were on that occasion, it is safe to say that it would have been extremely imprudent for General Sheridan to have attempted to ride into the city, and he evidently thought so too. The Northern people would almost have deified "Little Phil" had he occupied the Confederate capital even for an hour—even long enough to have burned it.

If people could only know beforehand what they subsequently learn, many signal failures would have been converted into magnificent successes. Richmond was impregnable for four years against all assaults, because the Generals who were sent to capture it lacked the power and the knowledge requisite to the accomplishment of so great an enterprise. They saw their mistakes only when too late. It was the same way with the Confederates. These *post mortem* views are valuable to the student, but they are thoroughly worthless as a basis for the fame of any soldier who might have succeeded had he known how.

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